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# S. E. G. News

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### EDITORIAL

"Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailèd fleets and armèd towers
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with
ail her flowers."—Tennyson.

# Equality Through Individuality

ONCE again with gladness in our hearts, the "Saturday Evening Girls" take up the winter's work. Gone are the summer days of play and idle thoughts; but, strengthened by the relaxation of the last few months, we are better able to face the new season and its work.

The summer is a good thing. To the more fortunate it means a change of atmosphere, environment, contact, and often serious thinking

brought on by observation and contrasts. It is surprising how much a leisure hour, a moonlight stroll through the woods, or stargazing from the beach into the heavens can help in forming new resolution and new thoughts.

Shakespeare says,

" · · · · This our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Yes, there is good in everything, but doubtless, the simple good is not so easy to discern nor to capture. How few people are content to wander through the autumnal woods aflame with color, to listen with a book to the sermon of a brook, or to see the good in everything? Why is it that the simplest thing is often the most difficult one to do? Especially is this true when it comes to recognizing the good in our brother, Man. Says the old proverb, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and the combined wisdom of the ages has added, "For all men are created free and equal." Yet in the face of such ideal sentiments, where is individuality, and where is equality?

The answer forces itself. Individuality is lost in the herding of the masses. The present day program, unfortunately, is one of collectivism. So much so, that the average person seldom has the courage to retain his individuality. The result is an undercurrent of restlessness, an appalling distrust of each other, a selfish desire to accumulate wealth for power's sake, and social climbing, until at last there is a deadening of the senses for the finer things of life, and lack of time for true

neighborly intercourse.

The Utopian dream of the ages, perfect equality of mankind, can only be attained through one medium; the cultivation of the individual through the light of an ideal. A healthy individual desire fostered by education to improve existing conditions will produce instead of our present day restlessness and spasmodic social epidemics of mass swayed by powerful individuals, a mass of powerful individuals swayed by clear reason and united initiative.

As regards the units of society, four factors

seem to be responsible for inequality; birth, environment, training, and calling. These four combined forces play an important part in shaping the individual person, but every normal man if he wills it and perseveres in the contest of life can conquer these forces by simple living and constructive thinking; for opportunities are many, resourcefulness unlimited, and success inevitable. Laborer or scholar, all men are equal in the highest sense of the word, so long as each one is an artist doing his best, his little share in his chosen field, spurred ever on by a simple ideal of beauty and service. We will then have a result, the highest type of humanity, the cultivated individual at the service of mankind, and possibly,—peace and social equality.

We do not, unfortunately, in our daily intercourse always give every man his chance nor his due. Neither do we always aim for a fair exchange of equal values. We have, indeed, far outstripped so simple a doctrine as fair exchange; because, to-day, everything is big, sensational, and complex. The tax on life is daily becoming greater, competition keener, principles laxer, and people appear to be much more material and discontented. We approach our fellow man by two devious methods, either that of ultimately beating him, or of charitably treating him. Each of these methods is equally odious and debasing, for the first excludes confidence, whilst the second kills self-respect, and neither of them tend to create universal love

nor equality.

For perfect equality we must revere the individual. It is folly to assume that you are different and apart from your neighbor, simply because you happen to be a little more fortunate, wealthy or intellectual. Primarily every man is a brother, and as a member of one great family entitled to love and sympathy. Then love thy neighbor as thyself, and let us be joyous together. Let us firmly believe that that which is best in every man, his natural, instinctive goodness, will predominate if we only give it a chance, for the benefits of intercourse should be mutual and not one-sided. At every issue give the individual, the unit, the finished product of society the doubt; because of that faculty of reasoning which lifts him above the lower species of life and makes him God-like in enabling him to determine right from wrong; the innate mental and spiritual gifts with which men are equally endowed at birth, prospective light and vision. Such a belief in each other only will help to develop and promote a perfectly equal, well-balanced, social state between people where all men will remain equal through the highest cultivation of the individual.

# The Immigrant

SILVIA A. BACCHINI

When we stop to consider how many thousands and thousands of immigrants arrive in America, we are likely to wonder whether or not there are any people to be left in foreign countries; especially in Italy and in Russia. There are doubtless many reasons why foreigners leave their native countries and come here to a new land, with new customs, a strange language and different ideas.

In Italy the people are scarcely able to earn enough to keep them from starving, because labor is scarce and wages are low. The Italians are driven from their country by long-standing economic wrongs, which are now almost culminating in the practical depopulation of Southern Italy

and Sicily.

In the case of the Russian Jew the political cause for emigration is best seen. The laws of Russia have, for about forty years, been of such a character as to drive the Jews from the land of their birth, where they are deprived of nearly all opportunities for making a living, and as a result are fleeing to other lands, seeking freedom from persecution, employment and education for their children. Many emigrants are also encouraged by friends who have emigrated and who send back magnified reports of the conditions here, while ticket agents persuade large numbers to follow others. These and many more causes have increased immigration year after year. The immigrant will often sell his little home, or borrow money to come here, for America is everywhere synonymous with freedom, prosperity and happi-

The ship docks at the first port of quarantine where the passengers are examined for contagious diseases: Those infected are detained, and later either transferred to a hospital or deported. would be difficult to describe in detail a picture of the people pushing each other at the gang-plank to land in this promised land of health, wealth and prosperity. It is indeed most interesting and picturesque to watch them, a very anxious and excited crowd who gather later for the final doctor's and the United States Immigration Officers' examinations. The examining doctors ask questions hurriedly and are answered in half-frightened and anxious looks. Then the same people walk in files with baggage in hand or on their heads, children following, all carrying hats, bundles, passports, money, vaccination certificates, etc., etc. Oh! the rejoicing when the word "Passed" is given, and once more the meeting with mother, father, husband, wife or friend.

American citizens first, then the first and second classes are allowed to land, and the steerage last. Next come the customhouse officials, who are looked at with fear and suspicion, for the examination of baggage. On the dock the immigrants are asked to have their foreign money exchanged, and usually from five to seven per cent on the dollar is taken off. Many a time because the newcomer thinks he is being cheated, serious discussions and explanations none too gentle follow. Here, also, they generally ask the "Americano" to help them send a telegram, buy bread, fruit, etc. If the "Americano" happens to be honest, well and good, but if he happens to ask three dollars for a telegram costing only twenty-five cents the immigrant is not so fortunate. The immigrants are also imposed upon in many other ways, for example:

There was once a chap with a record in Italy as long as his arm who wanted new fields to conquer, so he came over to America and started doing business among his newly-arrived countrymen. He would, perhaps, come down to the dock and meet a party bound for Chicago, tell them he had a pull with the railroads in this country and could sell them tickets at half price. is needless to say that the offer appealed, and so after collecting eight dollars and seventy-five cents from each, he would put them aboard an elevated train and say, "You just ride till you get there." That fellow was a humorist, and the best trick was the time that he sold permits to ignorant Italians for five dollars apiece to allow them to play hand-organs on the elevated. As a result, an Italian got on with his organ and monkey, took a seat in the middle of the car and started up with "The Wearing of the Green." The conductor ran in, but the Italian only grinned and held out a scrap of paper, saying, "Permitta bearer to play org' with monk' on any car in Boston. (Signed) Bosco-Bosco."

There are, however, a few public and private societies to help the immigrant in such cases, but it is difficult to trace all the mischief that is carried on.

The examination of trunks and bundles is rather odd. These may contain either clothing, oil, beans, dolls, jewelry, cheese, pineapples, lemons, chestnuts, and many more things too numerous to mention. Why, for instance, people should care to take a large trunk of lima beans across the ocean is a puzzle, when duty has to be paid, money is scarce, and all luggage is kept until the account is settled.

When, finally, the immigrant is through with the American customhouse officers, he goes forth to find a large crowd of people, mostly relatives and friends waiting for some one. A cab, too, is often waiting to conduct the unwary "Greenhorn" to his destination, for which convenience he is charged about three times the regular price. Then again in the cases of young girls, "kind gentlemen" will ask to help. If the girl knows the world, he may be told to attend to his own affairs, but on the other hand, simple and trusting aliens are often sadly misled.

Some immigrants are detained and perhaps deported for the following causes, illness, liability to become a public charge, criminals, lack of proper addresses, etc. After being examined by the immigration officials, the detained are ushered into a room adjoining that of examination, and when the alien realizes that he is being detained his feelings know no bounds. The "detained" are then conducted to a barge supposed to hold twenty people, but which is made to carry many more, to what is known as the "Pen."

The pen is divided into two parts, one for men, and the other for women. Each part is divided into two rooms; the sleeping room and the living room. No mattresses or pillows are used (this may be owing to sanitary causes), but blankets are distributed as far as they will go. The living room contains low chairs and benches on which the detained alien is seated almost every hour of the day, and where the windows are barred and give one the idea of a prison.

The person holding a contract to provide meals for the detained receives twenty-nine cents a day for each person fed. Can you imagine what kind of food the immigrant receives after the contractor has paid for his rent, provisions and help, besides making a profit? Friends are only allowed to bring fruit to the detained, and not much of that. Please remember that the first, second and third classes are in the same pen and that the cleanest person may have to share a berth with a total stranger. Newspapers are not allowed, and there is nothing here to occupy the foreigner's mind but card-playing, childish games or letter writing, so there is little left for him to do but to wait and hope for the moment to come when he will be allowed to land in America, and I personally have known of cases where people have been kept at the "pen" for over six months before they were allowed to land.

The reason that they are kept here and not immediately deported is to allow the immigrant a chance to appeal to Washington. For this appeal a lawyer's fee should not exceed ten dollars, for it is only a letter written to Washington, and which calls for either an affirmative or negative answer; yet there have been cases where on account of the ignorance of the alien, lawyers have charged fifty

dollars instead of the above amount. Of course not all of the detained are deported, but those that are are sent back to their native country free of charge. If an alien is either sick or under age the accompanying alien is also deported. Skilled labor may be deported if such work cannot be

found here, and there are many well-founded reasons for deportation to bar the undesirable immigrant. A person must be deported within a year from date of landing and foreign agencies are maintained by the government to assist and help the immigrant in every possible way.

### NEWS OF THE CLUBS

# The Library Clubhouse

WHENEVER and wherever there are a large number of people congregated into a group, three questions arise.

1. What is the object of the group?

What have you done?
 What are you doing?

While all the volumes in the world cannot convey to the person who has never tasted an apple the flavor of the fruit, and all the people in the world cannot cause in a blind person the thrill experienced by the sight of the sun rising above the hills; still it is possible to describe in definite terms these experiences, and while one cannot convey to the person who has never seen our Clubhouse, its atmosphere, one can definitely answer the three questions.

1. The object of the group is to promote individual development through exchange of ideas and to make possible effective action through the

impetus of combined effort.

2. We have become impersonal by focusing on the point discussed, rather than on the people discussing it, and in the process have learned to think for ourselves and to express a definite opinion as the result of our thinking.

3. The above points gained, fit us to take an intelligent individual as well as collective interest in civic, social and economic affairs. With regard to the Clubhouse itself, the members of our oldest group give time and money in order that the benefit of their experience may be given to those children belonging to the younger groups.

Our House Program is printed in the S. E. G. News and guests are cordially invited to visit our

groups.

# \* \* >

#### L. C. H. Notes

THE LIBRARY CLUBHOUSE is open to school children and working girls who want to learn about literature, music, and dancing, in an atmosphere where we "lay most stress on the spirit of good comradship which enables individuals to agree or to disagree without bitterness, and to be

altogether loyal to the ideal of service, which means that to make the good we receive our own, we must share it." To the younger children "L. C. H." stands for "Love," the power of appreciation, by the acquisition of knowledge. "Courtesy," the spirit of service, by the use of knowledge in relation to one's fellows, and "Happiness," the enjoyment of life by the acceptance of all that is beautiful.

In striving for the above qualities we largely use the help of the fine arts because they hold the camera to nature and fix the beautiful things of life in ever glowing colors on a canvas which time cannot dim. The real good of all this is shown to be its translation back into terms of human life, since the truth must be learned that the greatest poem is the natural living of a pure life; the rarest music, the sweet words of a true-hearted friend; the lovliest picture, a happy, cultured people, in harmonious surroundings.

Our house opened this season on the 24th of September. The groups are larger and many children are waiting to join. The following is the literary program which our volunteers follow:

4th grade, 5th and 6th grade,

7th grade, 8th grade,

1st and 2nd year High, 3rd year High, 4th year High, F. E. G's., S. E. G's., Folk Lore.
Myths and Legends and favorite tales of all kinds.
Poems with stories.
Iliad, Odyssey, and King Arthur legends.
English literature stories.
Travel stories.
Appreciation of Poetry.
Current Events.
Varied program; announced monthly in the S. E. G. News.

The younger groups, which include children from the fourth grade grammar school to first and second year high school, have the afternoon divided into periods of one-half hour each. First, story, each grade has thirty stories during the year classed under headings listed above. Second, chorus, we are to sing many of the old standard and folk songs of various countries, the older groups will work on the "Village Blacksmith" and miscellaneous part songs. Third, folk dancing, S. E. G's from Mrs. Gibbs' and Miss Bolles' dancing classes have charge of the normal class where these

teachers are taking a special course. Fourth, business meeting, each group has a chairman, secretary and treasurer. Besides general group business, ethical subjects are discussed: so far this year the groups have talked on cleanliness, order, honesty, and beauty.

The children and teachers have started with a great deal of enthusiasm and this promises to be our banner year.

\* \*

# A Brief Survey of the L. C. H. Groups

EDITH GUERRIER

FIFTEEN years ago North Bennet Street Library for girls invited some of its readers to attend halfhour talks on Saturday evenings, One talk succeeded another till the "Saturday Evening Story Hour" had its regular place on the school schedule.

Though no one was ever refused admission, the same girls formed the habit of attending regularly which made possible courses of talks on literature, music, art, social and economic problems, etc. The group inevitably became a club and in addition to meeting on Saturday evenings gave plays and concerts, visited places of historic interest, and had theatre parties and dances for the members and their friends.

In the course of time Mrs. Storrow, who was then chairman of the library committee, built a comfortable camp house in a beautiful spot at West Gloucester where club members have passed eight happy summers. Mrs. Storrow pays for a director and assistant while the girls meet the running expenses.

In the summer of 1908 Miss Edith Brown and Miss Edith Guerrier, with the assistance of Miss Anthony, Miss Bacchini and Miss Rocchi, members of the group, and with the financial backing and personal encouragement of Mrs. Storrow, started a little pottery in the cellar of a private house in the suburbs.

At about the time this experiment was started Mrs. Storrow bought the house at 18 Hull Street in the North End, where the pottery was given quarters in the basement and the clubs on the second and third floors. Mrs. Storrow continued to support these two enterprises financially for six years, during which time groups from the grammar and high school and the older group known now as the "Saturday Evening Girls" met at the Clubhouse. The members of this latter group are all working girls, and until this year they have not helped with the financial support of the house.

Without money a clubhouse cannot be carried on, but all the money in the world and the most perfect material appointments could not have elicited from the members that spirit of good comradeship and service which what they have given has brought forth. This has been the gift of time. Each older member has given freely and for the most part faithfully an hour of time each week to the running of the house—in teaching dancing and singing, telling stories, drilling plays, embroidering linens for sale in the pottery, taking children for car rides, playing for dancing and singing, washing dishes and even doing cleaning.

A governing body of ten members is elected yearly by the S. E. G. group. This "House Committee" is divided into three committees which meet weekly to deal with the general running of the House and to formulate necessary policies. To be made active these must be passed by a two-thirds vote of the entire assembly, which meets once a mouth.

The Paul Revere Pottery, under the direction of Miss Edith Brown, has become so well-known that to describe it is unnecessary. It has as yet a yearly deficit which is fortunately growing less and it promises to be economically as well as ethically and artistically sound. As the quarters at Hull Street are not large enough to give the pottery room for needed development, the plant is to be moved to the suburbs and the Clubhouse will be sold to provide funds for erecting the new building.

Last February the members of the House Committee were called together by Mrs. Storrow, who then told us that while her interest in our clubs would always continue, she could no longer afford to contribute to both pottery and Clubhouse and must therefore sever her financial connection with the clubs and continue it with the pottery only. She added, however, that Mr. Storrow would help us financially for one year, giving us till June 1915 to get on our own feet.

We at once prepared to take measures enabling us to support our own organization. First, a place for our clubs must be found. They started in the Library and the spirit of the Library still pervades them. We therefore decided to ask for the use of a basement in the new Branch, a dim, dusty storage place, but with possibilities. At the same time, Mrs. Storrow asked the Librarian and Trustees to allow her to spend a sufficient sum (\$1200) to make a part of the basement usable for club and general class purposes, all to be under the personal direction of the custodian of the Branch.

Miss Guerrier put the matter to the S. E. G.

group and over sixty members voted to give the service necessary for carrying on our groups and pledged themselves to contribute \$8.00 each per year for their maintenance. With such backing the Custodian accepted the responsibility, realizing that here was a splendid opportunity to establish permanently what had been started at our much loved Clubhouse on Hull Street.

The Librarian and Trustees of the Boston Public Library, acquainted with the origin, growth and development of the work and seeing its value to the Library, accepted Mrs. Storrow's proposal, and on and after November 17th we shall meet at the Library building with happy hearts that we have been enabled to put our work on what appears to be a permanent foundation, and with thoughtful gratitude to the public-spirited people who have made it possible.

### The Denison House

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

HAVE you ever asked yourself what the settlements and neighborhood houses in Boston are doing? We shall try in each issue of our paper to acquaint you with one of these houses.

The Denison House, on Tyler Street, South End, is a neighborhood house, where neighbors come and go freely every day and evening. Judging by the mothers and children who came there when I called on a very rainy day, I should say they feel perfectly at home.

The house has been remodelled from three small tenement houses, and is inadequate to carry on all the work to the best advantage; and one hopes that when they get larger quarters, as they hope to do, it may still retain the same atmosphere of a non-institutional neighborhood centre.

The Denison House was founded twenty years ago by the College Settlement Association, for social and educational opportunities. Many activities started at this centre were discontinued when the city undertook them, as for example: the gymnasium, the circulating library, manual training and cooking classes. "The purpose of this House is not to do things for the people, but with them, for their best interests."

A very important branch of the work is the Folk Handicrafts which bring out and improve the artistic ability of many immigrant women members, and furnishes them with a means for extra support. This work helps to establish friendly and neighborly relations between Syrians, Greeks and Italians. The scarfs, tablecloths, and bibs, are sterilized before they are put on sale, for which the women are paid on a time basis, when their work is accepted by Miss Florence A. Chase, who has charge of this department.

There is an evening dispensary for working men and women, where medical advice is given free of charge, and also a modified milk station and stamp savings centre. There are classes in folk and social dancing. Story-telling is carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Cronin; and there are English classes for immigrants, and college extension courses for the more advanced.

I was impressed most of all with the relationship between workers and neighbors, Miss Gordon and the mothers and children are friends. Women come to her with all their difficulties, which are many for those new to this country, and she and her workers help, and suggest remedies. Such a centre is absolutely necessary to a community, and we hope that the Denison House may continue her good, neighborly work.

## \* \*

### S. E. G. Announcements

Nov. 14. 8.00 P.M. Miss Lotta Clark will talk on "Pageants."

" 17. 6.30 P. M. Committee Supper, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Storrow guests of honor.

" 7.30 P.M. Reception.

" 20. (Friday) 8.00 P. M. Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham will talk on "The European War."

" 28. 8.00 P. M. Mrs. R. M. Cummings will talk on "Paris during Mobilization."

Dec. 5. 8.00 P. M. Party night.

" 12. Business meeting.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sylvia M. Bacchini to Mr. M. B. Moro. October 25, 1914.

If you want to see a sensation, watch Dorothy Lagorio work a typewriter.

Another married S. E. G.: Miss Rebecca Greenberg and Mr. Abraham Ginsberg, August 12, 1914.

## THE LIBRARY

#### Book Review

CONTRIBUTED.

Assuming our readers will agree that neutrality means "neither ignorance nor indifference," we take this space, allowed the Library, to say that now is the opportunity to educate ourselves with regard to the present and past conditions of European countries.

The pretext for the present war arose in the Balkans. How many of our readers ofthand could answer if a question were put thus: "The Balkans, where, why, what?" Three months ago the present writer couldn't have answered if her life had depended on the answer; now she can rattle off all three as glibly as old Homer got off some of his epic lists. 1. In the southern and central part of Europe, bounded on the north by Austria Hungary and Rumania, on the east by the Black and Ægean Seas, on the south by the Mediterranean, on the west by the Ionian and Adriatic Seas. 2. Because the Balkan mountains are a prominent physical feature of the country so named. garia, Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovinia, Turkey (in Europe), Greece, and Albania.

A good book to begin with, which one can read as easily as fiction, is "Through Savage Europe," by Harry DeWindt, Library number 3084-175. Mr. DeWindt is a widely travelled man who sees things broadly from the experienced traveller's point of view and writes of them in an unprejudiced manner.

He introduces his subject in the following captivating style. "For some mystic reason, most Englishmen are less familiar with the geography of the Balkan states than with that of darkest Africa. This was my case and I had therefore to learn that these same Balkans can boast of cities which are miniature replicas of London and Paris." Herzegovinia, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria and Rumania (next door, but not included in the so-called Balkan States) are the countries visited.

"Where is Montenegro anyway?" asked an American I met at Trieste, and a well-known English author was asked whether Cettigne was not the capital of Bulgaria and whether Montenegrins were not black? Cettigne, by the way, is the smallest capital in Europe. Montenegrins are born fighters, and when street boys quarrel they do not, like our street Arabs, throw stones and hint darkly at each other's parentage. One simply says, "Your grandfather died in his bed!" and if this be a horrible truth, the other slinks off crushed and humiliated. By the treaty of Berlin

Montenegro gained thirty miles of seacoast, but says the author "I doubt if even the acquisition of these were as popular as the marriage of Princess Helena of Montenegro to the crown Prince of Italy. 'Now!' said the Prince with a sigh of satisfaction when he heard the betrothal had been formally announced,—'Now at any rate we shall be heard of?'"

Herzegovinia has rightly been called "The Turkish Switzerland." "We can form no conception of the marvellous transformation effected here, since the occupation of 1878, nor even faintly realize the almost magical rapidity with which the recently barbaric provinces of Herzegovinia and Bosnia have been converted into growing centres of commerce and civilization. While travelling from Ragusa to the Servian frontiers I met in every town or village, with some fresh and wonderful proof that the Austrians are really the finest colonizers in the world."

Sarajevo in Bosnia, where the murder of the crown prince occurred, which gave the pretext for this present horrible war, is thus described. "In 1511, Sarajevo was merely a Turkish fortress surrounded by a few wooden huts, which formed the nucleus of the city of to-day. It has always been a fruitful breeding place of conspiracies and revolts, first against the Turks, and in later years against the Austrian invaders, and the place was not occupied by the latter in 1878, without great loss of life on either side. It is said that the waters of the river Miliatchka, which runs through Sarajevo, were red with blood before it was taken and many of the buildings still bear traces of the furious bombardment by means of which General Phillipovitch eventually silenced the Bosnia

We have pleasantly interwoven with incidents of travel, bits of history: "Servia had for centuries languished under the Turkish mis-rule and oppression when, in 1804, one George Petrovitch, a poor swineherd, contrived to raise a guerilla force of patriots, which, although indifferently armed, eventually succeeded in driving the Sultan's army across the border. From that day henceforth the humble peasant, who had accomplished this feat with very inadequate means, was hailed as the saviour of his country, and was known, chiefly by reason of his swarthy features and gloomy nature, as 'Kara' (or 'Black') George, a name from which the present royal title of Karageorgevitch has been derived."

The chapter on Bulgaria is headed "The land of unrest" though the author says, "Personally I

would sooner reside in Sofia than any other Balkan city (with the exception of Bukarest), were it not for its normal state of political unrest, which, although interesting enough to the casual traveller, would after a time become intolerable to any permanent resident afflicted with nerves. For the close connection between politics and bloodshed is anything but agreeable to the peaceful stranger from western Europe. Thus Stambuloff, after dining peacefully at his club, was hacked to pieces just outside his own house in a fashionable thoroughfare, and during our stay here a member of the Macedonian Committee was shot dead at midday in the public gardens, where the incident created less excitement than a cab accident in Piccadilly."

"Rumanians resent the inclusion of their country with the so-called Balkan states." "They are the most polite people in the world and a stranger here meets with nothing but courtesy. Prince Carol (who died October 10, 1914, and is succeeded by his son Ferdinand) found a land ruled by wealthy and unscrupulous nobles, tenacious of their rights, and indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, who were not even permitted to cultivate miserable strips of land, save under the most restricted conditions. The petty official was then almost as great a curse here as the Tchinovnik in Russia. The first act of the Prince, therefore, was to reorganize the then insignificant army; the second to provide the peasants with small holdings - a drastic measure which rendered him very unpopular with the aristocracy. But inch by inch the wedge of reform was inserted, with the result that the kingdom of Rumania is now practically a constitutional state."

Other interesting books on this part of Europe are: —

3084-185 Henderson, P. E. A British officer in the Balkans.

3089-187 Singleton, Esther (Ed.) Turkey and the Balkan States.

3089-231 Sloane, W. M. The Balkans.

3082-110 Villari Luigi (Ed.) The Balkan question.

3089-198 Weeds, C. H. The danger zone of Europe.

3084-153 Wyn Reginald. The Balkans from within.

\* \*

# In the Reference Room

What are the seven modern wonders of the world?

What is the origin of O. K.?

Why do birds have bills instead of teeth?

What kinds of nuts grow in Massachusetts? What is the boundary line of Ward Six? Who made the "Wingless Victory"? Who invented musical notation? How many yards in a roll of wall paper? Why are the "Psalms" Poetry?

The following request came from a High School Pupil.

"Please give me something about the 'Homeric Age'."

Four books answering the question were given to the pupil and marked at the place of reference. Half an hour later the girl came back and said:

"I've looked all over these books for the last half hour and I can't find Homer's age."

\* \*

# Interesting Things in the November Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "The Reading of Books Nowadays."

Catholic World: "Ernest Dowden. An Interpretation."

Good Housekeeping: "When Faults are Virtues."

Harper's Monthly: "A Homely Sacrifice."

Ladies' Home Journal: "Is the Peace Movement a Failure?"

Popular Mechanics: "Through Sleepers from Home to Cape Horn."

Review of Reviews: "Germany on the Defensive."

St. Nicholas: "The Lost Prince."
Scribner's: "Thoughts on this War."

# The Symphony Orchestra

FANNIE LEVIS

THE Symphony season has begun in full swing, with its various musical activities. In fact, there are so many distinguished pianists, violinists and prima donnas waiting to be heard, that it is often difficult to choose from among them. But, for all that, the Symphony Orchestra, now conducting its thirty-fourth season, has its usual enthusiastic audiences.

Henry L. Higginson was the founder of the Symphony Orchestra; a broad-minded, intellectual man, who undertook the entire management of the Orchestra, and gave them the financial aid which they so sorely needed in order to be independent.

The first concert was given Saturday, October 22, 1881. Up to that time, Saturday evening, because of its being the Sabbath Eve, had been free from entertainment of any kind. Since then all their concerts have been given on Saturday, and rehearsals on Friday afternoons. At first these rehearsals were open to the public, but later, when the rehearsals became as admirable performances as the regular concerts, admission was charged, and to-day, the upper balcony is reserved for those who wish to hear the Symphony for the small sum of \$.25, provided they wait outside until the doors open at 1.30, and then rush for a seat as fast as possible.

The first conductor was George Henschel, who had a good musical education, but little experience in conducting. In 1884 William Gericke took his place. He was a most excellent drill master, with a very keen insight, and wise judgment in his choice of musicians. Many of the poor players were dismissed, and several Europeans of great ability took their places. It is due to the introduction of this foreign element that the orchestra is what it is to-day.

After Gericke came Arthur Nikish, a wonderful orchestral virtuosi; then Emil Pane, and to-day we have Dr. Carl Muck, one of the greatest con-

ductors in the world.

In 1899 Symphony Hall was built for these concerts which had already become a permanent and practically self-supporting undertaking. To-day there are a hundred men in the orchestra, which includes some of the finest artists in the world.

The Symphony is by no means only a local institution. There are trips and regular tours through the United States. There is also a Chicago and New York Symphony, but the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the finest in the United States.

# Folk Dancing

FRANCES ROCCHI

FOLK DANCING has commenced in most of the groups at the Library Clubhouse. A class composed of the Clubhouse teachers will meet every Friday afternoon from 5.15 to 6.15, under the direction of Miss Frances Rocchi.

Members of this class are Misses Rose Bacchini, Sarah Galner, Gertrude Goldstein, Celia Goodman, Dena Harris, Rebecca Heiman, Fannie Levine, Albena Mangini, Theresa Molinari and Lillie Shapiro.

Mrs. Gibbs is to have a class of newsboys in Social Dancing every Monday evening at the Newsboys' Union, and will be assisted by her former class of senior Saturday Evening Girls.

We are very happy to hear that Miss Bolles will again have her Tuesday evening dancing classes this year.

The School of Dancing has a hall of its own at 811 Boylston street. For information as to classes, etc., please write to Miss Alice Sandiford, 811 Boylston Street, Boston.

# Modern Dancing

The New Season begins with names like the following: "Lulu Fads," "Fox Trot," "Brazilian Polka," and "Castle Polka" (full directions for the latter, in the October number of the "Ladies' Home Journal").

There is a very marked improvement in dancing this year. Even the most conservative critics could offer no objection to the positions and steps as they are danced to-day. The jerky one-step has been smoothed into a gliding motion which is truly beautiful when done well. The "Maxixe" is as popular as ever; and the "Lame Duck" continues to be lame with greater success.

## SCHOOL NOTES

# The New Year

The golden rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple-orchard,
With fruit are bending down.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of wealth,
And autumn's best of cheer.
H. H. JACKSON.

As I write these verses, two pictures come to my mind. Not only do I see all that these beautiful lines depict of a bountiful harvest, but also that of a schoolroom filled with forty or fifty children repeating these lines. This is the picture which hundreds of teachers are seeing daily, for with the coming of the harvest season, comes, throughout the country, the re-opening of our schools.

To those of us at school, this autumnal season is the beginning of a New Year. With it comes the enthusiastic teacher, and her many resolutions of greater service to those entrusted to her care.

There were registered this fall in the public schools of the North End, five thousand children.

This is a considerably larger number than that of previous years, notwithstanding the fact that the minimum age limit for entrance to the first grade has been raised to five years, six months, on September 1. This law is so stringent that a child will not be admitted to the grade if he is five years, six months on Sept. 2; and has therefore meant an increase in kindergarten registration, causing two new kindergartens to be opened in the district, making a total of seven kindergartens in the North End.

Several new features have found a beginning this year in our ever-growing school system. The new state law of last fall, requiring boys and girls of fourteen to sixteen years of age who are at work to attend special continuation schools for at least four hours a week, is now in effect for the first time.

The Boston Clerical School has also opened for the first time this year in the Roxbury High School. As the name signifies, this is the first school of its kind in the country. The purpose of this school is to train girls for the various clerical duties of a business office. It is somewhat of the nature of a business college, but requires, however, that all girls admitted shall have had two years of high school training. The school is well equipped with the newest machines to be found in the modern business office, and is in charge of Mr. Raymond G. Laird, former teacher at the High School of Commerce. We may, therefore, feel certain that the school will meet a long felt need, and of its success.

"The great thing in life is not what you have acquired in the way of material facts or theories or philosophies. The greatest thing in life is the spirit with which you live and work and fare forth through life to its end."

Ex. Radcliffe Bulletin.

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# S. E. G. News

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FANNY GOLDSTEIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MIRIAM LEVINE

BUSINESS MANAGER

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#### EDITORIAL

(The following is an abstract of the paper read at the opening of the New Library Rooms, November 17, 1914.)

# The Voice of Appreciation

WE have met here to-night for a double purpose. First, to express our appreciation to those friends who through their kindness have enabled us to be here; and secondly, to pledge ourselves to a service which we hope will help to make these rooms models of their kind.

The fact that we have all so cheerily assembled here to-night, is in itself a sufficient dedication. We bring new life, new activities, into this public building where such activities rightfully belong, and are in very truth consecrating a part of the

building which up to this evening was barren and obscure, by our presence and our thoughts.

But to express our appreciation to those who have made the present conditions possible; to tell them in so many words just what they and contact with them for so many years has meant to us, is no simple task. You will no doubt agree with me, that one of the most difficult things to do is to give thanks to him to whom the most thanks is due. We are all so afraid of being called sentimental, that we are prone too often to suppress our higher instincts and emotions. We forget, too often, that just as it is difficult for the average person to give the kind or encouraging word to a neighbor, that neighbor is perhaps aching to hear that same word which we either leave unsaid, or express falsely under a gruff exterior.

Suppression is misleading. Why cold-storage thanks until there is danger of misinterpretation and unnecessary explanations? Why be ashamed or too modest to express appreciation of our fellowmen's deeds, and thus spread a warm ray of sun-

When I say this I do not mean that it is necessary to be effusive. Effusiveness is poor taste, and too often superficial. When the heart feels most, words seem inadequate. Yet it is far better to speak sincerely, even though inadequately, than to leave the word unsaid.

Let us S. E. G. not be guilty of such neglect. To-night we are all assembled here and sincere. The spirit of appreciation is hot. Our hearts overflow with the highest type of love for, and gratitude to, those kind friends who have afforded us so many wonderful opportunities and pleasures in the past, and which we have all most democratically shared. Let us, therefore, now, even though inadequately, aim to express what contact with such friends has meant to the S. E. G.

Shall we then say, "Friends, the Saturday Evening Girls thank you for all that you have done for us in the past?" Oh, no. For the more intangible things which we have gleaned, let us rather say, "Good friends, the Saturday Evening Girls thank you for all that you have enabled us to do for ourselves in the past, and for all that which we hope to be able to do with our fellow-men in the future."

In the past we have groped with realism as it was fostered by childish imaginations and fairy godmothers. Now a new era dawns. In the future we shall face realism with that idealistic application, a vision of which we have so long beheld.

But the public may ask, "What does all this mean? What have you done?"

Sometime ago in our paper we tried to enumerate for this public the various visible things which we have done and are doing. But, to-day, the higher, the intangible, intrinsic things demand a voice. As the world counts we have perhaps done little. We have neither stored up material treasures, nor built churches nor palaces. But we have as a group stuck together for fifteen years through many crises, and undergone many varied and unusual experiences for girls of our station. We have, both collectively and individually, stored up higher things—knowledge of the art of right living. We have throughout kept our minds pure, our morals unpolluted, our bodies clean, and our souls—our own.

We believe that the progress of the world is the united result of many experiments. Our motto has been, "Advance and Progress." Our presence here to-night bespeaks our progress, and it is good to be here as a result of our combined efforts in promoting our little experiment. Year by year, step by step, we have slowly, but steadily adapted ourselves to the ever-changing tides of circumstances and environment.

We have throughout the process of American assimilation, retained our originality and racial traditions, and helped to maintain and to prosper the integrity of our homes.

We have as individuals had no easy lives. Most of us were started out with nothing, and it has been difficult to acquire something; but the way has been pleasant, and to-day, we find ourselves grown from foreign little girls into American young women; S. E. G. comrades, stronger and more united than ever.

We have, since 1908, enjoyed the many unusual privileges of the Library Clubhouse, and developed for the group a commercial relationship with the world through the Paul Revere Pottery. It is a well known fact that both of these experiments have been very expensive to carry on and have been wholly supported by Mrs. Storrow; but it was hardly to be expected that this should go on forever; times change, people change, thoughts change.

The steady growth of the Pottery has necessitated more room than was originally planned for it at the Library Clubhouse. It has developed into a permanent industry which promises to be

an important co-operative business venture. The time inevitably came when Mrs. Storrow could no longer continue to finance both enterprises.

The question had already come up as to how long it was fair to allow and to accept from one person no matter how generously inclined that person might be, to shoulder the expense of such an experiment as the Clubhouse. We concluded:

1st. Private philanthropy should only be a temporary necessity.

2nd. That such philanthropy should always be fostered by a civic ideal and national pride.

3rd. That when a public experiment through private endorsement has been brought to an intelligent result and proved worth while, the Municipality should, so far as practicable, relieve the individual of such work.

Sometimes experiments are fortunate; and then again, they are not. Judging from the present results of our experiment, both Mrs. Storrow and we have been unusually fortunate. Now that our Library Clubhouse work has been carefully nurtured and proved worth while, we have been given the opportunity to use rooms in a city building to the end that we may help in a broader field, with opportunity to develop a real civic work.

The change brings with it many additional responsibilities for the S. E. G., and the public is always curious as it has a perfect right to be.

We are all likely to be asked,

"What are the S. E. G. doing?" Our answer is this much only:

We are endeavoring to live up to the purpose of our group. In order to better explain this pur-

pose, I quote our preamble;

"In the Library Clubhouse we desire to form a strong organization which by study and thought shall realize the best civic conditions and then shall seek opportunities for bringing such conditions to pass.

"Along social lines, we lay most stress on a spirit of good comradeship that enables individuals to agree or to disagree without bitterness, and to be altogether loyal to the ideal of service, which means that to make the good we receive our own, we must share it."

In addition to this we have all pledged ourselves to help finance the work we have so long helped to promote. In closing, I can only say, that the ideal of American womanhood which you good friends have helped to place before us, we, the S. E. G., will aim to exemplify by our living, and to pass the ideal on to others. We shall endeavor to be better friends, better daughters, better wives, better mothers; and always pure and simple women, who, years hence, will look with pride upon this Association of American Daughters of North End Immigrants.

## Italians in Christ Church

HENRY C. SARTORIO

CHRIST CHURCH, now better known as "The Old North Church," on Salem Street, was opened for public services on December 29th, 1723, when a sermon was preached by the Rev. Timothy Cutler, D. D., once president of Yale College, who took for his text the seventh verse of the fifty-sixth chapter of Isaiah: "For mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people."

Rev. Mr. Cutler did not clearly realize at that time that he was uttering a literal prophecy, for through these many years, Christ Church has become indeed "an house of prayer for all people."

Englishmen, Negroes, Indians, Americans, French, have, and now Italians gather in Christ Church to worship God. The old registers of this Church are filled with the names of famous

English emigrants. There is still a pew on which is placed a tablet bearing this inscription: "Pew for the use of the gentlemen of the Bay of Honduras."

In a letter written by Rev. Mr. Cutler in 1727, it is said that there were "Negroes and Indians" worshipping in Christ Church. At one time the Church sheltered a congregation of French Huguenots.

Now that more than twenty-five thousand Italians live under the shadow of its "campanile" Christ Church has thrown its doors wide open to them, and every Sunday afternoon there is a service in the language of Dante.

On Thanksgiving Day an Italian child was christened in this historical Church: the first Italian to be baptized in Christ Church, and about one hundred and fifty Italians were present and joined in the service of Thanksgiving and praise.

### SCHOOL NOTES

SADIE GUTTENTAG

# The Promotion of Peace in the Schools

It is of interest to note at the present time, the efforts being made by educators to extend the peace movement, and I am sure we all hope that these peace efforts in the future will be even more extensive than they have been in the past.

This movement is really not very new, for the first society for the extension of peace between the nations of the world was founded in New York in 1814. Since then, many similar organizations have been formed in all the countries of the world. One of these organizations in direct touch with the school, is the American School Peace League. This League was organized in 1908 " for the purpose of promoting through the schools and the educational public of America the interests of international justice and fraternity." This purpose is accomplished by means of the annual conventions; working in conjunction with the National Education Association and similar organizations; the preparation and distribution of appropriate literature; and European trips of the secretary in behalf of international co-operation.

A similar society in Great Britain, called the School Peace League, works along the same lines as our American organization.

The colleges, too, are furthering this movement through the Cosmopolitan Clubs. The first of these clubs of foreign-born students was formed

at the University of Wisconsin, in 1903. Now clubs of this nature are to be found in practically every college here and abroad. The great purpose is well stated in the object of the last congress of Cosmopolitan Clubs as follows: - " to bring together the representatives from all the students of the world, in order that the spirit of international brotherhood and humanity may be fostered among men, and in order that students of the world may be united into an all-embracing world organization." In order to fulfil this purpose clubs will often instruct and entertain the communities in which they are situated by so-called "national nights." At such times representatives of one nation will describe the customs and institutions of their mother country, play music by native composers, recite and interpret masterpieces of their literature, exhibit national dances, and serve characteristic dishes. The value of such clubs is far reaching as the members come from all the nations on the globe.

"Peace Day! Let it shine one day in the year among all nations."

This is the sentiment of a Frenchman, but it is ours also, for we now have one day of the year, May 18, the anniversary of the first Conference at the Hague, set aside as Peace Day. On this day every school holds appropriate exercises. Last year the American School Peace League furnished a program which may be used in the observance of

Peace Day. Since the children of to-day will be the citizens of to-morrow the efforts of these various agencies must bear fruit and we may sing with its author,

> "Forward, all ye faithful Seeking love and peace, Hastening on the era When all strife shall cease."

At the Wilbur Theatre on Saturday morning, November 21, the children of Charlestown, East Boston, and the North and West Ends enjoyed a most delightful performance, called "Yellow Bird." The play was given by The Children's Players under the auspices of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, who present a similar play each year for the children of Boston at greatly reduced rates; admission only ten and fifteen cents. This play was given again on December 5, for the children of other sections of the city.

"Yellow Bird" is a story of Salem in the days of witchcraft. The setting and costumes were very pleasing and instructive. The play was most timely at this Thanksgiving season, as it gave the children a vivid picture of the costumes and customs of the early settlers of Massachusetts.

Motion pictures for boys and girls are to be presented by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union at Tremont Temple every Saturday morning at 10.30 beginning December 12. A glance at the first program used will explain the nature of these pictures.

- 1. The Children's Hour (Longfellow's Poem)
- 2. The Grafters (One cat, two mice no humans)
- 3. A Rag Doll Dance (Not a moving picture)
- 4. Wood-carving at St. Claude
- 5. Hop O' My Thumb (A fairy story in colors)
- 7. The Carrot Caterpillar and Animated Putty

### **IMMIGRATION**

ELIZABETH M. ANTHONY

# Certain Phases of Immigration Briefly Summed Up

AFTER the Revolution until 1840 there was a lull in immigration. Forces were at work moulding a unified people out of the Colonial population. Because of economic conditions in Ireland the Irish were the first to come in numbers. The first influx was from the thoughtful, hard-working, economically ambitious class; the second, following the famine of 1846-48, men of the pick and shovel, who brought plenty of courage and an infinite good humor, but no economic virtues.

For forty odd years the Michaels and Patricks held the land of pick and shovel now possessed by Tony and Ivan. From Germany the stream of immigration was never very broad and with the panic of 1893 it dwindled to a mere brook. Germany's immense manufacturing plants and the development of foreign trade have offered home inducements which offset the lure of America's easily won riches.

There is a wide variety of occupations among the middle class Germans; they are our bakers, farmers, brewers, cabinet-makers, saloon-keepers and butchers. Though strongly opposed to legislation for controlling the sale of liquor, we must not forget that they bring as a great asset to our civilization, infinite capacity for thorough work, and a never-failing appreciation of powerful drama and beautiful music.

Of over 1,250,000 Scandinavians, one in every two hundred and fifty is illiterate. Most of these immigrants are tillers of the soil, miners, lumbermen, stock-raisers, drovers, carpenters, quarrymen and machinists. Their desire for self-improvement is great and they eagerly seek opportunities offered by the public evening schools.

One-quarter of our number of immigrants hail from Italy. This is due to over-population and lack of food supply. While most of the Northern Italians become bakers or stone-cutters, those from the South are to be found with pick and shovel in the construction gangs. They are said to be job hunters rather than home seekers, and oftener than not they leave their families in the fatherland. The Northern Italian does not resist American influence, as he comes not for wages, but for business. It is safe to say that two-thirds of the street musicians are Italians, and many are the Italian barbers, cobblers, tailors and fruit dealers.

The Slav invasion began about fifteen years ago. These immigrants went to mining, metal-working and packing centers. Large of body, muscular and inexpert, the Slav has become the unskilled laborer in poorly paid industries. Of all our newcomers, he is probably the slowest to absorb American influence.

One-fifth of the Hebrews of the world (1,500,-000) have settled in America. The pioneers of the race were chiefly students, leaders of radical

parties and members of scholarly families. Nearly two-fifths of the present population are garment makers and a large proportion of the clothing and dry goods made in America is in their hands. Eighty-five per cent of our cigars and cigarettes are made by Hebrews. Many become clerks, salesmen, bankers and theatrical managers. They eagerly enter the professions of medicine, law, dentistry and pharmacy.

The Hebrews lead a fine family life, care for their own poor, and are strong advocates of cooperation among their own people. It is often said that for personal gain the Jewish dealer wilfully disregards the customs of the trade and thereby throws trade ethics into confusion. The truth is the lower classes reach here morally crippled. Russian experiences have made them haters of government. By degrees, however, they perceive that America has no place for cringers and tricksters.

The Hebrews keep their children in school as long as possible to the end that they may enter professions rather than trades. Though the Jewish people are wonderfully adaptable, it is as yet too soon to tell whether they will become Americans inwardly as well as outwardly.

There is not space to speak of the Orientals nor many lesser immigrant groups, all of which are exhaustively treated of in the 1914 Immigration reports.

#### NEWS OF THE CLUBS

REBECCA HEIMAN

# The Hale House and Parker Memorial

THE Hale House on Garland Street and Parker Memorial on Berkeley Street are joint houses conducted by a committee of two members from Hale House and four from the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. There are in both houses clubs and classes for boys and girls in wood-work, clay-modelling, sewing and cooking. Each club is provided with a leader who meets with it once a week and he finds out what the group is most interested in. The boys give plays and have talks on current events and literature. There are clubs for girls in dramatics and a campfire group. The cooking classes cook their own suppers and often invite the mothers to eat with them. Mrs. Amy wants each girl to be able to help at home and take the responsibility of the cooking and housework from her mother more and more.

One of the most important features of the house is the class in "Jewish Folk Songs." This chorus not only helps to preserve the old Jewish melodies, but "it helps to bridge the tragic gap between the foreign parent and the American child," says Mary Antin, a former member of the Hale House Club. Another important part of the work is a Monday evening social, conducted by members of the house at the Parker Memorial. Here any of the members and their friends may come for a pleasant evening. The Parker Memorial has large halls and many more rooms than the Hale House, so that all the big activities are carried on at the former place.

#### North End Items

Civic Service House. Mr. Dodge, assisted by five students, has been investigating housing conditions in the North End. Fully 650 flats have been inspected. Dark hallways, inside rooms, ill-ventilated toilets are the rule rather than the exception. As a result of this definite and detailed work it is expected that important changes will be made in our building laws.

North End Union. The tableaux given at the Thanksgiving party were a marked success. The following scenes were presented: "The Indians," "The Landing of the Pilgrims," "The first Sunday," Washing Day," "The first Thanksgiving," and "Priscilla and John Alden."

Social Service House announces a series of concerts beginning December 6th, to be given in the North Bennet Industrial School Hall at 4 P. M. The committee in charge is as follows: Miss Dorothy Jordan, Miss Alice P. Vanston, Miss Rose Casassa, Miss Katherine Homans, Mr. Robert Jordan, Mr. Henry L. Shattuck, Mr. Louis Silvertelli and Mr. Van Rothi. The next concert will be on December 20, when Christmas music will be given.

Library Club House is co-operating with the Girls' High School in home visiting of the North End High School girls. The groups have now been meeting for several weeks in the Library Rooms; the children are most enthusiastic; the volunteers faithful and earnest; and the S. E. G. are fairly radiating the spirit of co-operation.

Medical Mission. Special attention is being given to pre-natal work. A kitchen garden has taken the place of the children's story hour; this is proving not only interesting but helpful to the children.

\* \*

### S. E. G. Announcements

December 19. Professor Gilmer will read his play, "The Edge of the World."

December 26. No meeting. Christmas vaca-

January 2. Drama night.

January 9. Business meeting.

The engagements are announced of Miss Mollie Singer to Dr. Milton M. Cohen. Miss Frances Shapiro to Mr. Arnold Silin.

Mrs. Byne (Ida Rosenberg) rejoices in the birth of a son.

#### Dr Karl Muck

#### FANNIE LEWIS

In order to really finish last month's article on the Symphony orchestra, it seems fitting to say a word about Dr. Karl Muck, the present conductor. People seldom realize how much depends on the conductor of an orchestra such as the "Symphony." Since he alone is responsible for the failure or success of a performance, he must have above all things temperament, as no performance of genius is possible without it. Then, too, he must be sincere towards the work produced, and the public, still, his interpretation of a work must be what the composer intended it to be. personality of the conductor must also be great enough to make each and every player feel that he is playing according to his will, whereas, in reality he is following the leader. Only thus do they all work together wonderfully and give remarkable performances.

Many times conductors perform without score. This is not essential to the artist, but it is necessary for him to know the score thoroughly and refer to it merely to support his memory. Dr. Muck, however, does use the score when conducting.

Dr. Karl Muck was born at Wurzburg in 1859, and when eleven years old first appeared as a pianist. Later he studied at the Universities of Heidleberg and of Leipzig, where he received his degree. In 1880 he made his first appearance as a professional pianist; but was determined to be a conductor and soon accepted his first position as a chorus conductor in Zurich.

In appearance he is tall and thin, with a smooth, strong face that gives an impression of sternness, and a dignified and reserved manner. He conducts on the whole very quietly, except when his temperament gets the best of him. He is always very encouraging to his men and prompt to recognize good work. From the moment he takes his stand before the orchestra he is so wholly absorbed in his music that the audience is apparently forgotten. There is an intellectual force that marks his performances, yet all the dash and fire of which the Symphony is capable is surely brought out.

Since 1880 he has steadily advanced, until to-day as conductor of the Boston Symphony his reputation as an authority is accepted everywhere, and he is said to be one of the three greatest conductors in the world.

## Dancing Notes

#### FRANCES ROCCHI

Miss Georgia Sprague during the course of her lecture on Rhythmic Dancing, I hursday afternoon, November 17, spoke of the different stages of the dance. "Beauty," said she, "is all around us if we would only let it be." We have so wrapped and bound ourselves at the present day with many foolish styles and conventions, that it is only through experiments and schools like Miss Sprague represents, that we are able to get even a tiny glimpse of the natural beauty of motion which the Greeks practiced in their everyday play and which comes to us in their beautiful art.

After the talk, Miss Sprague assisted by Miss Bertha Remick, who played all her own original compositions throughout the performance, demonstrated the different forms of dance. They illustrated how they both worked together, by asking the audience to suggest an idea which it would like to see carried out. "Faith," said a voice in the audience. Miss Sprague then explained that they always started with rhythm as a basis, and took a little drum from a table near at hand. After thinking a few moments she proceeded to heat a rhythm which to her represented "Faith." Miss Remick then composed at the piano a melody which fitted the rhythm. The drum was then put away and after listening to the music, Miss Sprague in turn invented a dance to fit the music.

The whole performance was intensely interesting, and it was remarkable to see how easily and naturally the two kindred arts of Music and Dance joined hands and played together.

### LIBRARY NOTES

G. GOLDSTEIN

#### Book Review

OF a multitude of books dealing with the real causes of the present war, Prof. J. A. Cramb's "Germany and England," is one of the clearest and most readable. The Hon. Joseph H. Choate says in the introduction: "This little book is one that every American should read, because it is not only a gem in itself, and worthy to be placed among English Classics for its clearness of thought and expression, its restrained eloquence, and its broad historical knowledge, but because it explains very lucidly, not the occasion, but the cause (the deep-seated cause) of the present war."

One or two quotations will do more to awaken interest in the book than any other comment. "Now I suggest to you that one explanation of this extraordinary paradox in human history—the persistence of war in spite of what seems its unreason—is that there is something in war after all, that is analogous to this heroism there in the Antartic zone, something that transcends reason; that in war and the right of war, man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry and above social comforts; that in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life. The power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal. In all life at its height, in thought, art and action, there is a tendency to become transcendental; and if we examine the wars of England or of Germany in the past, we find governing these wars throughout this higher power of heroism, or of something, at least, which transcends reason."

Quoting from Aristotle's advice to Alexander he says, "Whithersoever your victories lead you, never forget that you are a Greek, and everywhere draw hard and fast the line that separates the Greek from the Barbarians."

"No," answered the youthful conqueror—he was barely two and twenty—"I will pursue another policy. I will make all men Hellenes. That shall be the purpose of my victories."

This might be called the text of Professor Cramb's book and he succeeds in clearly showing the reason for the German's desire for world dominion and the Briton's longing to gift all men with the "English mind."

# At Our Library

Overheard the day before Thanksgiving:

IST LITTLE GIRL: Why is there no school
Wednesday afternoon?

2ND LITTLE GIRL: Because it is before the turkey's birthday.

We have occasion to send children with dirty hands home to wash them. One little boy came in with a large piece of white soap.

To the policeman, "They've sent me home four times to wash my hands and now I've brought the proof I've washed 'em."

One of our boys informed us that Copp's Hill Burying Ground was so called "because the 'cops' are buried there."

Books asked for:

"Jack, the Beanstopper."

"Layers of Ancient Rome."

"The Story of the 'Struggle Children' in the 'Christmas Carol.'"

\* \*

# Interesting Things in the December Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Some remarks on American and English Fiction."

Catholic World: "Nuns as depicted in modern fiction."

Good Housekeeping: "The Romantick Lady."
Harper's Monthly: "How to make History
dates stick."

Ladies' Home Journal: "Gifts for Children to make in the School Room."

Popular Mechanics: "A Double Bungalow Court in Los Angeles." P. 873.

Review of Reviews: "The Educational Future of the Moving Picture."

St. Nicholas: "Books and Reading."

Scribners': "The Upper Slopes." A poem.

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Book Review

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#### EDITORIAL

# The Little Things of Life

Edith Guerrier

THERE is not, I fancy, a person who has at some time in the course of his life failed to be tempted by the vision of power. Jesus of Nazareth was assailed by that as the most powerful of three temptations which came to him early in his career. The first temptation was addressed to the senses; the second, to ambition; the third and

greatest, to power. This last he vanquished with the words, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve!"

The word "God" is so vague a term to many of us that the idea conveyed by its utterance must often be classed under the head of a superstition. We use it in much the same way that a man looks at the moon over his right shoulder for good luck. One who is drowning or ill of some incurable disease calls loudly upon God, but the thought of him as ever present is an almost incomprehensible one, though the question "What is God?" is answered in a hundred different forms.

The answer which seems to sum up all other answers is "God is love." The further question, "What is love?" is answered thus, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and the "Law" is condensed into the following statement: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Thus under two headings are the ten commandments given to Moses classed. The first four command knowledge of the things of spirit, and the following six warn against doing harm in certain specified ways to one's neighbor.

God is the essence of life. We shall never find him clad in a purple robe with a golden crown on his head, sitting on a jewelled throne. We may never know him in a life to come, more than we know him here and now. Every pure and lovely thought translated into a deed shows us God, but it is only as we keep our minds ready and furnished for the pure and lovely thought to gain admittance that it can enter. It is the power to provide this furnishing that our association seeks to generate.

This power differs from the kind that tempted Jesus. That was temporal power, a vision of which caused the present war now raging in Europe.

Jesus, with his great administrative ability and other gifts which he possessed in marked degree,

saw a way in which he could make himself a great and powerful King, but he put aside the temptation and spent his life in proving the truth of his teaching, which was that each man should use his own God given intellect in reading the page of life presented to him.

By this introduction to my subject I do not mean that men like Lincoln and Washington and women like Florence Nightingale and Jane Addams are not necessary. Great leaders are always necessary but the difference between a Kaiser and a Lincoln must be borne in mind, one being a servant of the people, the other having the people as his servants.

If you study the lives of really great leaders, you will see that it was through doing the little things that came to them to do thoroughly, patiently and well, without thought of self-glorification that opportunity found them ready for it. The first point, therefore, is, have definite ideals clearly before you all the time, and your opportunity is as sure to come as the sun is to rise. The fact that we may be blind gives us no right to say that the sun does not rise, or to put it another way, one cannot lay the blame of an unhappy life on anyone but himself.

The second point to be brought out is: - How can we attain to proficiency in little things without narrowing our broad outlook on life. First, we must be willing to undergo the training that fits us for the fullest and broadest kind of living. Next, we must not allow ourselves to undertake more than we can do. What is the training that fits us for the fullest living? As a nation we have delegated certain of our wisest men to establish schools for our training, I believe that every person should have the opportunities of grammar, high school, and college, and if one cannot have this training there is no point in saving that he is just as well off without it. He is not. I do not mean that he cannot compete in the race with a chance of winning, he must compete and he may win. In the end the severity of his mental struggle in gaining the knowledge which the schools would have freely placed at his disposal may offset the value of school training, in the beginning it does not.

The reasons a child lacks school training are either because his parents are too poor or too lacking in intelligence to give it to him. As American citizens and comrades to one another we have a right to interest ourselves in seeing that our fellows take the opportunities offered; fortunately we do not have the task of creating opportunities, the supply is here, the demand must follow.

We learn from one another, and the advice of a

trusted friend makes us feel it worth while to see whether we agree with him. The unknown speaker may, in playing on the complicated organ of human emotions, strike in one or another a sympathetic chord, but one who is acquainted with the instrument may evoke from it a symphony that will be the delight of all time. I believe in affectionate personal relations between people; an enlargement of family relations. That thought, I think, underlies our S. E. G. Group, we share with one another our joys and sorrows, our hopes and aspirations, and in many cases the results of our toil. Our group stands for the primary, grammar, high or college extension course, where through love and trust we learn to handle some of the tools experience provides and education shows how to use.

You may ask how I dare claim so much. Let us see if the claim is just. Beginning with the youngest children, we try to instill so strong a love for school that they will beg to keep on; by visiting the parents we try to help them realize the necessity of school for the children, and in most cases we succeed. Few find themselves too poor to give their children the opportunity, when they realize what it means. To these younger children, therefore, we play the part of elder sisters, helping them to realize what it means to do their work thoroughly and to relate it to everyday life.

We cannot evade the fact that there are many children who cannot go to school. In our capacity of elder sisters we can encourage them to attend evening classes and lectures, and put them in the way of getting for themselves the finer things of life, which their more fortunate comrades are more easily acquiring; and here we grasp the wedge called "an appreciation for the finer things of life," a tool which imperceptibly opens our mental vision to perceive what at first seems only a star in the darkness, but eventually proves to be a daylight which never dies, though its sky may be at times clouded.

The little things are the happenings of our individual lives, the care of our rooms, the cleanliness of our clothes, the order of our office desks. The man or woman who has lived fifteen years in a tumble-down old shack that he may some day own a fine house has lost, yes, lost the power to enjoy the house when he gets it. An appreciation for the little things of life, a child's toy, tidying a room, cultivating a plant, — may lead to the awakening of powers undreamed of, and gift us with a natural happiness which kings would sacrifice their kingdoms and conquerors their spoils of war to gain.

The man who cherished a wayside weed grow-

ing between the stones of a prison wrote on cambric handkerchiefs the story of that same plant, which, edited by a friend and published as a book, circulates from every well selected library throughout the land. Furthermore, the writing freed the captive from prison, for Napoleon, reading the memoirs, said, "He who can so abase himself as to be absorbed in a weed may make an excellent botanist, but not a conspirator. I grant his pardon"; which is equivalent to saying, he who truly loves is incapable of hate, and love may be attained even through a wayside weed, It is interesting to note that the hero of this tale, on returning in later years to his cell with his wife, showed her what in his misery he had written, "Learning, beauty, wit, youth, fortune, all are powerless to give happiness." His wife's only comment was to complete the sentence by adding the words, "without love."

I do not deny the danger of looking too closely at little things, but that seems to be less than the danger of overlooking them, and that danger is minimized if we have in our hearts the sense of the following dialogue:

THE BLACKBIRD. "I told you and tell you again through that little black hole I was looking at the ——"

CHANTICLEER. "The earth! and now through a little blue hole you shall look at the sky."

After writing so many words about little things, I attended one of the Sunday peace services. The speaker brought out quite clearly the point that the greatest organizations in the world had been unable to prevent the world crisis known as the European War. The Hague Tribunal, the Papacy, the Governments of France, England, Russia and Italy, all have been powerless to promote peace. Organization and system are certainly necessary, but without the love that teaches us that our neighbor's gain is ours, the organizations of the world become, as they have to-day, machines for the perpetration of unspeakable atrocities. Prior to the organization must come that love which will make possible the development of the units, which are, by uniting, to form it, and this a slow process which does not appeal to one who must see with his own eyes the results. A very little leaven leavens the whole lump, but tons will be useless if the leaven has not had time to work. "Revere the individual. The current heresy is that society will be good and just, and wise, and far-seeing, irrespective of the units that compose it. It is this heresy that explains the Tammanys, political, religious, and social, which degrade our civilization. Education addresses the individual,

shapes, and fosters, and preserves the individual. The herd rushes hither and thither, not knowing why. We who have had education should move, each according to the dictates of individual reason and conscience; and when we are mastered by the apparently irresistible onslaught of blind, unreasoning herds, let us recall what individuals have done and take heart. Lose not your trust in the Whatever your choice revere it as an ideal, to be loyally lived for and died for; an ideal, which if it could be realized would benefit not only you and your party, but all the world. Be quick to discern that hate and envy and greed are not ideals; that dynamite and brute violence in all its forms are basely material. Unless education leaves us ideals, it has betrayed us, substituting the letter, which killeth, for the spirit which giveth life."

In this age of "big deeds" such words are refreshing and I who can never find words to express my meaning am ready to shout for joy when I find that some one has done it for me. Listen again, "I paced alone on the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser. The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness and the widowed land whose harvest had been reaped lay silent. Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening. His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the coccanut and the dark green jack fruit trees. I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes, furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the

We have a right to be glad with this gladness and let us not get so far above the little things of life that we lose it.

Do not think, please, that I would ever counsel going shiftlessly along without ambition, but that to use a homely simile, if we are earning a living picking blueberries we dare lose a few cents while we watch the sun rise above the hills, smell the wild rose or listen to the song of the bobolink in the meadow; but at the same time we must have the cleanest pail we can get for our berries, we must pick our berries clean, and if we more than fill our pail we must remember that the overflow is not ours, but our neighbor's.

### NEWS OF THE CLUBS

# The Educational Value of the "De Amicis Club"

JOHN FINELLI

ONE of the most important questions of the day is the education of the young. This question of education is an old and ever varying one, according to the times and the results aimed at, and the best system of education is doubtless that system which makes the best man.

The Spartan ideal of education was purely a physical one. The athletic training, plain living, and stern discipline of that period were doubtless essential to produce a race of robust and temperate citizens. The education of the Jews was as unique as their own peculiar type of civilization. Their precept was that every child should be taught to earn his daily bread, " For he who teacheth not his son a trade, teacheth him to be a thief." The Athenian standard of education was the most highly approved of all ancient systems. Their philosophers aimed to combine a mental with a physical training. The Athenian youth was taught grammar, gymnastics, music, drawing, and painting; a combined education of the eye, ear, body and mind. These young people heard of the wisdom of Socrates and the epics of Homer. They saw the plays of Æschvlus and of Sophocles; and always had before them the works of native sculptors and architects, which combined forces all stimulated and produced a type of man then most desired.

The modern methods of education, however, are the ones to which we turn with the greatest interest. There has perhaps never been a wider and more fully appreciated system than the one now used in America. It is a culmination of all old ideals applied in the light of present day needs. To-day, educators all agree that collège training produces the best man,—the man who usually succeeds in life, because he has been better equipped to meet conditions harmoniously.

But all are not fortunate enough to receive a college education. What then? Are these to sit still and think of their misfortune? Oh, no. College alone will never make a man, and minds can be brought in contact with higher things through other means. Present day social and educational clubs and classes are of great value, and all can avail themselves of the many opportunities which these offer.

The "De Amicis Club" has recently been organized in the North End for the purpose of

developing a better spirit of comradeship and of furthering educational opportunities between the Italian young men and women. An applicant for membership must attend at least three consecutive meetings before he can be elected a member. On acceptance he must write a paper on a subject assigned by the president, or deliver a lecture before the Club. The officers of the Association are a President, Vice-President, Secretary and a Treas-These constitute the Executive Committee, which meets from time to time for the discussion of plans, the interchange of experiences, the furtherance of the objects of the Club, and the transaction of business. The Club meets every third week for the discussion of educational subjects and social gatherings. Individual opinions are encouraged, and this policy helps to make the members . better comrades.

In order to meet the necessary expenses, members pay twenty-five cents at each meeting. At present the membership is limited, for we believe in a small but sure beginning, and so far the interest of the members has been well sustained and the attendance is excellent.

This "De Amicis Club" for Italian young men and women is the only one of its kind in Boston. The Club has undertaken a big task, but the members are all earnest workers, and interested in the development of Italian ideals. There is in the future a wide field for such a club. In the meantime exchanging experiences and real thoughts with one another, bound together by friendship, social and national ties, meeting helpful men and women of other circles, and by keeping ourselves posted on questions of the day, we are bound to develop a very real and active part in the common progress.

\* \*

## Lincoln House

#### R. HEINMAN

The Lincoln House on Emerald Street, South End, is a large, finely constructed building. It is equally attractive on the inside, with a feeling of "room enough" everywhere. The house contains an assembly hall, library and reading-room, gymnasium with baths, bowling alley, twelve social and class rooms, a medical dispensary, dentist's office, roof garden, and co-operative store. The Association also owns, at Osterville, two vacation cottages.

To be considered a member of the house per-

sons over sixteen years old pay one dollar per year, those from thirteen to fifteen years, fifty cents, and children under twelve, twenty-five cents. There is a total house membership of about 900.

What interested me most about the house was the way it was governed. It is a Neighborhood Clubhouse, "where any man or woman and girl or boy who lives in the district and is willing to work for a more attractive and healthful South End and a better Boston" may become a member. The Lincoln House laws are made by the people who use the house and those who teach or are club leaders. Friends who contribute to its support, no matter how much, and cannot give their personal services, are not on the directors' board.

The house council, made up of senior house club members, meets with the board of directors, and has the right to express opinions with regard to the house. This is practically a new attitude and the seniors do not always take the responsibility, but it is right that house members be given the knowledge of how much money, energy, and in evest it takes to run a neighborhood house of this nature, and one feels sure that with time they will grow to the responsibilities placed upon them. The more responsibility members are given, the more interest and joy they will receive out of the Lincoln House. I judge this by the interest our girls have taken in helping to carry on our own work here in the North End.

I notice that its twenty-sixth annual report says in closing, "What we wish to make plain in this report is that when we have succeeded, the success has been due to co-operation with our neighbors and when we have failed, the reason has been too little democracy in our methods rather than too much." These are fine words. The workers of the Lincoln House are working out the problems with the people and are open to, and ready for suggestions.

It is not so much the amount of sewing, or cooking, or dancing, that one learns, or how well one has learned to debate, it is the thoughts and hopes and aspirations one acquires by association. Miss Wills, who is Mr. Adam's assistant, told me that former pupils of the house are now taking charge of various groups in folk-dancing, dressmaking and dramatics. What greater demonstration is necessary than this, to show that not only is a house of this kind of the greatest value in a neighborhood, but that members of the house can be trusted to pass on what they themselves have received.

### S. E. G. Announcements

Jan. 16. Piano recital, Miss Bertha Schoff. Jan. 23. Trio—Piano, Voice, Violin. Miss Barton, Miss Hurd, Miss Goodman.

Jan. 30. The German View-point. Dr. Von Mach.

Feb. 6. S. E. G. Dancing Party.

Feb. 13. Business meeting.

Tuesday evening, January 19, Mrs. J. J. Storrow will speak on "The Community Club" at 8 P. M.

#### Moro—Bacchini

The wedding is announced of Miss Sylvia M. Bacchini, to Mr. Nino B. Moro, December 30, 1914.

#### PERLMUTTER—SINGER

The wedding is announced of Miss Rose Singer, to Mr. M. Perlmutter, December 31, 1914.

#### LINFIELD—KATSEFF

The engagement is announced of Miss Fannie R. Katseff, to Mr. Nathan J. Linfield.

## North End Items

ANNIE KROP

North Bennet Street Industrial School

Entertainments and parties were held every afternoon and evening during the week of December 21st for the groups and classes of the school. The program included "Snow White," a charming little play given by the Sewing Circle League. "The Chimes" a beautiful Christmas play given by some of the students of Professor Baker of Harvard.

Over 250 parents of the neighborhood enjoyed the "Twilight Musical," given at the School Hall, Sunday afternoon, December 20. The program was an exceptionally fine one. Mr. John Saltonstall gave several violin selections. Mr. Raymond Blanchard, baritone, and his daughter, Miss Erminda Blanchard, sang several operatic selections in Italian, and a chorus of fifteen women sang the English Carols.

#### Civil Service House

The Hancock School Association announces a benefit concert for the Belgian sufferers, to be given at the Industrial School Hall, January 28, 1915. This will be an opportunity for the residents of this district to enjoy good music and at the same time lend a hand to those in distress.

North End Union

A very interesting group here is the Ambulance Corps, of which Dr. Stowe is the leader. The members are boys from 14 to 16 years of age and are taught First Aid to the injured. Special stress is laid on general health and personal cleanliness.

Medical Mission

Has made very many of its little neighbors happy on Christmas Day, by distributing a great many stockings filled with toys, candies, and goodies so dear to the hearts of the little ones.

# Rhythm and the Dance

Frances Rocchi

LET us consider the question very seldom asked and perhaps more rarely understood, "What is dancing?" To a great number of people, or perhaps to most people who are not acquainted with the art, it is nothing more than "the act of moving with steps regulated to music" (Webster's Dictionary). The definition does not suit us, since we often see people move around in time to music who do not inspire us, and who are not themselves inspired by any feeling of the dance.

Dancing has as its foundation a complete sense of rhythm. By complete, I mean the harmony of mind, body, spirit, and motion. Rhythm manifests itself in many ways, and is the keynote of all forms of beauty. In fact, beauty does not exist without it. When real beauty comes our way we seldom mistake it, for it is the sense of rhythm within us responding to that expressed in any form of beauty. It may be either a picture or a selection of music that fills us with enthusiasm, and brings a feeling of joyousness to us that we cannot explain. Those who do not feel the mysterious joy have either lost or covered up their sense of rhythm.

Through the co-ordination of the mind and hand an artist is able to convey to his public a picture of an idea or ideas that he has in mind, and which he longs to put in visible form. Many an artist has confessed that after the picture was done he cared nothing for it. It was the doing, only, which contained the secret.

A musician by the same means of co-ordination carries to his audience a picture in sound, or we might rather say, a beauty of sound.

The dancer, through the co-ordination of the mind and the whole of the human body, must bring to the public a picture of the beauty of motion, with the same sense of harmony and spirit;—otherwise it ceases to be the dance, but becomes instead "the act of moving with steps regulated to music."

Since it is inevitable that we must move in order

to live, and since the law of motion is the oldest and most fundamental of all laws,—it is a great pity that people do not spend more time in learning how to move well. To be ready to dance in the true sense of the word, one must first realize the importance of knowing how to use the body. The body is the instrument used, and needs to be tuned before the melody can be played as it should. When one has learned through training how to use the body correctly, what follows should be something more than steps, since this instrument is the visible means of communicating the spirit of the dance.

# Folk Songs

F. Levis

"FOLK SONG" say the many posters with their announcements. It seems that there is to-day a general revival of folk songs; and it really is a great treat to hear these with their simple but beautiful melodies.

Folk songs have neither positive origin nor dates. They have existed since way back in the earliest ages; and even as the title suggests they are songs or ballads, originated by, and current among the common people; illustrating the life and enthusiasms as derived from legend or story. The folk song thus originated directly with the people, and more often, the peasantry. That is to say, a peasant at work would probably begin to hum a melody, another take it up and perhaps embellish it a bit, and so on, until the song was complete. The themes were of everyday happening; a visit to an aunt, the death of a friend, the beauty of a maid, a tale of the spring or of reaping.

The themes are not elaborated. The song does not tell a complete story, the same words being repeated over and over again. There is a French song in which the theme is "I saw a swan, he was white so full of grace," etc., with which a few variations on the characteristics or actions of the swan the song ends, and the opening sentence is endlessly repeated.

There is, however, no real American folk song, unless it be the Negro melodies. These of course originated with the slaves who made them up while working in the fields. Many of them have been both composed and written by the Negro, but most of these have been sung by the Negro and written by the white man. At first all folk songs were purely oral, which as time went by were eollected and compiled. Our colored folk songs have recently been worked into orchestral pieces by Arthur Foote, George Chadwick, and

Anton Dvorak, and are becoming more popular than ever.

The sweet simplicity of the words and music

of folk songs create good and simple pictures which are always a delight, and loved by the people.

## SCHOOL NOTES

SADIE GUTTENTAG

# The Relations of Physical Conditions of the Child to School Work

THERE is much discussion among educators and physicians as to the relation between the physical condition of the child and his mental ability. My knowledge of the subject leads me to believe that the ratio between physical conditions and mental ability is an inverse proportion. When we consider physical defects, such as defective vision, hearing, throat and nasal troubles, or tooth decay, we can realize that such a statement is true. From statistics obtained by W. C. Reavis of St. Louis after medical examination, we find that of those children found physically defective 28 per cent ranked first in class work, 32 per cent, second, and 40 per cent, third. Of these found physically normal, 40 per cent were included in rank one, 35 per cent in rank two, and 25 per cent in rank three. Thus the ratio is very nearly inverse.

The lack of proper nourishment was found upon a second examination by the doctor to cause poor physical condition. Out of those children receiving proper nutrition, 30 per cent ranked first, 40 per cent second, and 30 per cent third. The

percentages from mal-nutrition were similar to those results obtained under physical defects.

These defects all react on the school attendance. We find normal children having an attendance of 31.2 per cent, while the defectives have only 24.5 per cent. Thus it is that each of these factors, of physical condition, attendance, and class ranking, react one upon the other.

From the above statistics we arrive at this conclusion. There must be greater and more efficient co-operation between the home and the school. This co-operation will eliminate to a great extent physical deficiencies and non-attendance. But we must feel grateful, however, at present, for the ever growing connection between home and school.

At the English High School, fourth year boys taking commercial subjects have been selected according to ability to act as secretaries to teachers of the school. This work gives the boys much practical experience and for which they also receive marks.

Pupils taking a commercial course at any other high school may, upon application, act as secretaries to an elementary school principal. For satisfactory work one point is given.

# IMMIGRATION NOTES

ELIZABETH M. ANTHONY

THE following note shows that even court officials are beginning to realize the influence of good reading on young people.

"One of the Chicago Municipal Court judges has established a library for foreign boys in the Boys' Court. Arrangements have been made by him with the Public Library to furnish books written in the native tongues of the nationalities most frequently represented in court."

"Brockton has developed a wonderfully constructive work for its foreign population through the Social Workers' Club. This club is correlating all the service into a community program, which once the details have been fully worked out will give to Brockton the most complete social welfare

service force that the country knows; and what is best, will make this force so effective that it will comprehend the whole life of the people in the most efficient way."

"It is interesting to note that while we hear so much about our present day immigration being from southeastern Europe, the reports of the Census Bureau show that the great numerical preponderance is still held by the languages of the northwestern part of Europe.

".... In America the Jew as a rule is a town-dweller; but in his adaption to his new environment something has fallen away—tradition. Now, the newer tradition of ideal Americanism

can be conveyed to him either through English or through Yiddish. There is not time enough to effect this through English in the case of the adult immigrant. To bring it about through Yiddish (through which this ideal Americanism can be finely blended with an appeal to racial traditions) must be the task of those who know both the language and the yearnings of the immigrant. stirring of the "Melting Pot" in the case of the Jew must be done by Jewish hands. The so-called "American" is ready to let the fire go out under the pot—and it has already chilled too far a number of races because of this neglect. A facing of the facts forces the conviction that the Americanization of the Jew must remain in the hands of Jew himself."

Ex. The American Hebrew.

A natural consequence of the war will be a great excess of women in the countries in which the mortality has been the greatest. Thousands of these impoverished, destitute and widowed women no doubt will come to America. It would be highly desirable to have them do so, for the problem of domestic service might be solved by this influx of healthy women who are used to hard work, able to endure, it and glad to get it to do.

Ex. The American Leader.

I. What we hope to make of the New Americans.

- a. A member of the community in which he lives economically, socially, politically, civically, intellectually, morally.
- b. A member of our own national community in patriotism, present interests, future plans and ideals.
- c. A contributor to the common well-fare

   by financial support, personal service,
  restraint from crime, interest in public
  questions, rearing a family, a defender of
  best ideals.
- II. What the new American can give to us.
  - a. Courtesy individual and national.
  - b. Proper recognition of merit.
  - c. Thrift, individual and communal.
  - d. Love of Beauty.
  - e. Optimism.
  - f. Patience.
  - g. Idealism.
  - b. Social brotherhood.
  - i. Cosmopolitanism.
  - j. Natural enjoyment.
- III. Our relation to the New American.
  - a. We owe him our understanding of him.
  - b. We owe him credit for what he is, and what he does.
  - c. We owe him opportunity to understand us.
  - d. We owe him opportunity to give us his best.
  - . We owe him an exhibition of the spirit of Christianity.

Ex. The New American.

## THE LIBRARY

G. GOLDSTEIN

# A Unique Gift

F. GOLDSTEIN

The North End Branch of the Boston Public Library can boast of a gift that is the only one of its kind in America. When the Italian community of Boston heard that the North End, its "Little Italy," was to have a public library building, the Italians were glad, and asked permission of the Trustees to be allowed to present a gift to the new building, as a mark of appreciation for having a library in the district. The Trustees at such an unusual civic pride in their adopted land coming direct from a foreign community, gladly accepted the offer. We have, to-day, as a result of this spirit, at our library, a beautiful bas-relief of Dante, presented by the Dante Alighieri Society o Boston.

The relief is ten feet high and five feet wide, of

pure white Carrara marble, and weighs about five tons. It was designed by an Italian sculptor in Boston, carved in Tuscany, and brought to America in four sections. The design is in three divisions which may be termed base, body, and crown.

The base bears, roughly sketched as its central theme, the old historic Indian legend of Boston, "Trimount." To the left of this is the wolf feeding Romulus and Remus, to the right, the Florentine lily and coat of arms. Over these three lower compositions, two unicorns support the main part of the relief. This consists of two lifesized female figures standing one on either side of an altar wreathed with flowers on which a fire is burning. The younger woman who holds a lyre represents Music, while the older represents Literature, who, with her hand upraised is pouring oil on the flames to keep the arts burning.

Over and above all these, set in a lotus leaf edged with laurel, serene and inspiring, with hands folded over his "Divina Comedia," inviting, welcoming all, sits the man himself, the national Italian poet and prophet, Dante Alighieri. Beneath him, chiseled in letters of gold the following inscription:

"CON QUESTA EFFIGIE
DEL POETA E PROFETA NAZIONALE
LA COLONIA ITALIANA DI BOSTON
AUSPICE LA SOCIETA DANTE ALIGHIERI
CONSACRA LA BIBLIOTECA
DESTINATA ALLA PICCOLA ITALIA
CHE QUA RIPENSA LA PATRIA GRANDE
PER ESSERNE SEMPRE
E MOSTRARSENE DEGNA."

The president of the society admirably summed up the spirit of the gift at the closing of the dedication exercises, thus:—

"We, the Italians in America wish to be assimilated, but not absorbed; and to bring that which is best from our Fatherland, Italy, to be here united with what is best in our adopted land, America.

\* \*

"Japan's Platonic War with Germany" is the title of a recent magazine article, which serves to recall the story of one of Japan's most interesting philosophers, charmingly described in "A Peasant Sage of Japan."

"Nature, not man, was his teacher. He worked during the last generation of the feudal period and the condition of his country called forth his cry for sincerity, industry, economy and service." The stories of his childhood could not fail to move and interest anyone who reads them.

From most extreme poverty, by self-denial and intelligence, Sontoku acquired the farm of his ancestors and was asked to help retrieve the fortunes of a ruler of one of the neighboring villages. In this he was so successful that he was requested by the lord of three villages which had fallen from a revenue of 4,000 kohu to 800, to undertake the restoration of the same. refusing because of his "incapacity" several times he at last visited the villages and accepted saying in part as follows, "To make the inhabitants of a poor district prosperous is only possible by the most benevolent administration. A hot spring remains hot all the year round without attention, but a bath is kept hot only by constant care, and when the fire is not fed with fuel soon becomes cold again. Good land is like a hot spring and poor land like a bath, since it prospers only under careful government, and when this fails, its prosperity declines. The way to restore these poor villages then is simply this, to be deeply benevolent, removing all difficulties; to reform lawlessness with kindly treatment; and to teach the people how best to use their land that it may be brought to its utmost value."

"If you try to restore the place with money, I cannot estimate how many thousand pieces of gold it will cost. In the past, when my lord has ordered any one to restore the villages he gave him a great deal of money for the purpose, and this was the reason for the continual failure. In future let not a single gold piece be given to the administrator. To cultivate wild land you must utilize the strength it possesses; so to cure poverty you must use the strength of poverty."

At one time when sent for by the officials of a

starving province he said to the council:

"So long as you eat sumptuously and live in ease, holding your conferences in luxuriously appointed rooms, you will never be able to understand what hardship means, and so you will never be able to really help the people. Now if you fast before discussing the state of the starving people, you will better understand their condition. So you shall all do this, and I, too, will fast with you."

Two more of his sayings must not be omitted. "Whatever the circumstances in which men find themselves, there are always means of escape. The only trouble is that men lack the understanding or the strength of character to employ the necessary means."

Regarding a scheme for conducting a difficult canal, he said, "no amount of money or labor will construct that canal unless we set about the work in the right way; but if we set about it properly there is no work too difficult to accomplish." The official then inquired what would be the right way, and Sontoku replied, "The right way to begin is to improve the condition of the people."

"It is not about the people I want to hear," objected the official, "but about the construction of a canal.

"And who are to build the canal," asked Son-tcku, "if not the people living there?"

\* \*

# Interesting Articles in the January Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "An Endowment for the States."

Catholic World: "The Aim of Germany in the War"

Good Housekeeping: "Man's Place."

Harper's Monthly: "The Gorilla" (Story).

Ladies' Home Journal: "A Woman in the Midst of War."

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### EDITORIAL

## The Realms of Make-believe

F. GOLDSTEIN

THE spirit of play is always uppermost in childhood. The words childhood, play, make-believe are well nigh synonomous; for each naturally suggests the other; but the secret of all childhood happiness is make-believe. This enchanting power of make-believe doubtless is a development of the imaginative forces, and is paramount in children. Imagination is the essence of life, and woe unto him who has lost the gift.

The imaginative may be termed the prospective of mind, since its vanishing point is in the future. Make-believe, — mental solitaire, — what a game it is — it distracts, amuses, and oft misleads into

thinking that we are that which we are not. Yet the joy of visionary thinking is much, for from this very natural absurdity great men often derive the "I am," the strength and courage to face the actual, - "It is."

Imagination has two extremes, viz; the kind that squares with truth, and the kind that verges on the untrue, - the oft-called sublime and the These two extremes are to be ridiculous. watched in children. Simple and harmless as the imaginative doings of childhood appear to the adult, these may result in either a great happiness or a great evil. An acute imagination in a child, if overdone or stretched, can produce either a remarkable genius or an habitual liar.

"The assumption of character is caused by the desire inseparable from human nature to give expression to feelings and ideas." As education advances this desire for expression dawns earlier than in days of yore. The greatest expression is play. Let girls play with dolls and pretend that they are grand ladies. Let boys train horses and vell like Indians. Let them instinctively assume their characters. It is a normal, healthy growth as necessary as food for perfect human development.

Art is a result of the imagination, and the dramatic instinct is perhaps the most common. Man easily imagines himself an actor. This is possibly due to the fact that

> " All the world's a stage And all the men and women merely players:"

Besides the best acting is simple and spontaneous, while at the same time imitative.

Imitation is a natural human trait older than Darwin and his "Origin of Species." Monkeys are imitators, and children are often bewitching little monkeys.

The educational value of plays and acting for children is now established. The development of the higher faculties through acting solves one phase of the problem, recreation. Imitation, make-believe, action, and chief of all things the child is happy. What so infectious as a happy child? The world already owes more sunshine to them, for there are too few such happy children.

To be an "actor in a play" is a great joy for a But, not only this alone, playing has many

Conning lines is excellent more advantages. memory training. Speaking the lines destroys self-consciousness and lends self-confidence. Taking part teachers the importance of little things toward the unity of a whole. The necessity for promptness and patience is self-evident; and the spirit of comradeship is encouraged.

Furthermore the kindred arts of music and dancing are introduced. An early appreciation of sound, form, and movement is developed. these are essential in learning how to choose the finer things of life when later as men and women children grope in the realms of fact. How many grown ups live a life of sham, - public make-believe, - simply because they fear to be children? But the truth is that all are happiest when like children we play in the realms of honest makebelieve.

#### To the Reader:

These are plays that many little children have played in many places; on a little stage in the School Hall; in the assembly room of our Clubhouse; and out of doors under the trees.

We have some quite wonderful costumes which adapt themselves to many different characters. The same costume with slight changes is used for a crow in "The Snow Queen," for a cat in "Puss in Boots," for a bear in "Three Bears." A costume like a Greek gown with a girdle of braided strips of colored cambric answers for all the Queens, a belted tunic for all Kings (of course, Kings and Queens have jewels and crowns). But if you care to write and ask, I can tell you about all the costumes.

We do not use any scenery because the audience can imagine much better scenery than we can afford to buy, so we just say something like this: "The next scene represents a green pasture on the mountain side; all kinds of beautiful flowers are growing there, and beneath a tall fir tree stands a little hut with thatched roof. In the distance are snow-capped mountains, the snow rosy with the light that lingers after the sun has set." Then the members of the audience shut their eves and imagine the loveliest scenery in the world, and when they open their eyes the play goes on again with the scenery everybody has just imagined.

# Puss in Boots

Copyright 1915, by Edith Guerrier

Characters

MILLER A FAIRY KING AMES A PLAIN KING JOHN A Princess DAVID AN OGRE Pussy SOME REAPERS AN OLD MAN

MILLER: My sons, I am about to go on a long journey, and I shall divide my property amongst you. To you, John, I give my mill. To you, James, my donkey, and to you, David, my pussy Your fortunes are made.

JOHN: With this mill I shall make cartloads of

JAMES: With this donkey I shall ride without tiring myself, and take pleasure all the day.

DAVID: Well, a cat is great company, and after all, I have my fortune in my heart and my two

MILLER: Well said, all my sons. See that you make good use of my gifts. Now good-by and good luck to you. (He goes out.)

IOHN: You shall see how I will improve this mill. It is too old-fashioned. I will put in a lot of new things,-machines and electric lights, and I will have a flag on the top of the tower.

JAMES: Will you hire me to ride my donkey on errands for you?

John: No, I shall have an automobile.

JAMES: Well then, I will train my donkey to be a trick animal in a circus, where there is always pleasure, so good-by, brothers.

JOHN AND DAVID: Good-by.

JOHN: I must go to my mill. As for you, brother David, I suppose you will have an easy time with only a cat to look after. Good-by to you, brother.

DAVID: Good-by. Well, Pussy, now we are left alone. I've always been merry, and merry I'll always be. Come on, my Pussy, and dance with me. (They dance.)

Pussy: You don't feel sorry you didn't get the

mill or the donkey?

DAVID: No, why should I when the sky is blue and the sun shines and there are comrades everywhere?

Pussy: Master, I can talk as well as any one, and I have a great many ideas in my head. think it would be better if I walked upright like a

DAVID: Why don't you then?

Pussy: Because I have no boots. It is the

boots that make men walk upright.

DAVID: Well, I will make a pair of boots for In the meanwhile you may wear mine, for I have walked upright so long that now I walk that way whether I have boots on or not.

Pussy: Thank you, dear master. Now I will run through the forest and bring you some berries and nuts and a bottle of water for luncheon. You

won't be ionesome. (He goes out.)

David: No, I'm never lonesome. I have comrades everywhere. How convenient it would be if all the animals could talk! But really I feel as though I could understand them even if they can-

not talk. Hello, comrade caterpillar, old fellow! you'd better go out of this rut, or some big cart may run over you. (He lifts the caterpillar to a safe place.) Well, comrade fly, all tangled in this spider's web, how you are struggling there! (He frees the fly.) There, you're free and the spider must look for another dinner. (An Old Man comes in.)

OLD MAN: How far is it to the village of Work-for-all.

David: One mile.

OLD MAN: My bag is heavy. I think I'll rest for a few moments.

DAVID: Yes, that is wise, and I will go with you a little later, and help you carry the bag. cat has gone to bring me some luncheon. shall share it.

OLD MAN: Thank you, young man. cat, you say?

DAVID: Yes, I have a cat that talks and walks and is cleverer than many men. (Puss enters.)

Pussy: Here, master, are nuts and apples and bread and cheese the farmer's wife gave me for catching mice.

DAVID: Have you had your dinner, Pussy?

Pussy: Yes, and I can get more any time I want it.

DAVID: Here, sir, share with me. (They

OLD MAN: You are a generous fellow. I had hoped to get my luncheon in the town, but this is much pleasanter.

DAVID: And it will be such a pleasure for me to carry your bag. You will tell me all about travels, won't you?

OLD MAN: Of course.

DAVID: Well, let us start. Pussy, will you let me have my boots and wait for me here till I come back?

OLD MAN; Now how strange. I have here in this bag an extra pair of boots my daughter insisted upon putting in. Perhaps they will fit this cat. Here, pussy, try them on. (The cat tries them on.) They fit exactly! Take them and welcome.

Pussy: Thank you, good sir. Some day I will return them to you. Yes, master, I will wait here for you.

DAVID: Now Pussy we have everything we need, why should I want to be bothered with a mill or a donkey? (Old Man and David go out.)

Pussy: (Stamps on the ground with his new boots.) King of the Wish-Come-True Isles! King of the Wish-Come-True Isles! Here, here, here.

(A little old Man in a red cap appears. Pussy bows low.) King, you sent me to find a man worthy of good fortune. I have found him.

KING: Prove it.

Pussy: You told me to find a man who carried good fortune with him, did you not?

KING: Yes.

Pussy: Well, I have found a man without a cent, who is as rich as he wants to be, who laughs all day just because he is happy.

KING: That is the kind of a person to whom it is safe to give the Princess. You will arrange it. I must be gone, but this paper will tell you

what to do. (He goes out.)

Pussy: (reading) First, the fields marked X on this map you are to take and give to your master who will assume the title of the Marquis of Carabas; second, you are to send a present in the name of the Marquis to the King; third, everything will come out right if you do these two things. (Cat looks at the map.) Those are the fields directly across the road. A number of reapers are working there. Reapers, come here, please. (Enter three Reapers.)

FIRST REAPER: What is your will, Sir Cat?

Pussy: Who is your master?

FIRST REAPER: That dreadful ogre you see

Pussy: He is rather a horrid-looking person. FIRST REAPER: He can be even more horrid, for he can change himself into any shape he wishes and he never changes into anything nice.

Pussy: He seems to be coming this way.

FIRST REAPER: We must get back to our work. If he found us here he would probably kill us... (They go.)

OGRE: Buroo. Buroo. Who are you.

Pussy: I am only a poor pussy trembling at your greatness.

OGRE: You may well tremble.

Pussy: Sir, I have heard that you can take the shape of anything, even of an elephant.

OGRE: Buroo, Buroo, yes I can.

Pussy: Well, that is wonderful, but you are almost as big as an elephant. Now, if you could change yourself into some small animal, a mouse for instance.

OGRE: Buroo, Buroo, Wait a minute. out, and a small thing runs along the floor. put his foot on it and then eats it.)

Pussy: There, you are done for and nobody will be sorry. Here, reapers. (The Reapers enter.) I am a greater magician than the ogre. I have destroyed him and am about to provide you with a master who will give you every happiness.

REAPERS: Hurrah for Pussy in Boots!

Pussy: Yes, you may well hurrah, for I am going to give you the best master you ever had, but until he comes you must obey me. You, Mr. Reaper, go at once to the third bush beyond the great elm yonder. There you will find a beautiful

bag of nuts and a bouquet of English violets. Take those splendid presents to the King and say they are from the Marquis of Carabas. You others go back to your work and remember that when the King asks you who your master is you are to say the Marquis of Carabas.

REAPER: Yes, yes, the Marquis of Carabas. Will he give us plenty of bread and cheese?

Pussy: Mountains! and he will give you gal-

lons of molasses and water, too.

REAPERS: Mountains of bread and cheese, and gallons of molasses and water! Hip, hip, hurrah for the Marquis of Carabas! (David comes in.)

DAVID: I am more busy than the miller. After I got the old man safely to the town I came upon a boy fishing. So big a fish had hold of his line that if I hadn't helped him he would have landed in the pond. As it was we drew out a twelve-pound fish. The boy said it was as much mine as his, and we sold it and divided the money. My share was thirty-five cents, and with this I propose to go into business.

Pussy: What will you do?

DAVID: I shall buy a fish-line, and you and I will always have a meal, and I shall sell what we don't eat and buy us a house where every passer will be welcome.

Pussy: Good! First will you do me some favors?

DAVID: Certainly.

Pussy: Promise to do everything I say?

David: Yes, I will.

Pussy: Go in bathing over there in the pond.

DAVID: That is a nice thing to do. (He goes out.)

Pussy: All goes well so far. (He takes out the paper and reads it again, then tiptoes out and returns with David's clothing, which he hides. A loud rumbling is heard. Pussy jumps up and down and begins to shout.) Oh, my master! My poor master! (A King and Princess run to the cat.)

KING: What is the matter, Pussy in boots?

Pussy: My master was swimming in the pool and a robber came and stole his clothes! Oh, my poor master!

KING: Who is your master?
Pussy: The Marquis of Carabas.

KING: What, the Marquis who just now sent me such beautiful presents! Princess, run home as fast as possible and tell the queen, your mother, to pack up my third best suit of clothes and send it down to me at once. (Princess goes out.) Does the Marquis own all the beautiful fields where the reapers are so busy reaping?

Pussy: Yes, and you can see his castle from the hill-tops. There he has a hundred suits of clothes, but I dare not leave him even to call the reapers.

PRINCESS: (Running in and handing her father a suit of clothes.) Here, papa!

KING: Good girl. Now, Pussy in Boots, take these to your master, the Marquis.

Pussy: You will wait that he may thank you?

KING: Oh, yes, we will wait.

Pussy: What do you suppose he is like, Papa? KING: He is wealthy and noble, and probably he is beautiful.

PRINCESS: At least he is not slow! Here he comes. (David, now the Marquis of Carabas, enters.)

MARQUIS: (Bowing low.) My king, this is a most unexpected pleasure!

KING: Allow me to present the Princess.

MARQUIS: Princess, I kiss your hand.

KING: Marquis, you are as beautiful as you are rich and noble.

MARQUIS: It must be your clothes which have made me beautiful. As for my fortune, I tell you truly that this morning I had only my two hands and this Pussy in Boots. Now, if you call me a Marquis, I suppose I am one.

KING: (To Pussy.) Pussy in Boots, how is this?

Pussy: Your Majesty, according to the command of His Majesty, King of the Wish-Come-True Isles, I ate the ogre to whom this land and castle belonged, because he had a bad heart and hated every one, and wanted the whole earth for himself; and then, Your Majesty, the castles and lands belonged to me, and I gave them to the lad because I knew he had everything excepting money and a name to make him a fit husband for the princess.

KING: I believe that it is so.

Princess: I could live in a little, little cottage and wash dishes for the man I love.

KING: How do you like this man? PRINCESS: I like him very much.

KING: And, marquis, how do you like the princess?

MARQUIS: More than tongue can tell.

KING: You may take a year to get acquainted and then, if you still love each other, I will give you the princess, and a cottage, and her mother will give the princess a dishpan and twelve new dish towels. Now, good-bye to you both, and you may come to dinner every Sunday.

MARQUIS: Good-bye, your majesty and thank

you. Princess, I shall see you on Sunday.

Pussy: Come, Marquis, we cannot waste a moment. We must have all the Orge's suits made over to fit you, and that will take a year.

THE END.

### The Haverhill Girls' Club

EDNA E. WINSHIP.

I have been asked to tell my S. E. G. friends something of the Club for Girls in Haverhill. I can but give a history of the club, and my reasons for reorganizing the work there which is proving more and more attractive and interesting. Less than two years ago thirty so-called society girls banded together as a Girls' Club Association to start a girls' club. Haverhill has a Boys' Club of which it is justly proud. A Girls' Club was started to be run on exactly the same lines as those followed by the Boys' Club. Rooms were secured in the heart of the shopping district with the oft expressed hope of keeping girls "off the street." That to some was the end and aim of the club. Money was raised to carry the club for a few months. The young ladies took charge, keeping the rooms open every day from 3 to 9 P. M. for games, dancing, and classes. Crowds flocked to the rooms to see and know the Society Girls, and to enjoy the many good times planned.

But problems arose, crowds were too great, a need of a regular worker was felt. Rooms were closed for the summer months, and in September 1913, I went there. I could not "bang the box," and I wasn't as interesting as my predecessors. I could not run a perpetual vaudeville. We all wanted to start a Club of Working Girls but none could come when the children had possession.

All of last year was spent in reorganization. I maintained, first, that we could not run a typical "Boys' Club" for girls and have it successful for girls. Secondly; that we should not say that we wanted to keep "Bad Girls off the Street"; third; that such an aim was negative and we wanted our work to be constructive.

The result was that I divided all girls into four groups, according to age. Each group to come to the club twice a week as follows:

6 to 10 Dolls Club, folk dancing.

11 to 13 Basketry, cooking, and folk dancing.

14 to 17 Juniors in evening.

17 and up Seniors in evening.

Things went only fairly well and at times were very discouraging. I thought I knew the reasons, but that didn't always help.

Seniors didn't want to come when the club was known as a "Society Charity and a place to keep Girls off the Street," and Juniors wanted to have the continual vaudeville which I couldn't and wouldn't give them.

This year the problems have all settled themselves. It became a question of moving into the "River Street" Section, being among the homes of the children, and of concentrating on the club for girls over seventeen.

It seemed best to do the latter. A beautiful new school has been opened in the River Street Section, facing a playground, which is on the banks of the Merrimac River. This is an ideal building in an ideal location. It contains an assembly hall with a stage, shower baths for boys and girls; two play rooms, and a kindergarten. In addition it has a young and enthusiastic principal, and a body of teachers interested in their children and ready to help.

I asked the principal if we couldn't have after School Classes there, instead of at the Club. He responded by asking me to speak to the teachers at a meeting and tell them what I would like done. As a result every teacher gives one or more afternoons each week, and classes are going in folk dancing, dramatics, Dolls' Club and furnishing a doll's house. I have charge of the hand work in which teachers help. It keeps the children in their own locality instead of bringing them into the business district. It makes use of a public building suited to the work. It keeps the children away from the club, thus making it more attractive to older girls.

For girls between 11 to 13 years the Y. W. C. A. has formed a Girls' Club Class and I am free to concentrate on the club of older girls. The Kumsumare Club was started a year ago. Until October it carried twenty members. Since then it has grown to one hundred and two members, and is growing steadily. The Club is a very enthusiastic member of the National League of Women Workers, of which Miss Ethel Hobart is State Secretary. Its principles are non Sectarianism, Self-Government, Self-Support, the aim Democracy, and its motto "To have and to share."

December 1st, we gave up our small and expensive rooms in the heart of the city and took a fascinating old house of nine rooms. We are now in the heart of the town but in a very desirable section, and still central. I live there with one of the girls of the Club; and have at present a teacher and her parents. Mr. Grey does all the man's work which relieves me, does away with a janitor, and is a desirable situation all around. In addition to having our own Club home we have reduced expenses a great deal. The Kumsumare Club meets all house expenses with the help of room and rent money. They hold suppers, card parties, and are having annual dances. They have basketry, dressmaking, embroidery, dancing, and basket ball (in the Y. M. C. A. gym). They have a monthly Sunday Tea, a monthly business meeting, and a social or talk. We have co-operated with the Arts and Crafts Society, whereby we give them the use of our rooms for their classes in return for instruction in basketry and the use of their rug weaving loom. The girls have made three rugs and a sofa pillow cover in three weeks.

The Girls' Club Association started the Club and financed its beginning. Kumsamare Club now

carries the rent, and the Association pays the salary of the worker. The girls in the Club are Irish-American, French, Jewish and Luthuanian. Among the children we have also Polish and Italians. In order that Haverhill people may understand our work and our reasons for concentrating as we have, I am speaking at as many clubs and churches as possible.

#### SCHOOL NOTES

SADIE GUTTENTAG

# Medical Inspecting in Boston Public Schools

"Most important of all the essentials for educational success, is that each individual child should have sufficient health to enable it to receive the education offered."

To those of us to-day, who realize the truth of the above statement, it seems impossible that not so many years ago, there were people in Boston who were unconvinced of the necessity for medical inspectors. In 1876 the School Committee of Boston gave a hearing to physicians and others interested in the physical welfare of the child. As a result of this hearing, a medical inspector was appointed, who was to investigate into the conditions of lighting, heating, ventilation, and all other matters in the schools, coming under the head of school hygiene. At that time there was no such inspector in Germany, England, or America. In Paris there was a medical inspector of primary schools. This form of inspecting in Boston continued until 1894 when physicians were appointed to visit the schools daily. The teacher reported to the principal cases for medical examination, and the doctor saw the child when he arrived. This work was primarily to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. It continued in this way most effectively for more than ten years, but there was no means of taking care of emergency work, or getting into closer touch with the home.

In June 1906, a commission of doctors was invited to consider all matters pertaining to the health of the children in the first three grades.

This resulted in the state enlarging the school doctor's scope of work, by allowing him to examine the child for any defect interfering with child's work. At this time the legislature also recognized the need for good vision and hearing, if the child was to avail himself fully of his school opportunities, and passed a law requiring teachers to examine the sight and hearing of all pupils.

Blanks furnished by the state were to be sent to the parents of those children found defective. To-day the teacher still makes the vision and hearing examination, but all defective cases are referred to the nurse, who re-examines before the parents are notified, and many cases are thus corrected through her aid. Some idea of the result of this testing may be obtained from the following statistics. In 1907, 26,435 cases of defective vision were reported. This number was reduced to 12,488 in 1912 or from 31.5% to 15.03%. Thus reduction in defective hearing was from 8.13% in 1907 to 3.09% in 1912.

A very new phase of the work in the department of medical inspection is the introduction of the school nurse. The Quincy School in 1905 was the first school to have a nurse. Within a year there were five school nurses in Boston, the experiment being supported by private funds. The work was so effective, however, that in 1907 the legislature passed a law providing for nurses in all schools. There was to be a supervising nurse with a number of assistant district nurses. At first certain school principals opposed the system, but at present they all are fully convinced of its value. At this time the various separate departments of physical training, athletics, playgrounds, military drill, and school nurses were reorganized into the Department of School Hygiene, and was the first department of its kind in this country.

At present each school district has its nurse, who assists the medical inspector. She visits the home to give assistance in caring for the health of the child; aids in obtaining medical care, and with the consent of the parents takes the child for medical aid when the former are unable to do so. The school physician visits his district every day and sends a daily written report of his visit to the chief of the division. On these visits he examines all children referred to him by nurse and teachers. Once a year he makes a physical examination of every child in the school district. Notices of de-

fare of the child there must be co-operation between home, teacher, and medical inspector. Too often notice of physical defects are unheeded by parents, and a system is yet to be found whereby the home will co-operate. However, it must and will come.

#### THE LIBRARY

GERTRUDE GOLDSTEIN

# The Development of the North End Branch Library

LIKE all other public institutions, it took many years to prove the need of an adequate library building in the North End.

The Boston Public Library became a part of the North Bennet Street Industrial School in 1882, but was discontinued in 1895 because of the opening of the West End Branch.

In the meanwhile a private children's reading room was again opened at the school in 1885. The attendance and circulation increased steadily until, in the winter of 1892, one hundred and eighty-two books were circulated to children, with a daily average of one hundred and forty-three readers.

As the reading room was too small to include a delivery desk, the books were issued daily from four to six in the cooking room, which was across the hall. This room was temporarily partitioned but a visible papier-maché leg of beef often aroused the curiosity of newcomers.

In 1894 there was a need for more room. The desire for reading created made it necessary to devote the use of the reading room in the evening exclusively to boys. As the attendance kept on growing, a new room for young women and girls was opened in January, 1895. The books, mostly gifts, were limited in number and subject.

Up to this time the Public Library had had a deposit station at the Hancock School, making two distinct libraries. The principal of the school, who was then in charge of the station, suggested that it be moved to the North Bennet Street Industrial School Library. This plan was gladly accepted by the managers of the Industrial School and was the beginning of co-operation between the school and the library.

This branch of work was opened on June 1, 1899, with a deposit from Central of three hundred books, an exhibition of pictures, and a daily delivery, which was used freely by boys and girls. Previously the provisions for adults were inade-

quate, but with the opening of the delivery station they felt freer to use it, since they could procure books on request from the Central Library through the station.

In October, 1902, a third Reading and Reference Room for older girls and women was opened, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., for the use of teachers and workers in the district. The room was in a quiet part of the building, furnished with magazines, papers, a large collection of settlement literature, and ninety reference books from the Public Library.

In the spring of 1910, the need for larger rooms was evident. The citizens of the North End proposed presenting the needs of a library building to the Mayor and City Council. A keen interest was awakened, but it did not secure favorable action. In the spring of 1911, it was agreed that the sole request of the North End at the Mayor's meeting be the library. The request was voted upon favorably with an appropriation of \$85,000 for the erection and equipment of a modern building, including a lecture hall and roof garden.

On February 27, 1913, the library moved into its new home. Every effort was utilized to make the quarters harmonious and beautiful. In the words of a little boy, "Everything matches here."

The adult room, which seats about forty readers, is on the first floor front. Here in addition to English books there are about six hundred Italian and over one hundred Yiddish books, twenty-three English and foreign periodicals, seven daily newspapers, and two local weeklies, representing the Catholic and Jewish denominations.

In the rear of the adult room is the lecture hall, seating about two hundred persons. The reflecto-scope and stereopticon has proved a very valuable asset, for here again the schools and the library co-operate. The school lessons are brought nearer home when thrown on the screen, and the children's ohs! and ahs! are expressions of appreciation.

Twice a week the North American Civic League has informal classes in English for the men and women who are perhaps too sensitive to sit in a more formal class room. But the night most looked forward to by the boys is Friday, for then Mr. and Mrs. Cronan tell stories.

The Reference Room with a seating capacity of fifty is on the second floor front. This room has an excellent reference collection, and is used mainly as a study room.

The Children's Room in the rear, large, light and attractive, seats about seventy. The main delivery desk, which is also in this room, circulates a daily average of one hundred and twenty books. We have a large and practical collection

of pictures and circulated 8,035 to the schools in 1014.

The Roof Reading Room, open from July 1 to September 1, is covered with an awning and lighted by electricity. This makes it possible to read out of doors on a hot evening. The Park and Recreation Department filled boxes with plants and flowers, which makes the roof a very attractive and popular place during the warm months.

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#### Book Review

#### CONTRIBUTED

"Belgium, the Land of Art, its History, Legends, Industry and Modern Expansion," written by William E. Griffis, and published in 1912 by Houghton Mifflin Co., packs into 298 pages all the pertinent facts of Belgian history from the time of the Roman dominion to the coronation of King. Albert.

The book is something between a history and a collection of essays, and provokes the desire to know more of a country where "Through all ages of calm or storm since history began, despite despot and demagogue, social unity has been preserved.

"The Story of Tapestry" is one of the most interesting chapters. "The Dukes of Burgundy, for example, used tapestry much as modern rulers employ print and photographs, to commemorate events, or as those who cater to the general public furnish picture shows. Many a noble piece of wall-covering, in the stately homes of England France and Germany to-day, was originally the gift of some war-lord, who delighted his friends while spreading abroad his own glory. Not a little work was of a memorial nature. A wealthy widow might have the chief events in her husband's life reproduced, or a disconsolate parent find relief in sorrow by causing to live again in beauty the story of the young life of a lost child. The choicest hangings in our museums have often a personal history, not always known, but of the highest human interest.

"Abuses of special processes, which, saving labor or adding garish effects, might lower the quality or degrade art, were guarded against by the rigid rules of the guilds."

Throughout the book are references to America's connection with this wonderful little land. "According to the verbal custom of the times, Philip was everywhere in the Netherlands saluted as 'Pater Patriæ' (Father of his Country). It is noticeable that this title, given in America two centuries later to Washington, was first bestowed

in Pennsylvania, by the descendents of the Dutch and German settlers."

"Most notable of the Walloon refugees, in the eyes of those American scholars who are conversant with the archives of France, Belgium and Holland, is Jesse de Forest, of Avesnes, the true founder of New York City, and far more deserving of fame and a statue than are scores of those, natives or aliens, already represented in bronze."

"Very curiously, we Americans owe much of the invaluable example of refinement and dignified courtesy set by our early Presidents, Washington, Madison and Monroe, before a young nation just carved out of the backwoods, to a Jesuit, Father Leonard Perin. Through his little book, 'The Lifeblood of a Master Spirit,' he taught courtesy to later generations. He deserves a memorial from Americans."

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# Interesting Articles in the February Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Political Phases of Government Ownership."

Catholic World: "The Catholic Poets of Belgium."

Good Housekeeping: "Across the Border" (A Story).

Harper's Monthly: "Climate and Civilization." McClure's Magazine: "Your Work is Your Life."

Review of Reviews: "Now that Panama has Opened — What?"

St. Nicholas: "More than Conquerors."
Scribner's: "The Personality of Col. Goethals."

#### Musical Anecdotes

#### FANNIE LEVIS

THERE is nothing more interesting than a visit to the music room of the Boston Public Library. Here you may browse among the books and spend a delightful hour reading fascinating stories about the great masters of music and their busy, varied lives, not unmixed with fun.

There is one anecdote told of Chopin that proves a "child is a child," whether he be gifted or not. At the age of eight Chopin gave his first concert, which proved a great success. For the occasion he was, of course, dressed up in his best, and had on a new collar that appealed strongly to him. After the concert, when his mother asked him how the people had liked his playing, he answered, "Oh, they liked it very much because they were all looking at my new collar." Later in his

life, he enjoyed and was quite an adept at impersonating. On one occasion, a Polish musician who was visiting Paris remarked, "Now that I am here I must hear Liszt play." Chopin hearing this said, "There is no need, I will impersonate him," whereupon he left the room and returned looking like Liszt, and played in the very same manner as that great man himself. The Polish musician was delighted, and persuaded Chopin to impersonate several others.

About a week later, Chopin and the musician were at the opera, and Chopin left the box during intermission. While he was away Liszt entered. The other musician, thinking that he was being tricked, familiarly slapped Liszt on the back, saying, "You don't work it this time, Chopin."

Once when Liszt, that king of pianists, was playing at the Russian palace, the Czar, who knew very little about music, kept up an incessant murmuring with his companion. This greatly annoyed Liszt, and he ceased playing. "Why do you stop playing?" asked the Czar. "When the Emperor speaks one ought to be silent," answered Liszt. It is said that after that his journeys to Russia were somewhat unpleasant.

Beethoven's life was lacking in anecdotes, yet there is one story he always told his pupils. "There was once a mountain spring that sighed, If I could only reach the ocean, how happy I would be.' So the elm tree said, 'Well, why don't you cut through the rock.' And the spring laughed and said, 'How is it possible for powerless me to overcome a great big rock?' And the elm tree answered, 'If you drop on it day after after day, you will finally make your way through

the rock and you will reach the ocean.' So the little spring set to work and at last there was a crack in the rock, and one fine day she gurgled out into the glorious ocean." That is the way to succeed.

# The Newsboys' Dancing Class

LILLIE SHAPIRO

A very interesting class in dancing meets Monday evenings, at the Newsboys' Clubhouse, 272 Tremont Street, Boston. The class is made up of newsboys who belong to the Union, and is under the direction of Mrs. Nathan Gibbs assisted by members of the S. E. G.

The Newsboys' Dancing Class started three years ago at the North Bennet Street Industrial School where they met every Tuesday evening with Mrs. Gibbs. At first very few of the boys knew anything about dancing, but during the three years there has been such marked improvement in the dancing, that it is hard to believe how little they really knew in the beginning. At first the class was started for social dancing, but Mrs. Gibbs taught some folk dances along with the social, and the interest has grown so that now the evening is divided into three periods—social dancing for the beginners from 7.30 to 8.15, folk dancing from 8.15 to 9 and sword dancing for the advanced class of boys from 9 to 9.30 P. M.

At present the class is learning the "Cossack" and getting much enjoyment out of it. All are in earnest, and the class owes its success to the untiring interest and devotion of the teacher, Mrs. Nathan Gibbs.

# **IMMIGRATION**

E. M. Anthony

# Steamship Companies and Immigration

IMMIGRATION is becoming more and more an economic matter, — men are coming, rather than families; gain is sought, rather than religious or political advantage. In 1880, when the old immigration reached its height, the public lands were being rapidly cut up, and the home seeker was the rule. As long as the good land lasted, the government stimulated immigration and agriculture by presenting a section to whoever would undertake the farming of wild land. This bounty made farming so popular that the free lands were soon taken, and when the crest of the new immigration arrived in 1907, free land was gone forever, and the job-seeker predominated. Just as the old

immigration over-stimulated farming, so the new over-stimulated the growth of factories.

Formerly the idea of traveling across the seas sprang up naturally among the intelligent or the restless. Now the idea is sown broadcast by thousands of steamship agents and their runners. The runner sits in the tavern and paints with glowing colors the prospects of the new country. When the "American fever" seizes the peasant, it is the obliging runner who suggests mortgaging his home for the passage money, or who finds the buyer for his cows. Common laborers who have been in America are hired to return home to go among the peasants, flash money, clink glasses, and then to tell of the wonderful wages awaiting them. The decoy thus gets together a group, who elect him leader, at so much per head, to guide

them to America. Little do they suspect that he is being paid by the steamship company and by the employer to whom he delivers them. A forwarding business exists for sending penniless laborers to America, as if they were commercial ware. Each leaves at home some relative under bonds, that the laborer will, within the year, pay a certain sum as cost and profit of bringing him here. Parties "billed through" from their native countries by a professional money-lender are met at the right points by his confederates, coached in three lessons on what answers to make at Ellis Island; and delivered finally to the Pittsburg "boarding-boss," or the Chicago saloon-keeper who is recruiting labor on commission for a steel mill or a construction gang, or wherever it may be.

The emigration of 5,000 Roumanian Jews between January and August, 1900, was brought about by steamship agents, who created great excitement in Roumania by distributing glowing circulars about America. One authority stated to the Immigration Commission that two of the leading steamship lines had five or six thousand ticket-agents in Galicia alone, and that there was

"a great hunt for emigrants" there. Selling steamship tickets to America is the chief occupation of large numbers of persons in Austria-Hungary, Greece, and Russia. In 1908 and 1909, the inflow and outflow of passengers (steerage) through our ports amounted to about a million and a half a year. Allowing an average outlay of \$50.00 a head, we have a movement amounting to \$75,000,000 of annual business to the steamship and railway companies. That a monster of this size grows dragon claws to defend itself, goes without saving. Still, it is not as a cargo that the immigrant yields the biggest dividends. Although millions have come in, there is no sign of supersaturation, no progressive growth of lack of employment. Somehow new mines have been started and new mills have been opened fast enough to give them all work. The immigrant produces much more than he did at home, consumes more, and above all, makes more profit for his employer than the American whom he displaces.

To the employer of unskilled labor, this rain of immigrants is like a fall of manna.

### NEWS OF THE CLUBS

### South End House

R. G. HEIMAN.

The south End House was organized twenty-two years ago, and Mr. Robert A. Woods was asked to be the Head of the House. It was then at 6 Rollins Street but has since grown so, that now the South End House has six houses: Headquarters and Men's residence at 20–22 Union Park St., Women's Residence at 43–47 E. Canton St., Registry House, 171 W. Brookline, South Bay Union, 636–640 Harrison Ave., South End Music School, 32 Rutland St., The Little Branch, 19 Pembroke St., and the use of four vacation houses at Templeton, Lexington, Marblehead, Mass., and Bretton Woods, N. H.

The House on W. Canton Street has thirty-two women residents; most of them college women who are training for social work. Miss Barrows, the head worker, with her assistants spend the greatest part of their time in home visiting and investigation. They give attention to the vocational guidance of the boys and girls of the district, keep in touch with them after they have left grammar school, urge all to go to higher schools, or find employment suited for those who have to work.

The South Bay Union is used as a meeting place for the South Bay Neighborhood Association which has a large membership interested in all

local civic affairs. There is also a City Government Club for boys, a Junior Municipal League for the girls, and dramatic and story-telling groups in charge of volunteer workers. This house is also a station for medical service and the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association.

It is most interesting to know that every summer boys of the South Bay Union act as caddies for people of Bretton Woods, N. H. Last year there were between sixty and seventy boys who had the privilege. They are under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Ernst, who are regular workers of the South End House. The boys pay for their outfit, board and fare, and a number of boys bring home money which they have been able to save, besides a lot of health and joy as the result of such an outing.

The South End House has been deeply interested in building up the Boston Social Union; an organization made up of social workers who meet each month to discuss social problems. This year they have secured better public dance hall regulations, and many other improvements of help to the settlements throughout the city.

Limited space does not allow our speaking of the many other important interests that the South End House has undertaken, but with all the earnest and serious workers we may well expect their labors to bear fruit in making that district an attractive addition to our city.

### S. E. G. Announcements

February 19th, Friday at 8 P.M., Reception to a few S. E. G. friends.

February 27th, Concert, piano and violin. Mr. Switzer, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hackel.

March 6, Camp Reunion. Mr. Deland will entertain.

March 13th. Business meeting.

#### North End Items

North End Union

Mr. Malgeria has a very interesting class of Italian adults who meet here every week. The class consists principally of men, who either know too little of the English language and customs to attend evening schools profitably to themselves, or those who know more English than the average Italian immigrant, and would like to advance faster than is possible in a large class.

Most of these men are qualified for naturalization in a remarkably short time.

Library Clubhouse

In the future numbers we will print reports of our groups written by the secretaries. This is one of the weekly reports of the Monday Afternoon Girls, who are in the eighth grade of the grammar school:

"Our last meeting was held at the Library. Miss Tremere told us the story of Claf who was a great hero of Norway. We did not have our business meeting after our story because Miss Heiman said that instead of having singing she would play the victrola for us. Afterward we had our business meeting. We were very happy to know that no girls were absent. But we were very sorry to know that Millie Ippolito, our old secretary, could not come any more because she moved to Medford, so we had to vote for a new secretary.

"First of all some girls were to be nominated, and four were nominated. They were Julia Di Gregorio, Celia Greenside, Bertha Singer, and Millie Bachigalupo. These four girls went outside and the girls who were inside voted. Julia got the most votes and she became secretary. We did not take up our subject which was 'Politeness' because our time was up but we will take it up to-day. Afterward we brought our chairs outside and then got ready for dancing. We danced the dance called Strasak and we also danced the Irish Lilt. While we were dancing a man and Miss Guerrier were getting the camera ready to take our picture. When everything was ready we stood in our dancing position and the man who was to take our picture told us not to look at the camera. Then we heard a loud shot and many girls got frightened. The room was filled with smoke and the windows were opened to let the smoke get out. The four girls that were to clean the rooms stayed and the rest went home."

Respectfully submitted,
Julia Di Gregorio, Secretary.

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# S. E. G. News

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#### **EDITORIAL**

# Spring

#### F. GOLDSTEIN

Spring is here, Spring with its gladsome message of life and resurrection. Spring is here. The signs are everywhere. The blood courses through the veins more swiftly,—the step is lighter,—thoughts more cheerful, and man's mien brighter. The air seems fresher, clearer, more invigorating,—and the body responds with a more youthful buoyancy.

Spring is here. I saw the pussy willows awakening in the country,—the crocuses peeping through the ground,—the daffodils showering their golden wealth, and a wee, wee baby happy in its

mother's arms.

I heard Old Age murmur, "Dear Father, the winter with all its pain and suffering is gone. Spring is good. The sun is warm. I thank Thee. Let me live." Youths sigh and write poetry. Maidens blush and are silent. All true harbingers of the Spring.

Spring,—Old Winter's daughter has come again. There is no room for depression. The "Wanderlust" is alive; and while youth is here,

there is life, and health, and joy.

The shadows of the last season melt away in the strength of the sunbeams. Old Sol smiles warmly. Man responds and is glad.

The tension of the winter's work lessens;—care vanishes, and the simple, carefree spirit creeps

into the soul of Man.

Awake! Awake! Awake! The Spring is here. A song long silent in the heart rises and sings,

"Come, brother, let us be merry together."

Forget hatreds and differences. Discord has no place, Love alone exists. Time levels all, and this is a time of conciliation. God is good and Nature, too, for all the naughty children whom she so tenderly with a mother's care tucked to bed last fall,—lo, behold, her kiss of Spring. All is forgiven, forgotten,—the tiny, sleepy heads rub their eyes, and we have life, sound, and color. The green bursts forth.

Birds call and mating begins. Everything hums. The spring flowers carpet the ground,—and Man — Man, master of all this wealth is free

to enjoy it.

Away with sham,—stiff-backed formality, useless conventions, and life that walks on stilts, unnatural, frigid, and formal. Away with disloyalty, selfishness, vanity, and affectation. The Spring bans colorless living,—loneliness, ugliness, and avarice. The time is young, true, and buoyant. Man must be joyful, God-like, happy.

The law of the universe is creation,—life,

beauty, and love.

Enthusiasm, love, contentment,—happy trio! Like a war horse who scents the battle, or a bee who scents the pollon,—live to call of the season. Love life,—people. Meet and mingle with them in all sorts of places. Feel the great big human pulse throb—life;—natural simple,

and holy. Give us beauty, sentiment, and loyal, good comrades with faces sparkling with fleeting expressions.

The days of the hermit are over. His was an age of selfish perfection; but this is a time of live men and human contact.

Lay low temptation. Sordidness and misery are of men's making,— hope, believe, and act.

Nature demands perfection. Spring aids desire, God grants the power. Man, oh, Man, see, hear, awake! the Spring is here. All is goodness,—conquer and rejoice.

# The Suffolk School for Boys

BERNARD B. BURSTON, D. D. S.

You, my bright-eyed, healthy, well-fed readers, were born amongst gentle people. You were led by a guiding hand through the highways and byways of life, and are even now on the road to happiness and the fulfillment of your proper destiny. Have you ever stopped to think about those others who are brought into this world of ours? Who, had they any say in the matter, would prefer to remain unborn rather than come forth to meet the trials of their inheritance and environment.

Thrown into the world like so much grist from the mill, they are often greeted by ignorance, neglect, filth, and vice. And even if they manage to physically survive such conditions, and are allowed to go their own way, what then? The inevitable happens. Living among abnormal conditions they become abnormal: if not physically then mentally. Then follows the breaking of the laws of society. All unconsciously, they drift from petty to greater crimes until they become almost hopeless.

But halt! Society in the form of our great and glorious city government says, "There is sufficient sordidness in this world, these boys and girls of flesh and blood are full of the finest material, let us help to bring it forth."

Our City of Boston has accordingly erected a wonderful institution called the "Suffolk School for Boys," on Rainsford Island, in Boston Harbor. The location is ideal in every extreme. Fresh air, sunshine, water, green grass, and wild flowers. Could anything be more conducive of good health and proper influences? The aim of the school is to take delinquent boys who have not had a fair start in life, and by example and precept to remould their characters and habits sufficiently to warrant their return to the community where they will be self-supporting, good citizens and a credit to society.

Many people, in their ignorance of the work,

think even as the boys do when they first arrive, that this is a place for criminals to be punished for their misdemeanors. It is not so.

In order to relieve the mind of the boy of this fallacy, to acquaint him with the true idea of the school and its surroundings, and also to get better acquainted with the individual and his problems, the superintendent, Mr. John J. Ryan, has a personal interview with each newcomer immediately upon his entrance.

A mental test devised by Binet, a noted French psychologist, is given each boy. While these tests are not infallible, they permit a better classification than the chronological age grouping, and give a better understanding of the responsibility and capability of the boy.

Having now become a part of a new and interesting home, with his mind at ease, regular meals, and a comfortable bed, he starts better equipped on the duties which are to make him a real man.

First and foremost are the schools which are conducted on similar lines to those laid down by the Boston School System. A desire for good reading is instilled by means of little plays taken from standard works, like Hiawatha, Miles Standish, etc. These plays are given in costume and invitations sent to the public. All holidays are also observed with appropriate exercises.

Too much cannot be said concerning the great advantages of the varied industries and vocational training offered in a school of this sort. There is an opportunity for each boy placed here to take advantage and to work in an industrial department. There are classes in sloyd and clay modelling for the smaller boys. The boys in the carpenter shop have done wonderful and practical work; they have remodelled an old storehouse into an up-to-date cabinet shop.

The shoe shop has met with such glorious success that it has been enlarged, thus making it possible to put more boys at this trade. The Infirmary Department, the Penal Institutions Department, and the Farm and Trade School are some of their many customers. Then there is a class in printing which does a high grade of work. They print blanks, cards, forms, letterheads, etc., used in the divisions connected with the Children's Institution Department. Programs for entertainments and attractive menus for Thanksgiving and Christmas were printed in colors and sent home by the boys. A class in tailoring cuts and makes khaki suits, outing shirts, overalls, nightshirts, towels, sheets, pillowslips, tablecloths, napkins, garters, etc.

The class in agriculture has practical training in the raising of garden truck, the care of fruit trees, the feeding and management of live stock, the trimming and care of lawns and hedges, and the repairing of roads. Almost all possible farm products are raised by these boys.

During the summer a class in painting is formed. These boys mix their own paints and improve the general appearance of the buildings. In carefully perusing a financial statement I was greatly surprised, but as surely convinced, that the institution is not an expense to the City of Boston, for the industries at the Suffolk School are entirely self-supporting.

The health of the boys is looked after by a very capable resident physician, Dr. Rives Tatum, — a gentleman in every sense of the word, good natured and kind in his treatment of the boys.

The city also supplies a visiting dentist.

Athletics are entered into on the general playground with a great deal of enthusiasm, and much healthy rivalry exists between different opposing teams. Surf-bathing and skating in their seasons are enjoyed by all, The regularity of living, the constant medical attention, the location of the school, and the freedom with which all enter into outdoor sports makes the health of the majority of the boys excellent.

Not only their physical and mental, but their spiritual welfare is also taken care of. Religious services are conducted in the chapel every Sunday and Holy Days by Rev. Mathew McDonald. Rev. Dr. George E. Stokes regularly conducts the morning services for the Protestant boys. All boys have the advantage of a personal interview with their spiritual advisor on Saturdays. Mr. J. I. Goodman meets the Jewish boys every Sunday from nine-thirty to eleven.

Last but not the least the War Department sends a military instructor through the Commander of Fort Warren twice a week to the boys for military instructions. Taking all this into consideration, do you realize the high standard of this school? Do you realize the wonderful work that is being accomplished by our City of Boston? That all which might have become driftwood and a menace to society is here remoulded into a finer piece of sculpture? That these very young boys, varying from nine to sixteen years, instead of becoming crooks, tramps or thieves, become men—gentlemen, the kind of men the world considers worth-while. Is not therefore the heart of our city of wondrous proportions?

The kindly co-operation of the Trustees, Superintendent Ryan, and the other island officials, with the boys must awaken their moral responsibility. Here a homelike atmosphere prevades. The surroundings are of fresh air and sunshine. There are plants everywhere, in the dining-room, the corridors, the school-rooms, and they are even crowded on the windowsills of the work-rooms. This environment, together with the sound of the sea-waves as they lap, lap against the shore, must have a refining and saving influence on the boys of the Suffolk School at Rainsford Island.

# Zionism: Briefly Summed Up

Bella Cauman

It is surprising how prevalent a misconception and ignorance of the aims of Zionism there is among even our own people, in spite of the abundance of literature on the subject and the widespread agitation of the movement. Zionism is not a movement to gather together all the Jews in the world in the Holy Land; nor is it a movement to compel anyone to go there. Palestine can only take care of a population of three or four millions, and there are approximately fourteen million Jews in the entire universe.

Zionism is a movement which aims to restore Jewish national life in Palestine, for those Jews for whom life is made intolerable by persecution, those who suffer through social ostracism, and for those who choose to lead a Jewish life in a Jewish land, Zionism seeks to establish a legally secured home, where they may lead this Jewish life; work, live in peace, and devote their energies in serving their people.

The restoration of Palestine as a center of Jewish life and culture has been everywhere, for nearly 2000 years, the devout prayer of pious Jews. It is, however, only within the last sixty or seventy years that actual steps have been taken toward the realization of these ideals.

There are in the history of Zionism many names which stand out prominently as leaders. most conspicuous of these is, of course, Dr. Theodor Herzl. Through his efforts the first Zionist Congress, which served as the impetus of the Jewish Renaissance, met in 1897, at Basle. plans for the fulfillment of Zionist aims were ar-Under its supervision settlements in Palestine by Jewish agriculturists, industrialists, and men following professions were encouraged, and Zionist societies for the propaganda and strengthening of Jewish sentiment were formed all over the world. Since then such a Congress has usually been held at Basle, at intervals of one or two years where general Zionist affairs are discussed and arranged.

While this new development of Zionism was attracting attention the world over, there was at Palestine only a small group of Jews, emigrants from Russia and Roumania. Instead of coming

to America where welcome and success might await them, Jews then turned eastward for the purpose of settling in the land of their dreams, because, they believed that only there could the Jewish life be protected from disintergration.

They did not lead an easy life there. Palestine, truly their own country by divine right, —they were treated as strangers and with hostil-The land for centuries neglected and ill-used was barren and apparently sterile. They did not know anything of farming and the country was infested with malaria. Yet, in spite of these handicaps, they persevered and struggled along determined to succeed.

And they did succeed in fertilizing the soil within a generation. With the help of the Zionists this colony grew in size and other colonies have since been established. Plantations of oranges, grapes, olives, almonds and wheat have been cultivated. Now, instead of the dreary, unrelieved land, Palestine is one of the most beautiful and fruitful countries in the world.

Not only has the material side been developed, but Hebrew, long considered a dead language, has become again the native tongue in the Holy Land. Hebrew schools and higher institutions of learning of such excellent standards have been founded, that even non-Jews are learning the language and taking advantage of these educational institutions. With the revival of the language, the study of Jewish history and literature has been promoted, the development of Jewish art and music, and the cultivation of Jewish thought, not only in Palestine, but among the Jews of all countries.

### The Three Bears

Edith Guerrier Copyright 1915 Characters

GOLDILOCKS' MOTHER GOLDILOCKS MOTHER BEAR

FATHER BEAR BABY BEAR Many Things

Heard outside.

GOLDILOCKS' MOTHER: Goldilocks, do not go beyond the vard or you may be lost in the great

GOLDILOCKS: May I pick flowers just outside

MOTHER: Yes, if you will not go out of sight of the house. (Goes in and shuts the door.)

GOLDILOCKS: Oh, what beautiful violets! How my mother will love them! And yellow primroses, and buttercups, and there are more violets. But I must not go out of sight of the house. Oh, where is the house? Why there it is, yet it doesn't look like our house. The door doesn't seem right. It can't be any other house unless I'm dreaming. I know the fairies sometimes make houses, but they always make perfect ones, and this one has a hole in the roof. Our house must have flown away. I'll go in. (She enters. As she does so, the clock stricks three.) Oh, what a funny house! One, two, three - one, two, three - one, two, three. Three clocks, three tables, three chairs, three bowls and spoons, three beds, and three panes in the windows, and no two things alike.

Voice: Well, you'd get pretty tired of looking at things if every clock, and chair, and bowl was just like another.

GOLDILOCKS: Excuse me, sir, I didn't know there was any one at home. Where are you?

MANY VOICES: She didn't know there was any one at home!

GOLDILOCKS: Please, please, where are you? MANY VOICES: Look! Look! Don't you see

GOLDILOCKS: I don't see a single person, only tables, and clocks, and chairs.

MANY VOICES: Well, don't you suppose that tables and clocks, and chairs can talk?

GOLDILOCKS: Yes, I always thought they could, but I never heard them do it.

MANY VOICES: There are only certain places where they care to, as in Wonderland, and Fairyland, and Dreamland.

GOLDILOCKS: But this is not one of these places. THREE CLOCKS: Tick-tock. This is the house of the three bears.

GOLDILOCKS: Bears, oh, where!

THREE CLOCKS: You needn't be afraid. They wouldn't eat you. They have plenty of better things such as porridge, and milk, and honey.

THREE BOWLS: We are holding their porridge,

see?

GOLDILOCKS: It looks good, may I taste it? THREE BOWLS: Certainly, try the largest one

GOLDILOCKS (Tasting): Oh, how good it is. I never tasted anything like it before.

THREE BOWLS: No, I don't believe you ever It's made of moonbeams caught in acorn cups and cooked over glow-worms and fire-flies.

GOLDILOCKS: Is the middling sized bowl the

SECOND BOWL: No, that is star dust dissolved in milk from the milky way and cooked over sun-

GOLDILOCKS: It tastes even better, but what a little, little bit of a bowl!

LITTLE BOWL: I'm the baby bear's bowl, and he eats only honey, and dew, and chestnut meal.

GOLDILOCKS: That tastes best of all. Mmm, there, I've eaten it all up!

LITTLE BOWL: Never mind, his mamma will make him some more.

GOLDILOCKS: Have they gone away for all day? CLOCK: Oh, no, they'll come back in a couple of hours.

GOLDILOCKS: I think I won't wait till they come.

BIG CHAIR: Better rest a while before you start back.

SECOND CHAIR: Here, I'll take you on my lap.

LITTLE CHAIR: No! No! Come sit on my lap.

You're just about as big as the little bear.

GOLDILOCKS: Well, I'll try all of you since you're so kind. (Sits in each one and breaks the little one.) Oh, why did you tell me to do it.

LITTLE CHAIR: Never mind, papa bear will mend me, and I shall be better than new. I was feeling a little worn myself.

CLOCK (Begins to strike): One, two, three, four. (Four Children come in and dance. On going out they salute the three clocks.)

GOLDILOCKS: Who are those people?

CLOCK: Those are the Hours. Every time the clock strikes, they dance a different dance. They are never allowed to dance the same one twice, and they spend all their time thinking up new dances.

GOLDILOCKS: That was a lovely one. I shall always think of it when I hear the clock strike four. Are there any more rooms in the house?

CLOCK: Yes, there's a kitchen behind, and over there is a bed room with three beds side by side.

GOLDILOCKS (Looking in): How comfortable they look! I believe I'll rest just a moment before going. (She goes in. Singing is heard outside.)

CLOCKS: Our masters are coming. I hope they won't frighten the child. (Enter the three Bears.)

FATHER BEAR: Mother, I was sure I closed the front door.

MOTHER BEAR: Father, I saw you do it with my own eyes. I declare on my bonnet string you did.

BABY BEAR: O Mamma, O Papa! My porridge is all gone!

Mother Bear: Why, so it is!

FATHER BEAR: Some one must have been in the house.

BABY BEAR: O Papa, O Mamma! My little chair is all broked in!

FATHER BEAR: Now that must have been a pretty good sized little person, Baby Bear, for you are not by any means a skeleton!

MOTHER BEAR: Indeed he isn't. His shape

is as perfect as a full bag of flour.

BABY BEAR: (In the bed room). O Mamma

O Papa! Come here, come here! O, the beautiful little girl bear. Don't go, please don't. O, she's jumped right out of the window. (All run to the door.)

MOTHER BEAR: You don't suppose she thought I'd beat her?

FATHER BEAR: No, I suppose she thought we'd all eat her.

MOTHER BEAR: Human beings are very silly, if they really knew it.

BABY BEAR: Knew what, mamma?

MOTHER BEAR: Why, if they knew that so long as they aren't afraid of us we can't eat them.

BABY BEAR: Why do we love to eat them.

MOTHER BEAR: We never do. Who ever heard of the three bears eating anybody? Come along now, and have your nap, while I make some porridge and your father mends the chair.

THE END

#### The School Nurse

SADIE GUTTENTAG.

MEDICAL inspection in the schools of to-day is a large factor in the prevention of disease. To my mind the largest factor in aiding this work is the school nurse, for she is the connecting link between the home and the school medical inspection.

After the physical examination of the school child, by either the medical inspector, or the teacher, notices of defects are sent to the parents. If the parents do not heed the notice, the teacher notifies the nurse, who then makes a visit to the home and presents the matter in as practical a way as possible, and freely gives her advice to aid the child, for nothing can be done without the consent of the parent. Very often this required consent is not forthcoming, which means constantly visiting the home.

It is here that the nurse's judgment and wisdom are most necessary, and her constant and untiring efforts are in the main finally rewarded by the much needed consent. When it has been obtained it is preferred that the parents take the children for treatment, but in the Hancock district especially that cannot generally be done. The majority of the children thus aided have defective vision or bad teeth. If the parent is unable to take the child to the doctor or dispensary, the nurse's work continues. For example: In one case under my observation, the child's eyes were rapidly becoming crossed. The consent of the father was readily obtained, and the boy's eyes have been examined

and treated at a slight cost of ten cents a visit. Now, to get the child the necessary glasses, the parents must pay about two dollars, and we are finding some reluctance on their part to do so. The nurse, however, who knows that these people can afford the money, hopes soon to convince the parents of the need. In the Hancock district there is an eyeglass fund supported by the teachers, which is meant to be a loan fund.

The nurse desires to gain the confidence of the family, for in this way she becomes a social factor in her community, and often aids all members of a family. One instance with which I am familiar proves the foregoing statement. In a family of four children, two of school age, three have rickets and one has spinal meningitis. The school nurse was influential in sending the two older children to the Children's Hospital, where they have been successfully operated upon, while two younger children are also now receiving treatment. Unfortunately, neither parent is at work, so the nurse has obtained state aid, and been an "angel of mercy" to this family in many ways.

In the case of scabies, or itch, which is very infectious, the child is excluded from school, and the nurse makes a home visit. She advises the parent as to the treatment of the case and the best means of preventing the spread of the infection to the other members of the family. The first essential in such cases is a bath. If there is no mother or older sister to give the bath and treatment, the nurse does it herself. Under the nurse's supervision, a child is back to school in about two weeks, where he was formerly playing on the streets and becoming a case for the truant officer. In our district scabies is now almost unknown. Proof of this is found in the following facts; last year almost 300 baths were given by the nurse in the Hancock district, thus far this year only 21 baths have been given, and the school year is half

In cases of pediculosis the nurse again advises as to treatment, often washing the head herself, and thus showing how it is to be done. In such cases the child is back to school in three days.

This is but a brief sketch on the scope and actual work of the school nurse, but it gives some idea of what comes within her field, and the actual results of her work are convincing. It is well to note that within recent years the public schools of Boston have had no epidemic to cause the closing of schools. This I believe is due to the vigilance of the medical inspector and school nurse. When the nurse supervises cases of exclusion from school, the child returns quickly and aids in better school attendance. She is, therefore, the friend of the family, and the link between school and home.

Governor Walsh of Massachusetts recently had a conference with about twenty-five Massachusetts educators to discuss the desirability of a plan for a State system of free scholarships and university extension. The Governor hopes in this way to reach not only those who might profit by work of university grade, but also those with only elementary training. He has appointed a committee of five to assist him in drawing up a bill for the necessary legislation. The State Board of Education will carry out the Governor's plan and have charge of this bill.

# Dancing Notes

FRANCES ROCCHI

People are to-day beginning to realize more than ever before how important dancing is as a part of the daily schedule. Many doctors attribute their patients' ills and aches to the lack of muscular activity, and to the greater lack of joyous feeling which comes with good health. Some physicians go so far as to say that most of the organic troubles may be traced directly to bad posture — for the human organs cannot perform their functions properly if squeezed out of place and shape through poor position. Carriage, or posture, is of greater importance than the majority of people realize, and is very often an expression of a person's state of mind.

Folk dancing, if taught with sound, fundamental principles, is one of the most enjoyable ways of learning details about the correct use of the body. It is a wonderful medium towards the revival of the old community spirit. The feeling of kinship between people who come in contact during a dance, is real and true, for in a dancing class the members are not paying a person to come and entertain them, but all take part and make their own entertainment, which after all, is the ideal way to get joy.

\* \*

We are especially fortunate to have with us in Boston, Mr. Cecil Sharp, director of the Stratford-on-Avon School of Folk Song and Dance, and of the English Folk Dance Society. Mr. Sharp has made a study, and has gathered together art, which might otherwise have perished with the passing of the old English peasants. He has published a great many books of both the dances and songs of England, and in a talk at the Lincoln Town Hall, on Saturday evening, February 20th, he showed pictures of the old men and women from whom he got his splendid collection of music and dances. They were wonderful faces, and Mr. Sharp more

than convinced his audience of the true beauty of

the English Folk Song and Dance.

He is to give several lectures in Boston, and is also going to train some classes in folk dancing. Miss Maltie Key assists Mr. Sharp at his lectures and sings the most charming English songs.

# Present Day Immigration

E. M. ANTHONY

If the immigration of to-day were the result of personal initiative and voluntary action on the part of the immigrant, the United States would not now be receiving so large a volume. The authorities on the subject are of the opinion that the desire to make a profit upon the immigrants, to get cheap labor, and to sell land, have probably brought more to America than the hard conditions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The efforts of large employers of labor and shipowners to attract and bring them here have been a strong factor in flooding the domestic labor market with an oversupply of low wage workers.

It can not be emphasized too often, that, while the Italian as well as the Slavic races leave their European homes because of extreme poverty, they come here primarily, to secure higher wages. At the present time, immigration reflects the rise and fall in our industrial prosperity. The settlement of our West has been peculiar. Immigration from Europe has come during what we might call "good times." Migration to the West has been con-

spicuous in "bad times." Population forced on us by prosperity was pushed beyond the Alleghanies by "bad times." Thus the West was settled by waves of population set in motion by well defined economic forces. But since the late 80's this is no longer true, because there is no longer any land out West within the present day immigrant's means of purchase; and because the development of ocean travel has made it cheaper for him to return home. Hard times to-day, instead of sending the immigrants out West to settle and become a permanent part of our population, forces them by hundreds of thousands back to their European homes where they have sent their savings, and where they remain until another period of our prosperity calls them here again.

This emigration to Europe has become a very important part of our immigration movement. It should, however, be noted, that those immigrants who return to Europe are the more fortunate ones, who, while employed have been able to save enough from their earnings to pay their passage home. These usually have also a savings fund in Europe with which to care for themselves and their families. But the less fortunate thousands are left to compete with the native workers for the limited opportunities of employment here.

It can be stated that the rate of present day immigration depends upon and is determined by the industrial prosperity and the facilities for reaching the country receiving the immigrants, and not on the adverse conditions within the country sending out the emigrants.

# NEWS OF THE CLUBS

R. G. HEIMAN

# Ellis Memorial and Eldredge House

THE Ellis Memorial and Eldredge House is located at 12 Carver street. The house is two hundred years old, so one can easily imagine that it falls short as ideal headquarters for four hundred boys and girls to meet in weekly, yet the clubs have a very good attendance, which means that the members enjoy coming.

The clubs are all recreational and social; and the important part of the work lies in home visiting. Miss J. R. McCrady is the Director in charge, Mr. Root has charge of the bovs' clubs and Mrs. Moore of the girls' work. The playground on the Boston Common is under the supervision of one of the workers, for which work the City of Boston pays the expense for six months,

while the Ellis Memorial pays for the other half year. All the winter sports are taught to the children during the winter season. The members of the House may borrow skates, for instance, just as one borrows books from the library.

The Mothers' Club holds an important place in the House. There are about thirty regular members made up of several nationalities. This club raises enough money during the winter, by giving fairs and concerts to go on a number of excursions during the summer months.

Many of the former members are now volunteers of the various groups and one is a paid worker. The board of directors is made up of people who support the house, though the older members are often called together to discuss and plan the work for the clubs.

The House Camp in Sharon, Mass., is used all

summer by members. The girls go there the first part of the summer and the boys the last of the season. There is also a Caddy Camp which gives eighteen boys a vacation as well as a way to earn a little money.

The Ellis Memorial like the other settlement and neighborhood house in the South End meets an important need in the community, and the neighborhood is better for having such a center.

\* \*

#### S. E. G. Announcements

LINFIELD - KATSEFF

The wedding is announced of Miss Fannie R. Katseff to Mr. Nathan J. Linfield, February 28, 1915.

COHEN - SINGER

The wedding is announced of Miss Mollie Singer to Dr. Milton M. Cohen, February 28, 1915.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fishman (nee Alice Seskin) announce the birth of a daughter, Mildred-Gladys, on January 17, 1915.

#### S. E. G. MEETINGS

March 20 Some phases of newspaper work, Mr. George P. Morris.

March 27 A co-operative business,

Mr. Fisher, of Wm. Filene's Sons.

April 2 (Friday) Reception to our Library friends.

April 10 Business meeting.

#### North End Items

A. KROP

No. Bennet St. Industrial School

The Sunday Musicales at North Bennet Street School Hall have proved a most wonderful source of pleasure to our neighbors. The hall has been filled to overflowing at each concert. The audiences are most enthusiastic.

Social Service House

On March 17th the Young men's Club of the Social Service House will present the play "The Bishop's Candlesticks," by Victor Hugo, for the Social Service House camp fund. The cast includes John Pullo, Bishop; Frank Markio, the little maid; John Baletto, the Bishop's sister; Michael Faiia, Sergeant of Gendarmes. Genaro Mirabello, the Convict. The cast is an unusually fine one, and the play promises to be a great suc-

cess. Following the play a Minstrel Show will be given, in which local hits and comp jokes will play a prominent part. The chorus is a strong one, the songs bright and amusing. Do come and hear them. We are hoping for a generous audience who will thus help along the expenses of the coming season at Camp.

#### Medical Mission and Hull St. Settlement

New phases of work have developed during the month of February. A Sunday afternoon story-hour has started which has been well attended by the children of the neighborhood, and competent volunteer workers have been secured to assist in this work. A group of Camp Fire Girls, newly organized, holds weekly meetings. Miss Lyna R. Harris, General Secretary of the Boston Camp Fire Girls, has taken the guardianship of this camp. There are fifteen members, mostly Jewish girls, and splendid enthusiasm and team work are being manifested by each girl.

Our young people are becoming interested, in a practical way, in the war sufferers. One Boys' Club has sent a generous contributon to the Belgian Relief Fund; and a club of girls has furnished material, and made supplies for the Red Cross.

#### Civic Service House

The fourth monthly lecture of the seasons, under the auspices of the United Clubs of the Civic Service House will be held Sunday evening, March 14. The subject this month will be, "Should immigration be further restricted?" Henry Abrahams, secretary of the Central Labor Union, will speak on the affirmative, and Joseph Spano, of the American Civic League for Immigrants, on the negative.

#### De Amicis Club

A meeting of the De Amicis Club was held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, at the Library Clubhouse. The speakers for the evening were Mr. John H. Noboli on "Literature," and Miss Adelina Paramino on "King Arthur and the Arthurian Romance," both talks were very interesting. The newly elected officers of the club are Miss Helena T. Tortorella, President; Mr. Joseph J. Coppola, Vice-President; Miss Louise Zanetti, Secretary; and Mr. Emilio D'Errico, Treasurer.

#### Library Clubhouse

In order to give the point of view held by the children, we print each month one group report. This is the report of a club of 7th grade girls:

Miss Goldstein told the Tuesday Afternoon Group the story of "Abraham Lincoln," and read the poems "Lincoln," by Theodore Roosevelt, "Captain, My Captian," by Walt Whitman, and "Lincoln," by George Henry Bowker. In our business meeting with Miss Guerrier we found out all the subjects we had taken up so far this year, and they are Ambition, Cleanliness, Concentration, Unselfishness, Kindness to Animals, Habit, Self-Control, and Courtesy. We took up the subject of Efficiency to-day, and we find that the word means "doing very well what a person has to do." Then we were discussing of having a party. Miss Heiman said that every girl should bring a program, and the three girls who have the best programs would be on the committee. In our singing we sang songs from the National Flower. In our dancing we danced the Swedish Ring and Sellingers Round.

Respectfully submitted,

ANNIE KACZINSKY,

Secy. Tuesday Afternoon Group.

The average age of children of this group is about 12 years.

# Interesting Articles in the March Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Is a Permanent Peace Possible?"

Catholic World: "Mexico for the Mexicans."

Good Housekeeping: "The Low Burned
Candle."

Harper's Monthly: "What is Pure English."
Ladies' Home Journal: "America's Gift to the World."

McClure's: "Eight Years of the Pure Food Law."

Popular Mechanics: "By Rail through Darkest Africa."

Review of Reviews: "America's Industrial and Commercial Recovery."

St. Nicholas: "A Friend in Need — How the Vicar of Wakefield Found a Publisher."

Scribner's: "Building of the Panama Canal."

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Library Clubhouse

North End Items

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#### The Social Worker

F. GOLDSTEIN

Social work is so large and varied that many are attracted to the field. Some take up the work as a hobby, others to study, still others to confer, and a very few to live with the people. All who are attracted, let us hope, no matter what their motive may be, are seekers, and as such readily group themselves into four classes.

First, we have the sentimentalists; or as they might better be called the sentimental dabblers, who like butterflies on the wing fly hither and thither from one new hobby to another, volunteer help here, to-day and there, to-morrow; but, who

are always sentimental and irresponsible in the work. Their proffered help is of little value, still, they are almost harmless and require only tact and patience to deal with, before they themselves disappear from the scene.

Secondly, there are the earnest students, or middle class leisurely people who also come as volunteers; but who are, nevertheless, of great assistance in conducting work at the settlements and social centres, where they almost always serve as club leaders, or help to entertain and make many friends.

The third class is without a doubt the most harmful in the field of social work. These are perhaps the extreme and latest social theorists who think they know it all, and begin the work by assuming an air of superiority in dealing with the poor whom they have come to "uplift." Here also are the people who have failed in all other kinds of work, and the snobs, who either through an artificial suavity or extreme brusqueness are irritating in their manners, and antagonizing to the dwellers. The people of the "slums" will not respond to such advances, for these workers are soon recognized, labelled "Stiff" or "Stuckup," and will never get the chance to learn here, or to accomplish their aims.

Lastly, we have the forth and best class of workers, the simply human, unselfish, and most useful people. These do not come in search of a hobby, nor to study, nor to teach. They come solely because they cannot help it. to come; come, like it and remain. To this fourth class every man is a brother, and the whole world a home. They are unobtrusive, cheerful, Their homes are inviting and encouraging. churches where the highest gospel is expounded; where individual trust, mutual respect, human sympathy, and untold kindnesses create harmony. Their usefulness is unquestionable. They are the successful social workers who make lifelong friends among their poorer brethren and are always trusted and looked up to by them; because they are full of sentiment, vet are not sentimental. They do not come tainted with theories, nor imbued with the extravagant and conscious desire to "uplift." They do not pry into, nor force their neighbors' confidences. They come

fully realizing that all men have something to contribute towards the big contest of life. They recognize what is best in every man, unconsciously through intercourse with him spur him on to better things, and then jointly face the problem of human welfare.

In order to attain the best results in social work, it is a great mistake on the part of people who consider themselves too educated and well bred to come to work in the poorer districts, under the impression that the dwellers here are their inferiors and know absolutely nothing. All workers must never lose sight of the fact that "slum" dwellers, too, are after all human, with minds, hearts and hands, and that it is not choice, but only the misfortune of their environment that forces them to exist as they do. It is a mistake for workers only theoretically trained immediately to impart their book knowledge of life to these people. It is unwise to teach people company manners before you have shown them a way of earning an independent livelihood; that is, you must teach people the things they want and need to know, and not the things which you think they ought to know. So long as they are hungry, naked, and cold, there will be no response. The poor are easy to make friends with; but they instinctively resent being patronized, investigated, meddled with, or put under the microscope as if they were some curious species of other life; for they, too, have intelligence, and are curiously sensitive. Truthful co-operation is necessary at all times, for their oft-time common sense, keen insight, and actual knowledge of conditions can be of great help to the social worker in solving the most difficult social and economic problems.

## The Power of an Endless Life

Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham

On Easter Day, as on no other in the course of all the circling year, we feel ourselves immortal. Life is now triumphant. Death is conquered. The grave is not the end of all. Angel influences fill the air. Descending from on high, they roll away the stones of doubt and grief. They say to the saddened soul and darkened heart: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He or she whom you have loved and lost is not here, but is arisen, and is gone before you into new and higher life." That, of course, is the triumph-note and the glorious burden in the song that once again is taken up and made to echo everywhere. For the world itself keeps Easter Day, and in bursting seed and opening leaf and refulgent flower; we find a world-wide prophecy of life to come.

The Power of an Endless Life! Let us take some earnest thought together of what the value is of believing in a life to come when this life here is past,—the value, I mean, to human beings in general, to the race as a whole, and to each of us as individuals who have duties to discharge, and burdens to bear, and losses to meet, and failures and sorrows to encounter. We will not seek in this connection to justify the faith, nor yet to prove the solid nature of the ground on which it rests. We will not even consider the probabilities of its being true. It will be enough to estimate its value and the practical worth it has for living, thinking, toiling, hoping human beings whose eyes behold the heights which their feet are ever restless to attain.

The Power of an Endless Life!

First of all, it is a power of this belief that it reminds us of the largeness of the world, of the immensity of the scene of things in the midst of which we live and move and have our being. It suggests in a forceful, beautiful and helpful way the fact that in the "Father's house are many mansions,"—not rooms merely, chambers to sleep in, spaces for rest and peace, and enjoyment, but "mansions," dwelling places for the spirit, where love shall claim its own again, and growth continue, and truth be sought and found, and the failure and the suffering here become forgotten and redeemed in new attainment, deeper joy, and endless satisfaction.

The Power of an Endless life! What shall we say of its power to console and cheer and bless and strengthen? Ah, what need be said, except to point you to the joy and hope and radiant power of Easter Day itself! How it acts to hearten and inspire all! The youngest feel it, and the oldest know the welcome sunshine that it pours among the lengthening shadows which the years have brought. Exactly what our life would be without this power none of us can say; but what we find it when the faith is vital, and the trust assured and firm, we all have often seen. It lulls to rest the sobbing child of warm affection, tossing on the pillow of despair. It soothes the vain and angry thoughts that rise in hot rebellion at the losses and the partings of the world.

Do you remember what the explanation was that the ancients gave of the bright phenomenon of nature which appears upon the very clouds of heaven when the storm has passed? It was called God's bow of promise,—the token of his covenant with man. It was said that God placed it there when men had just passed through a bitter and a hard experience of loss and pain, to give assurance that they nevermore would be forgotten, but might

look above for help. "And it shall come to pass," said God, "when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen upon the cloud."

O blessed thought and happy harbinger of good to come! Thus everywhere God's bow of promise shines. It arches with the glory of the spring above the dark, cold grave of winter. It tells of new life springing out of old, of truth that ever triumphs over error, of goodness rising out of evil, of Immortality when Death is past.

That is the Power of an Endless Life, and that the message of each Easter Sunday! Alas for

him who does not feel it :-

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

## Passover: An Interpretation

JAMES MARCUS

"Passover, or the Feast of Unleavened Bread," begins on the eve of the fifteenth day of the first month of the Jewish Calendar, Nisan, the month of spring, and ends on the twenty-first day thereof, lasting, according to Scripture, seven days, of which the first and the last are holy days. It is first a festival of spring, on which man in common with nature celebrates the renewal of life; but chiefly the Feast of Redemption, commemorating the great event of Israel's deliverance from Egypt, and holding forth the promise of mankind's redemption from all thraldom in the future, a festival of joy and thanksgiving, of liberty and of hope.

The historic note is predominant in the Passover celebration. It is the greatest of our historical feasts, in that it commemorates the birth of the Jewish people as a people. As an historical feast, the Passover is meant to recall all the wonderful events that attended the birth of the Jewish people:—the period of suffering and misery that they went through,—their enslavement by the Egyptians; the killing of the male children; the cruelty and tyranny of Pharoah; the message of Freedom brought to them by Moses and his brother Aaron; the reluctance at first on the part of the Jews to receive the message; the subsequent miracles; the divine intervention in their behalf; and finally, the Jewish triumph and release from bondage.

In each generation every Jewish person must experience, must reproduce within himself, all

those emotions that stirred within the hearts of our forefathers in Egypt; feel something of the agony that the slaves felt; something of the anticipation when Moses and Aaron came to them with the gladsome news of approaching freedom; and finally, the exultation of the Jews when freedom really came.

We must keep all the great event in our minds, and endeavor by every effort to instill it into the hearts of our children with the same zealous spirit and fervent love that our ancestors handed it down to posterity. Our faith remains firm, sacred, and binding, only because of that event. Many of the commandments in the Bible revolve upon this pivot,—the history of our Redemption from Egypt—for it is the groundwork of our Jewish career. It must be remembered, that, unless we believe in the narration in Exodus, we cannot consistently claim to be the standard bearers of God's truth on earth. If we should fail to remind ourselves of days gone by, we would only be the owners of a presumptuous pretence.

To commemorate the event, according to Bible laws, and as interpreted by the Rabbis, means to firmly establish our just claim as an ancient nation which suffered centuries of slavery before it gave to the world the meaning of liberty, and defied danger and death, but brought to light a fountain of civilization and supplied the whole world with wisdom,—the Bible.

The first night of Passover is called Seder night. "Seder" means "programme." On that night the same fixed programme for all Israel is carried out in every Jewish home. The paschal lamb is no longer offered, because it was an offering commanded only during Israel's occupancy of the Land of Promise. The eating of the bitter herbs (Morrow) dipped in harotheth (a mixture of nuts, apples and wine), the presence of a roasted bone instead of the Paschal lamb, a roasted egg, salt water, wine and unleavened bread on the table are all symbols of the ancient Seder night ceremonies.

The bitter herbs signify bitterness,—so emblematic of the slave's lot. There is nothing more wretched or pitiful than the life of a slave. He is a person without rights or property. Nothing belongs to him. A person without a family, for the institution of marriage was unknown among slaves, his offspring belonged to his master. The roasted bone is a reminder of the happiness we enjoyed during our independent career in our own land. The roasted egg symbolizes the free will offering (Chagigah) which was in vogue during the existence of the Temple at Jerusalem. The four cups of wine are representative of the four expressions of redemption used by Moses to convey the word

of God to the Jewish people. He used four different expressions, hence, the four cups of wine supposed to be drunk during the Seder. The unleavened bread or "bread of affliction," as the Bible calls it, which must be used during the eight days of Passover, commemorates the haste in which our ancestors departed from Egypt; carrying along their unleavened dough, and baking it on the way. This unleavened bread or "matzo" is emblematic of poverty. The poorest people of the Orient eat this form of bread. It is very quickly made and requires little time to prepare it. The "matzo" does not only represent poverty, but it also represents anticipation. If the bitter herbs represent slavery at its worst, an abject slave without hope, without ambition, without the prospect of any betterment, the unleavened bread exhibits the same slave with a ray of hope illuminating his existence; the same slave with the message of Moses to cheer him; the same slave on that eventful fourteenth night of Nisan, eating his paschal lamb on Egyptian soil with the knowlege that this was to be his last meal in bondage, that at midnight, the chains would be broken, and freedom come.

Passover brings a message of hope and cheer to all who are oppressed. Nothing could be more abject, wretched, nor hopeless than the condition of the Jewish people in Egypt, before the Exodus, and yet, to that helpless, downtrodden race, there came, deliverance. So the message of Passover goes out to all the oppressed, the downtrodden and the suffering; to all groaning under injustice, cheers and brings to them the word of hope, that to them, too, redemption will come, that universal peace will prevail, and that there will be a brotherhood uniting all men. As our Rabbis saw it, the crossing of the Red Sea and the redemption from Egypt is but a part of the redemption to come; the beginning of the process which will be completed when all tyranny will disappear, and the entire Jewish nation will enjoy the blessings of freedom bodily as well as spiritually.

# The Work of a District Physician Harry Olin, M. D.

There is, perhaps, no field of work so little known about or understood as that of a district physician. The majority of the laity faintly realize that such a position exists, and what little is known concerning the work is often misconstrued. That such an important community mission is not better known is probably due to the fact that this particular field receives either scant or no recognition from the public at large. I may say, though, that the poorer classes are somewhat excepted in this statement, for they do not usually review

annual reports of philanthropic institutions and are thereby not posted on what is either being endeavored or accomplished. Part of this public neglect is also due to the doctor himself, who is contented to toil day after day, year after year, patiently assuming his never-ending burdens, but always mentally happy, if he can carry on his work in silence.

Still we are living in a live epoch,—a scientific and progressive period,—wherein the public is beginning to feel the results of the district dcctor's efforts, and is heartily co-operating to inspire him in his noble work to sympathize with the unfortunate sick, to alleviate human suffering, and to instill a feeling of good will and cheer wherever his presence is felt. Previous to 1796 there were no provisions made by the city or any agency to care for the sick poor. In that year there was an association formed for that purpose. The Boston Dispensary, then established, consisted of a staff of physicians who cared for patients either at their home, office or apothecary shop. This was the first medical charity in Boston, and the third formed in this country. In the early years of the Boston dispensary, such an arrangement met the needs of the community, but, as the population increased, and likewise the sick poor, the ambulatory cases were separated from the home cases. The result was, that the out-patient clinic, that is, where patients can be treated at the hospital itself, was given its primary foothold in medical organization.

The Boston Dispensary now maintains a staff of sixteen district physicians, who cover Boston proper, the congested sections of the city where most of the poor live. The doctor is designated as either city doctor, district physician, district doctor, etc.; but, suffice it to say, that it is a private charity catering to the medical needs of the worthy poor, and has absolutely no connection with the City of Boston. The service is solely intended for those poor unable to leave their beds; the classes consisting of all the sick or those ill or in distress through unfortunate circumstances and unable to pay a private physician.

The city is divided into sixteen districts, with a call station in each district, where calls are left for the doctor. For the convenience of the neighborhood, most of the call stations are drug stores, but some are located in settlement houses such as the South End House, on Tyler St., North Bennet St. Industrial School, in the North End, and the Bunker Hill Boys' Club, in Charlestown. The organization aims to have these call stations located as centrally as possible for that particular district which it serves. Patients desiring the doctor merely leave their name and address at

the call station before 9 A.M., and are seen the same morning. Calls left after 9 A.M. are seen the following day.

The district doctor takes his calls at the station and starts making his rounds at 9 A. M., visiting from the list the patients who desire his services. The paramount duty of the district physician is to visit mainly sick bed cases, that is, those too ill to visit any out-patient clinic. If the patient can be provided with ordinary assistance, combined with the nursing care given by the Instructive District Nursing Association, which co-operates with the doctor, and if the illness is not too severe, the sick person is allowed to remain at home; otherwise, if too ill, or if facilities and assistance are poor, the patient is referred to some general hospital for admission and treatment.

The constituency is composed chiefly of laborers, factory hands, and those in trade occupations. While the latter are much less numerous, their number has been considerably increased this year on account of the depressing business conditions. It can, however, be safely said, that improvement in the business world will greatly lessen the demands from this class who really aim to be independent, and in normal times always retain the services of a private physician.

The high cost of living has visibly affected all these classes. They are forced, through circumstances, to live in congested neighborhoods, partly because the rents are cheaper, and partly on account of convenience,—their houses often being located near their work. Most of the houses consist of dark hallways, dirty stairs, ill-ventilated rooms, not kept any too clean, and old-fashioned plumbing. "Where dirt is, disease breeds," is only too true in these congested tenements. The district doctor's presence is a great educational influence towards the campaign of cleanliness, for attempts to "tidy up" before the doctor comes, are invariably a daily occurrence.

A great metropolis with a cosmopolitan community needs better housing conditions in addition to educational propaganda, for the latter alone will not entirely remedy all the existing evils. Single, well-built, clean, sanitary houses are essential, and civic pride should leave no stone unturned, for the erection of such houses will constitute the main foundation in the battle against disease. It should not be forgotten that the district doctor is a community health overseer with the opportunity to prevent, and to aid stamp out epidemics. As such,

he is a valuable adjunct to the local Health Board. To illustrate this, I cite the following case;—

A family was recently visited at the mother's request, who said that the youngest of her eight children, three years old, had a "sore throat," and three of the other children had "heavy colds." Investigation disclosed the fact that the child with the "sore throat" had severe diphtheria, and the three other children moderate cases. All four were sent to the Boston City Hospital. Cultures in the remaining four children showed no diphtheria, nevertheless, each child was given an immunizing dose of antitoxin. Three of the children who had diphtheria were in school the day before the doctor was called, and because of their "heavy colds," the thoughtful mother decided to have the doctor.

It can readily be seen how such a family can be the starting point of a great epidemic, dissiminate the disease to the school and neighborhood, and the effectiveness of the doctor's observation, in checking the progress of the disease.

The agencies co-operating with the district doctor are of invaluable assistance. First and foremost, is the Instructive District Nursing Association, which furnishes trained district nurses for those cases requiring bedside care. The efficiency of the doctor's work is much enhanced here by the intelligent, painstaking and devoted care given by the nurses. The splendid work of the nurse is preeminent in the community. Her duties are not merely arduous, but manifold. She is of great influence as adviser, social worker, and sympathizer, and is always in a position to render the doctor valuable information for the correct solution of a a case. Families requiring aid are referred to various charitable organizations, and guided into the proper channels.

This is merely a brief summary of a district doctor's work. His task is not only arduous, but one of great responsibility, for he is a necessary factor in the maintenance of a smooth, social machinery, in a constructive, social state.

The following figures are added to illustrate the magnitude of the district physician's work during the year 1913: 1,230 men, 2,770 women, 3,739 children, total, 7,739 patients, to which the physicians made 16,171 visits in the homes.

Prescriptions issued by Pharmacy for district doctors' 6,028. Emergency calls answered for year, 153.

DISTRICTS	PATIENTS TREATER	IN THE	IR HOMES—1913	
Sections of the city	No. of patients treated Men Women Children	Total	No. of visits paid by physician	Location of call stations Nov. 1, 1914
North End	108 253 270			Bennet Street Industrial School
West End	102 273 293	668	1559Elizabeth	Peabody House, Charles Street
South End	310 690 663	1663	3612Bosto	n Dispensary, 25 Bennet Street
South Boston:	236 474 800	1510	3042 So. Bay U quarters Associat	nion, 640 Harrison Ave., Head- of Instructive District Nursing ion
East, Boston	92 201 313	606	1166 Maveric	k Dispensary, 18 Chelsea Street
Roxbury /	229 571 859	1659	Barnham's	g Store, 2121 Washington Street Drug Store, 459 Dudley Street g Store, 1212 Columbus Avenue
Charlestown	153 308 541	1002	2144Bunker H	ill Boys' Club, 10 Woods Street
Total123027703739773916,171 = 2.07 visits per patient				

#### The Swineherd

From Hans Andersen's Tale
EDITH GUERRIER
Copyright 1915
Characters

PRINCE OF THE ENCHANTED WOOD

A SWINEHERD

AN EMPEROR

FRITZ, THE PRINCE'S FRIEND

A PRINCESS

LADY CELESTE

LADY AURORA

LADY ANGELICA

LADY SERAPHINA

The Prince and his friend Fritz are in the Prince's Garden.

FRITZ: Well, my Prince, if you are so lonely why don't you choose a wife to keep your palace in order, darn your socks, and be a cheerful companion to you when you are sad.

PRINCE: I have thought of a wife, Fritz, and it seems to me the Emperor's daughter may perhaps

be the one for me to marry.

FRITZ: The Emperor's daughter!

PRINCE: Yes, that is what I said. I have never seen her, but being an Emperor's daughter she would surely be wise, beautiful and a tidy housekeeper.

FRITZ: The Emperor might not let you have

her, your kingdom is so small.

PRINCE: As for that, a man can but try. FRITZ: What gifts shall you send her?

PRINCE: Ali, now I will prove that she cannot refuse me, the worth of my gifts will be so great. First, I shall give her the rose which is now in bloom.

FRITZ: I had forgotten that, it is truly the loveliest flower in the world.

PRINCE: You know it blooms only once in five years but it is so beautiful that any honest person who smells it, forgets all his cares and sorrows. Then I shall send her my sweet nightingale.

FRITZ: She must have a heart of stone if she refuses you after these gifts.

PRINCE: I will tie them up at once. Will you carry them for me? I do not dare trust them to any one else.

FRITZ: Yes, indeed, go and tie them up. (The Prince goes out.) I wish he would not set his heart on the Emperor's daughter. I cannot bear the thought of his being refused he is so gentle, so brave, and so clever. (The Princess comes in with two bundles neatly tied in brown paper.)

PRINCE: Here they are, do be careful to carry

them right side up. (They both go out.)

(Now we must imagine Second Scene, which is the Emperor's Garden. The Princess and her Ladies come in.)

PRINCESS: What do you suppose the ugly old king who was here last week told my papa, the Emperor?

THE LADY CELESTE: That you were the most beautiful Princess in the world.

PRINCESS: Of course I am, and every one excepting the old king knows it.

THE LADY ANGLICA: If he does not know it, your Highness, how could he say anything about you?

PRINCESS (bursting into tears): He — he said if — if one of his daughters gre-grew to my age without knowing her alp — her alphabet, he'd marry her to the swineherd.

ALL THE LADIES: The old, the old —

PRINCESS: The old what, stupids?

ALL THE LADIES: Shall we use improper language, your Highness?

PRINCESS: Yes, indeed, the old king is quite an improper person.

ALL THE LADIES: Well, the old, old thing—there!

The Emperor comes in followed by Fritz carrying two bundles which he puts on the table. The Princess and all her Ladies run to look at the bundles.

PRINCESS (clapping her hands): O, if it is only

a little pussy cat! (She opens the box and takes out a rose.)

THE LADY CELESTE: How beautifully it is made!

EMPEROR: It is more than beautiful, it is really neat. (The Princess touches it and begins to cry.)

PRINCESS: Fie, papa, it is not made, it is a real one.

ALL THE LADIES: Fie, fie, it is a real one. (They throw it on the floor and trample on it.)

EMPEROR: Well, let us see what is in the other casket before we get angry. (He opens it and takes the nightingale in his hand.)

Princess: What a wonderful imitation of a nightingale!

EMPEROR (to Fritz): Can he imitate the real bird's song?

FRITZ: It is a real bird, your Highness, and he will sing so beautifully that you will never wish to hear another song.

PRINCESS (snatching the bird and throwing it out of the window): Did any one ever hear of such silly presents? Who sent them?

FRITZ: The Prince of the Enchanted Wood, who seeks your hand in marriage, your Highness.

PRINCESS: What a silly thing he must be. I will never look at him and you may tell him so—real birds and flowers indeed!

FRITZ: Very well, your Highness. (He goes out.)

EMPEROR: Now, daughter, you heard what King Cole said yesternight. If you don't know your alphabet in twenty-four hours I shall marry you to the swineherd and who he'll be, I don't know, as the last left quite suddenly and I advertised for one in the morning papers. He may be here any moment, so off with you to your alphabet.

Princess: But papa —

EMPEROR: Your education begins to-day I tell you, so be off to your alphabet.

(Princess goes out weeping followed by her Ladies.

A man with brown face and ragged clothes enters.)

Man: Good morning, Emperor. May I be taken into service in the Palace?

EMPEROR: There are no places indoors at present, but I need somebody to look after the pigs.

MAN: Very well. I'll do it.

EMPEROR: You'll have to live in a horrid little room near the pigsties.

MAN: I can stand it. What days do you give

EMPEROR: Every Thursday afternoon and every other Sunday evening and you may do what you like when the pigs are sleeping. Now I'll show you the sties. (They go out together.)

(Princess and Ladies enter.)

PRINCESS: If I don't get it learned in twenty-

four hours I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll run away and marry the Prince of the Enchanted Forest. I'd rather have him than a swineherd.

ALL THE LADIES: Of course, and we'll go with you and marry his gentlemen-in-waiting. (They join hands and dance out, singing.)

A—b ab, b—a ba, we know two letters, ha, ha, ha!

(The Swineherd enters with a little smoking pot hung about with bells. As he sets it on the ground the Princess and her ladies enter.)

PRINCESS: What is that funny thing on the ground? Go and ask him, Celeste.

CELESTE: The Princess says what is that funny thing on the ground?

SWINEHERD: That is a charmed pot. Who ever puts his finger in the steam can tell what everybody in the kingdom is having for dinner.

PRINCESS: Ask him the price.

SWINEHERD: Ten kisses from the Princess.

CELESTE: Heaven preserve us.

PRINCESS AND ALL THE LADIES: Ah, yes! Heaven preserve us.

SWINEHERD: I won't take less.

PRINCESS: What does he say?

CELESTE: I really cannot repeat it, it is so shocking.

PRINCESS: Then you must whisper it.

(Celeste whispers in the Princess' ear.)

Princess: He is a wretch.

(She walks a few steps, then stops and says) Go and ask nim if he will take ten kisses from the ladies-in-waiting.

CELESTE: The Princess says, will you take ten kisses from the ladies-in-waiting?

SWINEHERD: No, thank you. Ten kisses from the Princess or I keep my pot.

PRINCESS: How tiresome! Stand around me and spread out your skirts so no one can see, will you? (They do so, and the Swineherd kisses her ten times, hands her the pot, bows and goes out. She sets the pot on the ground, and all the ladies dip their fingers in the steam.)

PRINCESS: Ah! the Chief Minister is having pork chops and pancakes.

THE LADY ANGELICA: The court dressmaker is having sausage and fried onions.

THE LADY SERAPHINA: The head musician has corned beef, cabbage, squash and beets.

THE LADY AURORA: I smell the scrub woman's dinner. She has a sirloin steak, stuffed tomatoes, and peach ice cream.

ALL: How amusing it is and how highly instructive.

PRINCESS: Yes, but hold your tongues for I am an Emperor's daughter. (They go out and the Swineherd comes in.)

SWINEHERD: Now after they have eaten their

dinners they will come again, and I have this ready. (He holds up a rattle.) Whoever listens to it can tell every unpleasant thing any one in the kingdom says. (Emperor comes in.)

EMPEROR: How are the pigs getting on?

SWINEHERD: Well, your majesty, they are sleeping at present, when they awake I shall curl their tails, put clean rings in their noses, and teach them how to grunt in tune.

EMPEROR: Very good, I will just step over and have a look at them, you need not come. (He goes out.) (Princess and her Ladies enter. Swineherd shakes his rattle.)

PRINCESS: Now what has he? Ask him, Angelica.

ANGELICA: The Princess says, what have you? SWINEHERD: A rattle, every time a person shakes it, he can tell every unpleasant thing every other person in the kingdom is saying about him.

PRINCESS: O, that is superb! How fine it would be to know who the really horrid persons are. Ask him his price for it.

ANGELICA: The Princess says how much do you want for it?

SWINEHERD: A hundred kisses from the Princess.

PRINCESS: I think he is mad. (She walks five steps then stops.) I am an Emperor's daughter—I ought to encourage such cleverness. Tell him he can have ten kisses same as yesterday, and he can take the rest from the ladies-in-waiting.

. Ladies: But we don't like that at all.

PRINCESS: Oh, nonsense! If I can kiss him, you can do the same. Remember that I pay you wages and give you board and lodging.

Angelica: The Princess says you may have ten kisses from her and the other ninety from us

SWINEHERD: A hundred kisses from the Princess or I keep the toy.

PRINCESS: Stand in front of me then. (All the ladies stand around and he begins. The ladies count. At the twentieth kiss the Emperor enters. The ladies are so busy counting that they do not see him. He stands on tiptoe and looks over their heads.

EMPEROR: What is all this.

Swineherd: My time is my own, while the swine are sleeping.

EMPEROR: And while they are not sleeping. Out with you both, and by the way, Princess, have you learned your alphabet? (The Princess weeps and says nothing.) Well, marry the swineherd then.

SWINEHERD: What!

EMPEROR: Yes, I told her if she hadn't her alphabet learned in twenty-four hours she should marry a swineherd, so off with you both. (He goes out driving the ladies before him, leaving the

swineherd and Princess alone. Swineherd throws off his rags, snatches the mask frm his face and shows himself a Prince.)

PRINCE: You may find a swineherd who will marry you but I despise you. You would not have an honorable Prince—you would not prize the rose and the nightingale, but you would kiss a swineherd for trumpery toys. (He goes out and the Princess is left alone weeping.)

# School Gardening

S. GUTTENTAG

"Why should you give your pupils the benefit of a school garden? Because it brings living principles home to the children and school is living not a preparation for life."

Spring is with us once more! With it comes the desire to be in the great out-doors sharing the beauties of Nature. But what of those to whom desire comes with little means of fulfillment; those children who cannot wander through open fields and woodland? To give such children an opportunity to meet the glories of Nature, various committees on education have established school gardens.

The aim of those furthering this school garden movement is "to bring little children more directly and continuously into contact with mother Earth "to properly educate them."

The school garden movement began in Austria in 1869. Other European countries, like Germany, Switzerland, and England, soon became interested, and took up the work. The first school garden in the United States was established here in Boston in 1891, at the George Putnam School. Ferns and wild flowers were planted and the material was used in the science work. For several years, the Massachusetts Horticultural Society gave a yearly premium for the best school garden. was won every year by the George Putnam School. In 1900, individual plots, 4x10 feet, were given to eighty pupils, in which flowers and vegetables were grown. In 1901, the Boston Normal School established the second garden in the city for the pupils of the Rice and Franklin Schools. Parents became interested, for the children took vegetables home, and the result was, many home gardens. Although the School Committee did appropriate some money, the Twentieth Century Club, until 1904, met all expenses.

These gardens were cared for through the summer months by the pupils under the supervision of Normal School Graduates. Gardens were established at the Columbus Avenue playground, the Martin, Hancock, and several other schools. The

Hancock School, situated in one of the most congested districts of the city, had a flourishing garden in 1902. The Schoolhouse Commission bought land adjoining the schoolyard and tore down the tenement. The result was that the place became an attractive spot. At present, the largest garden is at the Elihu Greenwood School. Unfortunately Boston has fallen far behind other cities in this movement, due to the ever-growing cost of land in the city.

If we of the East have not made much progress in this direction, our Western brethren have made large strides forward in the school garden movement. The Board of Education in Cleveland was the first city school board to recognize gardening as a regular department. At present, gardening is also a part of the educational systems of Philadelphia and Los Angeles. In the latter city sixty schools had gardens last year. This enabled 25,000 children to avail themselves of the opportunity at school, and resulted in 15,000 children making home gardens. The largest school garden of note in a big city is the Children's School Farm at the De Witt Clinton School in New York City. Here 1,000 children are, at least for a part of the time, kept off the streets.

The cities are not only furthering this activity, but school gardens are being established in small towns and villages. At one small village on the Hudson River the school was attended by boys who spent their leisure time in destroying the school property. There came recently to this school a teacher interested in and loving all Nature. At once a change became visible. Now horses and carts are no longer driven across the land surrounding the schoolhouse, for this ground has become a flourishing garden. Here the boys spend much of their time outside of school-hours, and the schoolhouse has become a proper background for the beautiful garden.

Those furthering the school garden movement realize the necessity for trained workers to carry on the work. Much is therefore being done to give courses of instruction, and the State Normal School at Hyannis, Mass., offers such training for those interested.

It is impossible to state what any particular school garden shall be, for each varies with its location. One fundamental principle for a successful garden is that it must meet local needs. The garden may be either a vegetable or flower garden, or both; it may be an individual plot, which is preferable, or a city garden; it may be a part of the schoolyard, or a vacant lot in the vicinity. Whatever it is, the instructor must be interested and enthusiastic to insure its success.

A successful school garden has far-reaching results. It extends its influence into home and civic life by developing a love of beauty and orderliness, and civic pride and respect for property, all so necessary in an education. As one writer has said, "It is happy work for idle hands," really becoming play instead of work. To my mind the greatest benefit derived is the constructive and creative influence.

### Chinese Music

T. Levis

Any allusion to Chinese music almost always suggests a great deal of noisy, disagreeable sounds. This is true in a measure, and there are several reasons for the fact. First, they have not what is known as the tempered scale, the tones of which could be used on a foreign instrument; secondly, they have no semi-tones, their melodies are never definitely major nor minor, but a sort of majorminor variation; and lastly, their melodies are always in unison, always loud and unchangeable, and accordingly, very wearisome.

Music, however, plays a very important part in the lives of the Chinese people. No important function is ever held without it,—at weddings, funerals, banquets, and even small gatherings of friends, there is always music. At the theatres, the orchestra certainly earns its salt, for it very often scarcely rests a minute during an entire performance. And on the streets, too, that same monotonous sing-song is heard from the coolies at their work.

Most of the professional musicians in China are regarded as, and even look upon themselves as mountebanks, as it is the last thing any one has resort to for a livelihood. A person will not become a musician if there is any other possible thing to do, because once he professes this profession, his social standing is lost. The people who go to hear professionals like noise a-plenty, and the musician, if he knows his business, gives it to them in full measure. Thus it is, that the foreigner, whose only chance to hear Chinese music is to attend these public entertainments, is so unfavorably impressed. There are, however, some houses in China where standard native music is given in the best possible manner.

One of the most important instruments that the Chinese have is the Cantonese cymbal. These cymbals produce a louder effect than any other instrument in the world. Then there are also the horn, the banjo, the shenj consisting of a bunch of reeds; the fiddle, deserving no better name; the clarinet, much like ours; the chin, somewhat like a harp; flutes, guitars, etc.

Although Chinese music is tiresome to the Occidental, yet the Chinese people consider it no disadvantage because their music lacks either tune or expression. They are instead, so conceited, and so conservative about things belonging to them, that it would be useless to try to convince them. The fact, however, remains, since they have produced so many musical instruments, that, in spite of their tastes, they are a music loving people.

### The Evolution of the Ballet

**F. Rocchi** 

Dancing has played an important part in the daily life among the tribes of all countries from the very earliest periods. It was first used by all people in their religious ceremonies. The movements differed widely according to the nature of the people and the country where they lived.

Dancing, as an art, reached its highest development at the time of the early Greeks, taking its rightful place with poetry, music and drama. Their community spirit was very strong, and all took part in the plays and pageants which were given largely out of doors. It was at this period that pantomine first came into existence. When Rome became the leading power, the Romans borrowed much of Greek art and thought and thereby preserved it for later times. The pantomine was then perfected and first introduced into the theatres during the reign of Augustus.

With the fall of Rome came the decline of all the arts, and dancing practically disappeared. At first the Christian Church tried to encourage it, but ended by forbidding the dance as early as 692. The pageants and Miracle Plays had, however, been preserved, and from these it is supposed that the form of ballet was evolved. We hear of the first ballet being given in 1489, at Milan. At first it took the form of either a masque or a pageant, but was later conventionalized, and dancing with the words either recited in between or left out was made the chief feature. This form of amusement was very popular in all the Courts of Europe, and Kings and Queens took part.

From the fifteenth to the eighteenth century the ballet passed through many stages. In the artificial atmosphere of the courts, it became more and more stilted and stereotyped, until it finally became only an exhibition of technique and made no demand on the intelligence, or artistic appreciation of the public.

During the first part of the eighteenth century the Imperial Ballet and School of Dancing was founded in Russia. It was due indirectly, to the work of one Jean Georges Noverre, who had been working to the end that dancing might become something more than an exhibition of stunts. This was the begining of the ballet as we have it to-day,—Russia leading the world in the excellence of her artists and productions. They more than any other school have made the ballet a medium of expression, which is full of possibilties in the way of bringing together all that is finest in art.

What the future of the ballet is to be no one knows;—nor how long the public is going to be satisfied with the artificial technique of the old school, is another question not easily answered. We can all be thankful, though, that we live in a time when artists can rise above their technique, and carry us for a moment into enchanted realms of beautiful color and wonderful music, all in harmony with the rhythm of the dancers.

# The Future of Immigration

E. M. Anthony

WILL the United States continue to receive for the next score of years as large a number of immigrants as it has during the past ten years? Let us consider briefly the present conditions (exclusive of the war) in countries from which we have drawn and are drawing our supply.

Over-population does not necessarily mean emigration to America. Consider the case of Great Britain. Its surplus is now being consciously directed to its colonies. The British government encourages emigration to Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other English colonies. In some cases it even lends pecuniary assistance along with other inducements. Philanthropic and charitable associations have sprung up all over England, which aim to assist worthy settlers. All these efforts have undoubtedly been effective in decreasing British emigration to the United States.

Emigration from Ireland is on the decrease. Better political conditions have come about in Ireland, in consequence of which Irish leaders have changed their ideas of establishing a new Ireland in America to that of developing "Home Rule" in Ireland. These conditions have caused the Irish people to look with less favor on emigration.

The Scandinavians came at first to grasp the agricultural opportunities here, where they could secure land almost for the asking. Such is no longer the case. Sweden is passing from an agricultural into an industrial nation,—which means a scarcity of labor. Rural laborers are drawn to the cities. This makes farm hand wages high,

and so checks emigration, while young men under age are forbidden to leave the country before giving military service.

The Danish government has made it attractive at home. It has greatly increased the development of lands, and raised the standards among its peasantry. Those, therefore, who are likely to come now, will be merely the natural excess for whom there is no opportunity at home.

Emigration from Germany has dropped rapidly. Germany became alarmed at the number of her people who went to America and became citizens. She accordingly set about improving conditions at home, and removed the causes of emigration. The economic conditions at work at present in Germany, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Norway, are not likely to give us in the future a large immigration.

At present Hebrews from the Russian Pale come largely. Prior to 1880, no Russian could emigrate without the consent of the government. This still holds true legally, but a change is noticeable. Let Russia once allow freedom of movement, and a flood of immigrants such as never was seen before will flow to us.

Immigration from Austria-Hungary has only just begun; but she already is third among the contributors, and the indications are that her immigration is likely to continue.

In Italy the press and public sentiment are in favor of emigration. The government has even established a general office in Rome to aid her citizens. Rules and regulations to protect emigrants are constantly being made. There is therefore not likely to be a decrease from this quarter.

Our immigration from Greece has just begun. The present emigration to us is a "radical, violent exodus of all the strong young men." We have by no means seen the end of it. Other countries of eastern and southern Europe also show increases in emigration.

Immigration is consequently for the coming years likely to be of even greater volume than that of the past ten years.

# NEWS OF THE CLUBS The South End Music School

R. G. HEIMAN

THE South End Music School on Rutland Street was started four years ago for the purpose of giving people who are fond of music the opportunity of studying under competent teachers for a very moderate charge.

The school occupies a large and attractive

house. There is an assembly room on the ground floor, which is used for concerts, choruses, and lectures; a library with many excellent books on music, which members of the house may borrow for home reading, and twenty-one class rooms on the upper floors. One side of the house is used by piano students, the other side, by students of stringed instruments.

Children pay twenty-five cents, and adults fifty cents a lesson. If the teachers cannot afford to give time they are paid the price their services command elsewhere, as the school does not believe in "beating down" in the name of philanthropy. There are in the school 270 pupils—148 studying piano, the others,—violin, 'cello, doublebass, voice, cornet, flute and clarinet. There are senior and junior orchestras, and a large chorus of women's voices.

There is a successful Parents' Association. During the winter they had a cake, candy and bread sale for the benefit of the school; and also made garments for the soldiers.

The house was incorporated in 1912. The following nationalities are represented in the classes: Irish, Swedish, Italian and Jewish. The school is fortunate in having Mrs. Saunders, formerly of the New York Music School, as head of the house.

\* \*

# S. E. G. Announcements

April 16. Friday. Party Night.

April 24. Mr. Tomlinson, "Woman Suffrage."

May 1. Mrs. Kate W. Buck,

"The Wit of Six Nations."

May 8. Business Meeting.

## North End Items

A. Krop

North Bennet Street Industrial School

The Sunday Musicales at North Bennet Street have closed for this season. The last one on March 28th was unusually interesting to everyone present.

At the last meeting of the Boston Social Union which was held at the Industrial School, the girls of the Prevocational Class served luncheon to ninety-seven people. It was a most perfect luncheon, and many complimentary remarks were made on the ability of the girls.

Social Service House

The Social Service House has raised the two hundred dollars necessary for the Camp rent. The Committee feel very much pleased over the favorable comments of the Play and Minstrel Show given on March 17th. On April 16th a Masquerade Party will be given by the United Clubs of the Social Service House. A prize for the best costume is to be awarded.

#### North End Union

About twenty boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen have successfully passed the Boy Scouts' entrance examinations. Mr. Ross Whitney will be scout master, and from the enthusiasm of the boys this work promises to be a successful house undertaking.

#### Medical Mission

The Conversation Club is a very interesting group of young men and women who meet at the Medical Mission every other week. The object of this club is to intelligently discuss current events and general topics of the day.

#### The Civic Service House

Mr. Locke of the Civic Service House is conducting a series of lectures at the Boston Museum

of Fine Arts, every Sunday afternoon from 3 to 4 P. M. These lectures were at first intended for members of the house and their friends, but have proved so interesting to the general public, that there was an attendance of three hundred and fifty on Sunday, March 28th. The subjects announced so far are as follows:

March 28 The Israelites in Egypt.

April 4 The Easter Story.

April 11 Peasant Life.

April 18 Patriots' Day.

April 25 Mountain Scenery.

#### The De Amicis Club

A meeting of the De Amicis Club was held at the Library Club House, on Wednesday evening, March 17th. The speakers for the evening were Miss Rose Bacchini, "Biographical sketch of Edmund Spenser," and Mr. John Finelli, "The Spenserian Period and the Faerie Queene." Miss Teresa Perotti was enrolled as a member.

#### THE LIBRARY

G. GOLDSTEIN

### Book Review

CONTRIBUTED

VERY few sketchy books can claim to be classed as literature, least of all the one from which I am about to quote, still it gives a good historical and geographical sketch of Austria-Hungary, and in three hours' reading places one in possession of the events one would wish to become more familiar with by further reading about Austrian affairs.

"Austria-Hungary," by G. E. Mitton, published in London by Adam and Charles Black, is the book in question. Aside from the text, thirty-two delightful illustrations in color alone make the book worth having.

Under the heading "The Dual Monarchy" two bits of information serve to show the character of the context. "The Dual Monarchy" is split into numerous small territories, each with its own history and its own importance. There are no less than eleven languages in this polyglot country, and over all rules the one German speaking monarch... The whole comprises an immense area; a line drawn round it runs to over 5,000 miles and encloses a territory larger than that of any other European country except Russia."

The following description presents to the mind's eye as well as words can do the great plain of Hungary:

"On the far-reaching Alfold it is the majestic Nothing that awes and impresses you. There are neither trees nor pastures, neither hills nor dales, neither flocks nor people. Simply miles and miles of nothing, arched over by the blue of heaven, but if you look closely you will find on the sand the tiny traces of fairy footsteps. It has its own peculiar fairies as well as its own peculiar grasses, flowers, birds and insects. Fata Morgana is the sovereign who queens it over them there; but she shows herself more rarely every year. Silence broods over all, and subtle, fitful shadows chase each other across the large neglect of this broad expanse, where patches of long, knotted grass and charming water weeds wave and toss feebly in the balmy breeze. Wild ducks and moor-hens share the shelter of withered swamps with the heron, the crane and the stork, and gaze without a sign of fear or trepidation on the rare passer-by."

"Those who have been most among the Hungarians speak of their simplicity. They are in all things natural. If when at table with them you want more food, you must ask for it, they will not force it on you. It is there; they take it for granted that you know they are only too glad for you to have it. If, therefore, you want it you have only to say so; anything else is affectation. Their hospitality is proverbial and resembles that

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McClure's Magazine: "What Plants Feel."
Popular Mechanics: "Photographs in Natural
Colors."

Review of Reviews: "From Dover Straits to the Golden Horn."

\* \*

Last summer we experimented washing our soiled books with soap lather and a sponge. One of our boys, who comes of a sea-faring family, watched the process with delight, and then said, "I'd like to wash some books. I'm used to washing. I've scrubbed the deck of a boat."

Amelia was sent home for copying examples. She returned in about fifteen minutes.

LIBRARIAN: Amelia, didn't I send you home for copying examples?

AMELIA: Yes'm. I went home and came back for the answers.

"Please give me the book about feeling better, or maybe less miserable." (Les Misérables.)

Interesting Articles in the April
Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Italy's Duty."

Catholic World: "Conditions and Tendencies in Relief Work."

Good Housekeeping: "Guiding the Boy in his 'Teens."

Harper's Monthly: "The Brand of the City."
Ladies' Home Journal: "The Why of my
Methods." ("Billy" Sunday.)

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# S. E. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls
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# STORY-TELLING NUMBER

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#### Announcement

THE "S. E. G." EDITORS HAVE DECIDED THIS ISSUE A "STORY-TELLING TO MAKE AND SO OMIT THE REGULAR NUMBER" FEATURES.

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#### EDITORIAL

# The Story of the S. E. G. in Storytelling.

#### FANNY GOLDSTEIN

Specializing is a peculiar phrase of the Twentieth Century. Story-telling is an ancient art that has always crudely served mankind for recreation, and is now being perfected through specialization. The delightful, old-fashioned, rambling practice of story-telling will always find a welcome in the hearts of men, but the modern professional storyteller differs and is expected to do something more than merely entertain. A definite, constructive program must be observed, and permanent results should follow from the telling.

The Saturday Evening Girls have for many years made a specialty of the Story Hour. We have throughout been a body of listeners favored by the finest tales well chosen and well told. We feel qualified after these experiences to tell a special story on the value of story-telling

Judging from our knowledge of the subject, the educational value of constructive story-telling is indisputable. The stories told and the people who have told them are to-day some of our most treasured memories. Few college graduates have perhaps carried away from their Alma Maters so concrete a knowledge of life, both practical and idealistic as we S. E. G. have gleaned from our Saturday evening talks. In addition to this, many an S. E. G. has been influenced in her choice of a vocation simply from having listened to these talks. Instead of either the store or the factory, which is the average girl's fate, many of our girls stirred by these stories are to-day self-supporting in the higher professions.

For story-telling in the S. E. G. groups we must go back in our memories even to the time when we were little children, and modern constructive story-telling was still undeveloped. It was fifteen years ago, in the little old North Bennet Street Industrial School Library that our group and its present story-telling methods first commenced.

It was in about 1900 that the librarian, Miss Edith Guerrier, first originated the delightful " Half Hour Talks" which have since developed and proved so important a feature of the North End Library. How many of us can still recall with pleasure those good old carefree days! How little we then dreampt of the problems in which we were unconsciously taking part, and of the vast opportunities which the future held in store for us!

We were then simply a group of little girls who came to the library as to a rendezvous. There was no better recreational centre for the ambitious poor, and fortunately for us the "Movies" were then almost unknown to the juvenile population of the North End. The truth is, that the library offered something free, vis; recreation, in the form of a welcome, delightful stories, and social intercourse, and like normal children we most naturally came and took it all in with no thought of the future.

Here, though, sub-consciously, while attending these Half Hour Talks and listening in turn first to enchanting folk lore, and later to the stories of history, biography, literature, music, science, the general progress of the world, and the fine arts of living, we learned to think and to formulate our own ideals for the progress of the individual as allied to the Creator's scheme of the whole. In

1907 we had a joint membership of about seventyfive girls in the Senior and Junior S. E. G. groups, which had grown from the mere handful who constituted the original "Half Hour Talk Girls."

For several years we had listened to unrelated tales, until it became apparent that for permanency, instead of entertaining talks on disconnected subjects, a unified and constructive program was necessary. Hence, the development of the special courses which we have since followed with supplementary reading from the library, a few of which are here quoted.

English Literature.
Alfred the Great. to Browning. 849—1889 Discussions on the fine art of living. Recreation. Study. Sociology. Ideal Commonwealths. Real communites. Students of social problems. Followers of truth. City Government. Explained by heads of the various departments. Economics. Land. Houses. Food. Clothes.

All these subjects treated from three points of view, viz; Labor. Employer. Artists.

Problems of the day.

Talks on all these subjects, followed by open discussion, have been given during these years before the Saturday Evening Girls, both at the library and at the Library Clubhouse, which is a development of the work in story-telling begun at the old library.

All children have a moral right to accept, but it appears from observation that the true spirit of sharing is earlier instilled into the lives of the young and is always more keenly alive amongst those who have themselves been without things. Thus it was that the S. E. G., zealous to share with other girls the fruits of the library, increased both in numbers and in problems, and steadily grew in strength and responsibility.

As a result we have to-day a total membership of 250 girls, and eight different story hour groups, varying in age and school grade meeting both afternoons and evenings at our Library Clubhouse Rooms. For all these groups a story hour program is followed along definite constructive lines, modified through our experiences, and serving the children both as recreation and a supplementary school course.

The value of the story hour to us S. E. G. is self evident, and we cannot say enough in its favor. The story hour has tremendous possibilities in the education of the child. Children belong first to the parent and then to the state,

and both parent and state can combine in this particular phase of education.

The story hour commences with the mother in the nursery as a preparation for the school, and and it should later be taken up and supplemented at the library. The library as a free public institution with the most free and cosmopolitan constituency of any municipal department, has every right to do this and to supplement the schools. For example, in our North End district, the library must furnish the grammar school extension courses through its books, and it is largely through the spoken story that the books are made popular. The state is after all responsible for her children, and they are eventually the kind of citizens that the municipality makes them.

The Library story hour has within the last decade received a tremendous impetus and it will not be long before every library in the country will have adopted the story hour as a feature of its legitimate work.

# The Library Story Hour

ALICE M. JORDAN

Head of the Children's Department, Boston Public Library.

THE recent return of Miss Marie Shedlock of London, to Boston, recalls her first story hour here, over twelve years ago. Miss Shedlock had been spending many weeks of study in the Library and on the approach of Thanksgiving, 1902, wished to express her friendly regard for the Library by means of a gift to the children. To those who had never realized the place of story-telling in a child's life, it was a revelation that the announcement of a story hour would bring children, from far and near, to crowd the lecture hall and overrun the building. Those who could not get in consoled themselves with remarking audibly that it was "nothing much anyhow." Those who were in had a wonderful experience of an old art made new to each listener.

The occasion was a memorable one for the great pleasure it gave to the audience, for the quality of the stories and their presentation, and for the future influence upon library story-telling. As an innovation the unique entertainment was seized upon by the newspapers; and their report had a wide circulation, arousing in many places interest in a new library function. It is pleasant to remember that this first official library story hour in Boston was of so high a type that it supplied an ideal of what story-telling should be, and has made it impossible for us to be satisfied with weak

stories or careless reproduction. For this reason, the time for introducing story-telling throughout the library system was long delayed.

There have been in recent years complaints on every side that children no longer read the books which satisfied their parents; that Scott and Cooper, for example, have too many dull pages to attract the child of the present day. To some extent, this is true. Through the story hour, however, many of the books which require concentration and perseverence are brought to the attention of the listeners, and the listeners end by asking for more. No other library activity accomplishes such guidance in so large a measure as story-telling, under proper conditions, to a group of children. Criticism of story-telling in libraries has usually arisen from a wrong conception of its aims and results, or, from the failure of unskilled story-tellers to attain desired results. It is generally granted that the children's room may, without charge of undue interference with the right of the individual, aim to guide children's reading toward books of permanent worth.

The Library has watched in the different groups the improvement in the power of concentration, the quickening of imagination, the growth of litertary appreciation. It has seen ethical standards change. But these things have come to pass because the told story first brought pleasure to the hearer. The best results come through the hearer receiving what Miss Shedlock calls "dramatic Joy.', This, in itself, sufficiently justifies the story hour

\* \* \*

MISS SHEDLOCK sends the following greeting to the S. E. G. News.

"I can only send a Fairy Godmother's blessing. I wish you every success in your work. Every Story-teller belongs to me a little, so you must feel I am with you in spirit as you tell the stories. This is a meagre contribution, but such a solid mass of good wishes behind it.

Yours sincerely, MARIE T. SHEDLOCK.

# Story-Telling

MARY W. CRONAN

Story-Teller, Boston Public Library

Ι.

#### THE STORY-TELLER'S PART.

The popular idea seems to be that the appropriate time for story-telling is when children are in the kindergarten or first grade, and the usual conception of a Story Hour is of a large group of tiny children listening to the adventures of the "Gingerbread Boy" or "Little Red Riding Hood." This is really the time when the school

room comes nearest to supplying the need. The little children have well told stories all through the kindergarten and primary grades.

Introducing the book by means of the story is most distinctly a feature of library work; therefore, in our library story hour we try to reach the children from ten to fifteen years old who can most effectively be stimulated to a love of reading and to a right choice of books. If the librarian had time to give individual attention, she might be expected to be present, ever ready with the right suggestion to meet the individual need. Since this cannot be, the story-teller works with the librarian, advertising the book which is of worth and needs the introduction that story-telling can best give it.

A part of every story hour is devoted to the continued story of some book of value. "Captains Courageous," in continued story form will bring big boys to the library week after week as successfully as the latest thriller in the nearest moving picture show, though the book deals with sea-faring life and is so remote from the lives of our children. Such a book for example needs to be introduced by the told story. "Since I heard it in story hour," said one fourteen year old boy, "I have read it three times. You know when you hear a book told it makes it seem like real life."

The continued story is followed by incidents of history, fine old fairy tales, nature stories, and what our boys and girls call a laughing story, this last tucked in so that they may learn to distinguish real fun from unclean wit and cruel jest.

The best results do not immediately follow the story hour, but months afterward, when children stand before the library shelves and select the books they have learned to know and love, when they choose for other boys and girls, and show discrimination in their choice.

A story-teller is not of value to the Library because of her ability to tell a few stories one hour each week and thus entertain the children, but because she has read so widely the best of children's literature, and studied the children's needs so completely, that she knows when to present "the right story at the right time."

To establish through listening to stories the habit of good reading, is the natural way of working. The child repeats the experience of the race, as he progresses from the tale that is told to the printed page.

I believe that the child who has learned to discriminate in his choice of books and has become an ardent reader is likely to be equally discriminating in his choice of other pleasures. If he has learned to delight in simplicity, honesty, fearlessness, and purity in his heroes, he is less

likely to be content with an unworthy standard in his friends. It is the most effective method of safeguarding a child from the dangers of his environment, when we give him through the story hour that companionship of books which Milton call "intimate knowledge and delight."

II.

#### THE PART THE LISTENER PLAYS.

There are two kinds of grown up visitors in a story hour. Those who lift, help, and inspire the story-teller to do her best, and those who act as a drag or a weight, and prove a real detriment to the pleasure and freedom of the hour. An indifferent, or bored-looking visitor may be only tired; yet, in the back of the story-teller's brain a little voice insistently keeps demanding the reason for that bored attitude. A story-teller is accustomed to studying the expressions of the children. A listless, indifferent child would immediately indicate that something is wrong with the story, yet, with the grown up visitor you may find that she has simply never learned to listen. She does not realize that children are apt to reflect the attitude of others, and the story-teller must work doubly hard to overcome this difficulty. I have known visitors who indulged in whispered comments, or left in the midst of a story hour, not realizing that such action, if not explained to the children, conveyed the impression that they were not sufficiently interested to remain. I remember one visitor who after a few moments of indifferent listening, opened a book and read. In that particular case, I waited until a child followed her example. Then I said, "Son, do you know what that open book says to me? It says 'Mrs. Cronan, the boy that holds me is not very much interested in the story you are telling." Both books closed, but my visitor was quite unable to see in what way she had been inconsiderate.

Many adult listeners have learned to criticize; some have learned to appreciate. To listen in the right way to a story, one must have tried and discovered for oneself how difficult it is to tell with simplicity, with freedom, and with ease. To listen in the right way, one must become a child listening with other children. If the story is too vigorous for your liking, perhaps the teller of the the tale is working for the pre-adolescent boy. Put yourself, sympathetically, into the mental attitude of a boy of fourteen, and judge whether the tale would appeal to the lad who needs strong, vigorous stories.

I think it is Hamilton Mabie who has defined sympathy, as "imagination touched with thought and feeling." That is what we need, to become sympathetic listeners. I told to a large audience of grown folk and children the charming Indian legend of the "Rain-maker." It conveys the same thought which is given in the fable of the "Lion and Mouse." The Rain-Maker of the tribe is bewitched by his enemy and sent far out of reach of his people in an enchanted pine tree. All his powerful friends try, but fail to help him. At last, the little black ant, Pah-er-wah-lay-see discovered the trouble. Alone he could do nothing, but he called all the members of his tribe, and their united efforts set the medicine man free. The big red ants stayed below and tugged at the trunk of the pine tree, the little black ants went to the very top which was away up in the clouds, and pushed against the sky.

After the story a rather complacent looking woman said, "Very interesting, I'm sure, but after all, rather absurd, is it not? The idea of ants pushing against the sky!" A few minutes later, a gray haired man said, "From the moment you began, I became just ten years old. No ten-year-old boy in this audience enjoyed the stories more than myself!" For all the gray hair he had the secret of eternal youth. The man or woman who has the power of becoming ten years old at will,

can never really grow old.

The prosaic, unimaginative person who is locking for a moral is usually disappointed. He who is young in spirit will share the delight of the children in beautiful phrases, in vivid pictures, in the play of fancy, in the unfolding of the story. What the listener takes from the story hour depends upon the mind he brings to it.

# A Boys' Reading Club

MARY E. S. ROOT

Children's Librarian, Providence R. I.

"OPEN SESAME!" It is a magic word, for the use of one who would open charmed doors for children into the realms of good reading, through the channels of a story told or read. Note the possible vistas in this Boys' Reading Club.

Calling themselves the E. B. R. C. (E — Boys' Reading Club) twenty boys organized with a President, Secretary, and Librarian, on January 17, 1915. They asked a children's librarian to meet with them as their leader. She has met with them every once in two weeks, selecting stories which represented the most "worth while" in juvenile literature, fitting in much adult literature at the same time, and by the means of story-telling and reading aloud interpreted these to the boys. The boys are alert, lively boys, ranging in ages from eleven to sixteen, yet for one and one-half

hours they sit intent to a boy, and when the last story is told or read there is a clamor for the books which have been placed in the hands of the boy librarian to recharge for home reading. The following is a typical program. It was Kipling night.

Short sketch of life of Rudyard Kipling.

Story-telling from opening chapters of "Captains Courageous," ending with Harvey Cheyne's interview with the captain of the "We're Here."

Story-telling—" Mougli" from "Jungle Book." Story-telling—" How the camel got his hump," from "Just So Stories."

Story-telling — "Cat that walked by himself," from "Just So Stories."

Reading "Cameelious hump"

" The liner she's a lady."

" The Recessional."

The boys are keeping records of their reading, pasting in pictures to illustrate the stories and authors, and are planning dramatics for the end of the club meetings in May. How infinitely worth while a club of this character is? It is not only enlarging the boys' horizons, but the book is acting as a blessed link to keep them content at home evenings. In these days of alluring commercial recreation, anything which can do this is a thing to which we need to hold fast.

# Story-Telling at Lincoln House Boston

MR. JOHN D. ADAMS, Director

In the summer of 1912, three South End boys, who had become familiar with the stories told by Mrs. John J. Cronan at their neighborhood club, gathered a group of smaller boys on a roof and repeated these stories. When cool weather drove them indoors, they continued their story-telling to a larger group at Lincoln House, adding to their collection of tales by reading.

Since that time, boys have told stories to other boys at Lincoln House one afternoon a week during the club year. An average group of listeners contains about thirty boys; but the number sometimes falls to twenty or rises to fifty. Interest is maintained by new story-tellers from the ranks, and a visitor a few weeks ago found more boys eager to repeat stories than the hour permitted. The contributions that afternoon included Shakespeare's "Tempest," the "Adventures of Theseus" (pronounced Thees), a Japanese folktale, "Why the jellyfish has no bones," and one or two humorous anecdotes.

There have been some interesting developments in the group. Early in the experiment, the presence of an older person was necessary to maintain order. Gradually the restless small boys, who sat with dangling feet on the hard chairs of the men's club-room, learned to keep their attention fixed on the story, and discipline began to take care of itself. Now, older persons are present only as occasional visitors, and the leaders arrange the chairs for the audience and rearrange the room for the evening club meeting, while the small boys arrive, listen, and depart like any other responsible group of free citizens.

One of the story-tellers hears every Saturday night a Russian folk-tale told by his father. Not only have these stories been repeated to the little group, but they are being written out and already make a respectable volume. The stories are told in the language of the boys, and it is interesting to see how little the fine old Greek and mediæval tales suffer in translation into the speech of modern Boston streets.

## The Board of Health

A one-act play written because of a suggestion to "dramatize the Board of Health" for a club of boys.

#### Edith Guerrier

Copyright 1915

Characters

UNCLE SANTO CREPO

	Brother to Mrs. O'Creppican
Lucia	Housekeeper to Uncle
Mr. O'CREPPICAN	An American Citizen
Mrs. O'CREPPICAN	His Wife
Bridget	His Daughter
GLORIA	His Daughter
Patsy	His Son
Clarence	His Son
RORY ROOSEVELT	His Son
Mr. Smelt	A Board of Health Officer
MISS R. BENDORBRE	A Friendly Visitor
A POLICEMAN	ŕ
A FIREMAN	

Scene: Uncle's house in Italy.
Uncle sitting reading. His Housekeeper enters.

UNCLE: Well, Rafaella, after ten years I've heard from Petruchio. He seems to be getting along famously, but his English isn't as good as mine—though I've never been out of Italy. Here, you need practice, read his letter to me will

#### RAFAELLA reads:

DEAR BROTH': I taka my pen een hand to tella you that Americk he ees the grandest cauntry een the world. Mine house she ees lika palace, so swell is she—yella curtain, nella weenda, red velvet shares, an' green silka bed spread een parlor. I tell you she is gran. Mine

youngest ees name for the man uster be the Head of these Unita State, Theodore Roosevelt O'Creppican. We have good health and weesha you the same. Your loving broth', PATSY O'CREPPICAN.

broth', PATSY O'CREPPICAN.
P S. We never change our name, bot the school teach' she did and evrabod calla me like that—O'Creppican, not Santo Crepo. The boys she calla Theodore Rory, because he yella something awful eef things donta go hees way. I guessa he be a Head a ll right.

UNCLE: Rafaella, I am going to America.

RAFAELLA; O sir, and you so comfortable weetha nota wife, nota child for bother.

UNCLE: I want to see that grand country and you are quite able to take care of the house till I get back. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go and not let them know I'm coming, then I'll see just how things are without giving them a chance to get ready for company, and if Rory Roosevelt's what he should be, I'll educate him for President myself. Come now, let's go and look up my things and find out when the ship sails.

(They go out.)

Three weeks later. Mr. O'Creppican's house in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. O'Creppican at a table. Some bread and two cups of coffee between them.

MR. O'CREPPICAN: Now, Seraphina, I getta no work, so I must go een country. See I geeva you fifteen doll', evra cent I got, she mosta las' you till I get back.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN (sobbing into her apron): O

mina lofly Patsy. I no canna let you go.

MR. O'CREPPICAN: Well, I musta. I will come back reech you see. Kees me, mine own Seraphina. (They embrace, and Mr. O'Creppican goes out. Mrs. O'Creppican goes into another room and is heard to call out:)

Here, you boys, get out you lazy, idla, good for noting. (She comes back.) Mucha good they be, always in trauble. Nella scuola, nella strit, trauble evrawhere. (Patsy and Clarence come in rubbing their eyes.)

Patry: Say, ma, what time is it?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: She goin' be nine o'clock een fif minute, eef you don' goin' in the scuola now, I goin' to hitta you with a stick.

PATSY: Say, ma, give us five cents, will you? We don't want any of that old bread. We want to get some cake, don't we, Clarence?

CLARENCE: Sure! Come, ma, pass over the money.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: O, you dreadfla boys. Take it and be off weeth you. (They go out and Mrs. O'Creppican goes into the other room, where she is heard to say): Bridget, Gloria, Rory, get off the bed, I say. You've only gotta three min' for get to school. You must go senza breakfast, you hear. (She comes back and sits down.) I supposa I must take another board'. (Three children come in. Gloria goes to the table and begins to eat.)

Rory: Where's pa?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: He's gone for earn some mon' for you, and you musta mind yourself till he come back.

Rory: Oh, we'll behave all right. Come on, Bridge'. Bring along some of that bread, Glo'.

(They go out.)

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: Now if the shieldren an me she all sleep in the front room, and tha board', she sleep in the side room, I canna put noth' in the kitch'.

(A knock at the door. Enter Uncle Santo Crepo.)

Uncle: Good morning, madam, is your name O'Creppican?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: Yes, sir.

Uncle: I hear you take boarders.

Mrs. O'Creppican: Yes, sir.

Uncle: Will you take me?

Mrs. O'Creppican: Yes, sir. My osband she looka for work She losa tha job. Theesa cauntry she is awful poor place for poor Italians.

UNCLE: I thought this America was the kind of a place where people never got down like this, no matter what happened.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: When you got een this cauntry?

UNCLE (looking at his watch); One hour and twenty-five minutes ago.

Mrs. O'Creppican: O bella Napoli, bella Napoli.

UNCLE: Well, your bella Napoli is a place people are often glad to get away from. By the way, I thought this was a clean country.

Mrs. O'Creppican: Whata you mean?

UNCLE: Well, I mean the house is clean but the smell is enough to make any man sick enough to lose twenty jobs. What is it?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: I don' know; the shieldren she say she smell, and the osband, she say she smell, too. I don' know what she smell.

Uncle: Why don't you find out?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: I don' know.

UNCLE: Well, I should say, if you can't find out for yourself you better ask some one to find out for you. (Mrs. O'Creppican merely shrugs her shoulders.) What time do you give dinner?

Mrs. O'Creppican: Twelva, ona, twoa, any

UNCLE: I'll be back at twelve.

(The scene now changes to the street.)

UNCLE: Say, if you were going to board in a house where there was an awful smell, what would you do?

(The man stares at him and edges off. Uncle follows. Man screams.)

Man: Police! Police!

POLICEMAN (comes running): What's the matter?

UNCLE: I only asked what he'd do if he went to live in a house where there was an awful smell.

POLICEMAN: How long have you been here?

UNCLE: Just landed.

POLICEMAN: You don't look crazy.

UNCLE: I am not. I tell you there's an awful smell in No. 23 Lemon Alley, and I didn't suppose that America allowed such things.

POLICEMAN: She doesn't. You come along with me to the Board of Health. They'll fix you.

Office of the Board of Health.

MR. SMELT: We've laws enough here to make the whole city of Boston healthy if people would only use them. I can't be running into every back alley in town, every other day.

(Enter the Policeman and Uncle.)

POLICEMAN: They think this man's crazy in Ward Six because he wants to get rid of a smell in one of the allevs.

MR. SMELT: Well, I should think they would, but it's a sensible kind of craze. Tell us about it.

UNCLE: Well sir, I'm rather dazed. I landed to-day and was just pretty nearly crazy because all the books and papers I've read tell us the laws there are to make things clean, and I never saw a worse smelling hole than the one I'm going to board in.

MR. SMELT: You have come to the right place, my man. We can make the houses clean if the tenants will let us. What's the number of that house?

UNCLE: Number twenty-three Lemon Alley.

MR. SMELT: We'll kill that smell within twenty-four hours.

Uncle: Thank you, sir. (Uncle and the Policeman go out.)

On the street.

POLICEMAN: That's a great institution, that Board of Health.

UNCLE: It is. I knew America couldn't stand that smell.

Policeman: You're a queer one, but I guess you're all right.

At the O'Creppican House.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: It a mosta twelfa. Thata new board' she soon come. (A knock.) Come een. (Enter Mr. Smelt.)

MR. SMELT: I'm Mr. Smelt of the Board of Health. What's this disagreeable odor?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: Please, sir, I don' know.
MR. SMELT: Well, it's my business to find out.
I'll look in the hall first and then come in if I don't find it — so be ready. (He goes out.)

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: What is that a Board of Health? (Enter Rory.) I never hear of it before.

RORY. Oh, we hear enough about that in school. (Enter Mr. Smelt.)

MR SMELT: Madam, the plumbing in this house is enough to kill a cat. I put a quart of Sulpho Naphthol in there and I shall order the landlord to make it right inside a week. (He.goes out. Enter Uncle Santo Crepo.)

Uncle: Well, it seems to smell a little different.

Mrs. O'Creppican: (Aside.) I wouldn't have hees nose on me for a silka apron with a lace. (To Uncle.) You can make for eat saumthing now.

UNCLE: Where?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: She is on the stove, I bring. (She goes out and comes in with a plate of food.)

UNCLE (sits down and begins to eat): Is this goat's milk?

Mrs. O'Creppican: Thata groceria milk. She donta have goats in Americk.

UNCLE: Groceria? Groceria? I didn't learn that word. Is it a kind of cow? (A knock at the door.)

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: Caum. (Enter Miss Bendorbreak.)

MISS BENDORBREAK: I'm Miss Bendorbreak, from the Municipal and Social Club, on the corner of Salutation Alley. Your Patsy and Rory are in my Civic Primer Class.

Mrs. O'CREPPICAN: Yes'm.

Uncle: Excuse me, ma'am. What's a Civic primer class?

MISS BENDORBREAK: Why, it's a place where the children learn how the city is governed. Now there is the Board of Health. Suppose, for instance, that milk you are drinking had a queer taste.

Uncle: It has.

MISS BENDORBREAK: Let me smell it. (She does so, then draws a bottle from her pocket and pours a little milk into it, saying), I think the Board of Health ought to see that. What grocery did you get it from?

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: Righta there mam. (She points from the window:)

MISS BENDORBREAK: Well, I think I must be going. I just came to tell you we were to have a play on the 19th of April, and we wish you both to come to see it.

Mrs. O'Creppican: Grazie, tanto.

UNCLE: I'll come. Thank you very much, ma'am.

MISS BENDORBREAK: I've been telling the boys, Mrs. O'Creppican, that they ought to get up in time for breakfast. The teachers tell me that those children who go to school without breakfast always have poor lessons. Well, good-bye. I shall hope to see you at the play.

Uncle and Mrs. O'Creppican: Good-bye. (Exit Miss Bendorbreak.)

UNCLE: I'm a little tired after the boat, and if you will let me go to my room I'll rest awhile.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: You musta sleepa in kitch'. You taka bed off thata fire-escape. (Exit Uncle. Enter Rory and Patsy.)

PATSY: Say, ma, the civic primer woman told us the Board of Health wouldn't have any garbage, that's dirty food, kept in the house, nor they wouldn't have any people sleeping in the kitchen, nor anything on the fire escape.

RORY: And she said the Board of Health said, if you were sick you'd have to go to the Hospital.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN (Starting toward them with uplifted hands): You shieldren keepa steel, you letta that Boarder Health alone.

RORY: We don't want to let it alone. The civic primer woman says for us to learn what we ought to have and then get it if we want to be good American citizens. That's what she says and I am going to do it. (*Uncle enters.*)

UNCLE: That's the kind of talk. What's your

RORY: I am Theodore Roosevelt O'Creppican.
UNCLE: Well, I'm your mother's boarder and
I'm glad to meet you. (Gloria and Bridget come
in.)

BRIDGET: Say, ma, Tony Brotheretto's mother is crying so that you can hear her three blocks.

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: What's the matter?

BRIDGET: They carried Tony to the hospital with scarlet fever 'n' diphtheria 'n' put a red card on the door. She'd kept him hidden a whole week 'n' Rory went and told the civic primer woman. Mrs. Brotheretto says she'll scratch Rory's eyes out.

UNCLE: No, she won't, he's my countryman and I'll see him through. What did you tell for?

RORY: Why, the civic primer woman said if a person didn't have the best of care when he had that awful sickness he'd die, 'n' she said everybody else might get it from him easy's not, too.

UNCLE: Seems to me I smell smoke.

Rory: Well, if the front stairs caught fire I don't know what we'd do. The cots are on the fire-escapes and the stairs to the roof are all blocked up with barrels. (Heard outside.) FIRE! FIRE! (Patsy and Clarence run to the window.)

PATSY: What you givin' us? I s'pose you think you can scare us — say!! FIRE — FIRE! (Gloria opens door into hall.)

GLORIA: Oh, there is a fire!! The stairs are burning — Help! Help! (They rush to the windows, tumbling over one another. Fire engines are heard approaching.)

UNCLE: (At the window.) Fireman — I say there — put up a ladder — a ladder!

(Heard outside.) Go to the fire-escape, idiots! UNCLE: I tell you we can't — there are beds on it. A ladder, a ladder!

ALL: A ladder, a ladder!!

Uncle: There it is now — One at a time and the little ones first. (One by one they go out and a Fireman and Policeman come in.)

FIREMAN: Nothing but a scare any way. All out now.

POLICEMAN: There aren't any front stairs left, Came near being more than a scare.

FIREMAN: I wish the courts would put a woman in jail for one year every time she lights a fire with kerosene, and as for a woman who throws an exploding oil can on the stairs — I wish they'd hang her! Wonder where the poor critters who live here will sleep to-night? Guess they will have to scramble across to the next roof and climb down the upper stairs.

POLICEMAN: They'll have a job. The upper stairs are all blocked up with barrels. By the way, what did they say about the fire-escape?

FIREMAN (going to it): Blocked with cots. I should say the Board of Health better get a special force detailed to explain things to this family. (They go out, and in a few seconds Uncle and the family, except Bridget and Rory, enter.)

MRS. O'CREPPICAN: Mina bella Napoli! Theesa cauntry she ees the worsta cauntry, there ees nota peace at all.

UNCLE: Well, I'm glad there isn't. Seems as if I had been here ten years, yet it was only this morning I landed. (*Enter Bridget*.)

BRIDGET: Mrs. Brotheretto's caught Rory Roosevelt 'n' she's smashed him something awful. He was only doing what the civic primer woman told him to. (Enter Miss R. Bendorbreak.)

MISS BENDORBREAK: I took the liberty of climbing down, Mrs. O'Creppican, to see if there was anything I could do. I have just got an order for that grocery to stop selling milk because I find typhoid bacilli in it.

UNCLE: Mam, this is a great country. It seems to me you've machinery to make everything right if people will only set it going. I'm inclined to think, Mam, the American people are a lazy lot.

(Enter Rory limping with his eye tied up.)

RORY: I got it all right, but I don't care, the Board of Health's all right and me and the gang'll stand by 'em. There's lots more to um than there is to the movies. I'm going to be a good citizen—there!

MISS BENDORBREAK: Have you learned the song I taught you the other day?

Rory: You bet—that is to say—I mean—yes,

ma'am. I beg your pardon, ma'am. Come on, fellers, and you, Brid and Glo.

(The Children sing. Tune of Yankee Doodle.)

Who says you must not sell poor food, Nor offer milk that is not good, Nor ice that has impurities, Nor butter bad, nor mouldy cheese-THE BOARD OF HEALTH!

Who orders landlords left and right To make their dwellings clean and light, To have their plumbing smell as fine As needles from the fringed pine—
THE BOARD OF HEALTH!

Who says foul water shall not lie, On any street in public eye, Who says 'tis neither clean nor neat When garbage stands in public street—
THE BOARD OF HEALTH!

Who tells us what we ought to do To make our bodies feel like new, To cleanse us straight from every hurt That comes of living in the dirt-

THE BOARD OF HEALTH!

Uncle: Does the Board of Health do all that?

MISS BENDORBREAK: It does.

Mrs. O'CREPPICAN: She no sound so bad again as lasta time.

Rory: It isn't, ma, and I tell you we're going to work it for all it's worth and we're going to live the way American Citizens ought to live.

UNCLE: That boy shall have an education.

RORY: What did you say, Mister?

UNCLE: Now, look here, ma'am and children, don't call me Mister any more. I'm your own true and lawful uncle.

Rory: But our uncle is rich. He has a gold

UNCLE: Who told you that?

ALL: Father.

UNCLE: Well, I am rich, but I haven't any gold mine. I made my money by good honest cooking and anybody on Santa Lucia will tell you I'm the man who invented a dish of roast corn smothered in garlic and seasoned with a secret sauce that the King himself couldn't beat if he took to cooking — which it isn't likely he'll ever need to do.

Mrs. O'Creppican: O dear Broth', will you taka me and the shieldren een Napoli?

UNCLE: No, I won't. I'm going to stay here myself, and I'm going to spend my declining years learning about this grand Board of Health. As for Theodore Roosevelt, if his father will let me, I'll adopt him and educate him, until he's fit to serve on a Board of Health himself. (Enter Mr. Santo Creppo.)

MR. SANTA CREPO: I donta know who you

are, bot you talka righta. You just do what he says, Seraphina.

Rory: Hullo, Pa, did you get a job?

Mr. SANTO CREPO: Yes, I did when I struck a boarding-house where she maka tha light an tha cleana smell. I got such a good feel that I geta good job right off. I canna catch eet on the electrics and I canna keep eet eef we leeva like good American citizens.

Rory: Hurrah Pa, I'm with you. (Enter Mr.

Smelt with Policeman.)

Mr. Smelt: And so am I. I came up here to see about turning you folks out, but I'm going to let you stay and we'll all work together till we get this old hole fit to live in.

THE END

# Story-telling News from the Boston Public Library Branches

#### Brighton

MARION W. BRACKETT, Custodian

The inhabitants of our Library district are for the most part born Americans. The children who attend the story hour are mostly from Irish families living at some distance from the Library. We allow children too young to have a card, that is, from eight to ten years, as well as the older boys and girls. Of course, the results are a demand for the books containing the stories told, and I was recently informed by a teacher in a neighboring school, of progress made in composition work by pupils attending the Story Hour. One day the story-teller asked the children to tell her something that Lincoln had done. One boy raised his hand vigorously and exclaimed, "He pulled a horse out of the mud."

#### Charlestown

KATHERINE S. ROGAN, Custodian

The neighborhood, a little over a square mile in area, is very congested, with a population of about 40,000 made up of Americans, Irish, and Nova Scotians. The only foreigners are a few Hebrew and Armenian families. In the nine schools there are 6,415 children.

We invite only boys of twelve and over who have cards to attend the story hour. These boys come from a race of story lovers and story-tellers, and are good listeners. Their response is ready, and their anticipation correct. They sometimes

recognize in the Irish folk and fairy tales expressions of grandmothers and grandfathers, and help out the story-teller with an additional phrase about the 'Little People.'

After the story hour, the story-teller spends some time in the children's room, pointing out books which the stories suggest. A little girl came to the desk one evening, breathless from running. "Please give me the best book you have for my brother George. He's working at Kennedy's and can't come to the stories. He said to ask the boys up here if they finished the story of 'Poland' and 'Captain Gracious.'"

\* \*

#### East Boston

#### ELLEN O. WALKKEY, Custodian

This branch is near both the business center and the better residential section of a crowded neighborhood. Yet it is not too far from the lower streets for Isaac with the shining eyes, yellow-haired Jacob, violet-eyed Nora, swarthy Salvatore, blonde Hilda, petite Renée and Henriette—sisters straight out of a Boutet de Monvel picture—to find their way here daily and sit side by side with Edmund and Grace and Dorothy. Whatever their native land, they meet on common ground in the children's room and the story hour.

So many throng to the story hour, that it must needs be divided, boys and girls going by turns, every other week. Even then the group numbers from one to two hundred, whose voices, as they wait in line for the doors to be opened, are like the "murmuring of innumerable bees."

After the story hour—yes, days and weeks after—they ask for the "Story of Roland" (seventy-six of them in one evening, by actual count), or, "Captains Courageous," or, "In Chimney Corners," or, "Nils"—"The first story the man told us, you know."

\* \*

#### Jamaica Plain

#### MARY P. SWAIN, Custodian

Our neighborhood is composed of native born Americans. For nearly four years an average of about 80 children have enjoyed the story hour. The children remember the stories so well that when a substitute who had told stories five weeks previously came again, the children asked her to finish the story she had commenced and told her where she had left off.

#### Roxbury

#### HELEN M. BELL, Custodian

The immediate neighborhood is inhabited by Jews, Germans, Italians, Swedes, and Canadians. Both boys and girls from six to eleven attend. The results noted are that the children constantly ask for the books containing the stories told, and the children can often repeat in school the stories heard at the library.

\* \*

#### South Boston

### MAY J. MINTON, Custodian

Our community consists of Polish, Lithuanians, Irish, and a few Italians and Hebrews. The Story Hour has proved a connecting link between grammar and high school. If the boy has heard the story of the Odyssey or the Æneid he will at least know that what he is trying to read in Greek or Latin is really worth reading. The greatest work of the Story Hour is not in making the boys read the books, it is rather in teaching them the real worth of a book and incidentally of all books without a suspicion on their part that it is not all just "fun." For example, when I asked some boys why they went to the story hour, they answered. "Same reason we go to the Movies — for fun." It is then as a rival of the "Movies" that the Story Hour makes its strongest appeal to the child, and if anything can rival the "Movies" as they now exist, that thing should receive the hearty support of everybody.

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#### South End

#### MARGARET A. SHERIDAN, Custodian

In our district at least ten types are represented, Poles, Greeks, Russian Jews, Swedes, Syrians, Italians, French, Scotch, Chinese, and Americans. Children of all these nationalities attend the story hour

Many of the children of the neighborhood were losing the habit of coming to the library and frequenting, instead, the various moving picture shows in the district. The story hour has actually proved a counter attraction and drawn the children again to the branch.

After a few months of story-telling Mrs. Cronan asked for a list of books which were considered of great value yet not sufficiently used by the children. "Since the inauguration of the story hour," answered the librarian, "the books most worth while are all in circulation."

#### Upham's Corner

#### Josephine E. Kenney, Custodian

The people in this neighborhood are American, Irish, French, German, Italian, and the more prosperous new immigrants, including Jews of all kinds, Bohemians, etc. The story hour is attended by both boys and girls in equal numbers, from 9 to 12 years old. The results are growth in concentration, which is lacking in children constantly upset by departmental work. It keeps children off the street, provides wholesome amusement. Teaches them to listen.

One boy said that he had heard so many good stories he thought he could write some himself. Several children tried to write stories and suggested that the story-teller select and tell the best. The story hour appealed strongly to non-reading, non-approving parents who say that it is a good thing, and the story hour sign attracted many adults to the library.

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# West End

#### A. M. Robinson

Our district is populated largely by Hebrews. Our children are largely Jewish; nearly all of them are of foreign parentage, and some themselves of foreign birth. At the story hour the boys predominate in numbers, but all are well behaved and listen attentively and enthusiastically. Since the beginning of the story hour, we have had an average attendance of 120 children. Although the stories entertain the children, it lies in the inspiration that they receive and the introduction to the best things in literature. The story hour has increased the circulation considerably, but it has still another function, it forms a pleasant bond between the library and the child. is no obligation about the story hour, for they come because they enjoy it. To sum up the story hour:

- 1. It brings about friendly relations between the library and the child.
  - 2. Teaches lessons of moral value.
  - 3. Gives inspiration.
  - 4. Entertains the children.
  - 5. Increases the circulation.

A small boy asked for "a book about the giants." As he did not seem to be getting any satisfaction, in a flash of inspiration I asked if he was at the last story hour. He was, and it was finally ascertained that he referred to nothing so puerile as "Jack the Giant Killer," or any of his kind, but to no lesser personages than "Fafner" and "Fasolt," the giants of the Rhinegold.

### Books on Story-Telling in the Boston Public

#### Library

Library	
Bailey For the Story Teller	
For the Story-Teller Bailey and Lewis	3599a 397
For the Children's Hour	Z.130C24.1
Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories	7599.111
Bryant	(3))
How to Tell Stories to Children	Z.130b7.1
Stories to Tell to Children	Z.130b7.2
Best Stories to Tell Children Coe	Z.130b7.3
First Book of Stories	7 F =0.
Second Book of Stories	Z.F.7c1 Z.F.7c2
Colby	2.1./02
Literature and Life in School	2256.56
Cox	
Literature in the Common Schools	3599.251
Danielson Storm talling Time	7
Story-telling Time Field	Z.130C37.1
Fingerposts to Children's Reading	2164.49
Hoxie	2104.49
Kindergarten Story Book	Z.130C25.1
Keyes	77
Stories and Story-telling Lindsay	Z.40a21.1
Mother Stories	Z.130C13.3
Lyman	2.130013.5
Story-telling: What to Tell and How to	
Tell it	Z.40a12.2
MacClintock	0
Literature in the Elementary Schools McMurry	3598. 373
Special Method in Reading in the Grades	3598.242
O'Grady and Throop	33901242
The Story-teller's Book	Z.40b24.1
Olcott	7
The Children's Reading	Z.40a20.1
Story-telling Poems Partridge E. N. and G. E.	Z.40e82.1
Story-telling in School and Home	Z.40a19.1
Poulsson	
In the Child's World	Z.13cc35.1
Richards	7 F
The Golden Windows	Z.F.11119
A History of Story-telling	2127.192
St. John	,
Stories and Story-telling	3599a357
Wiggin and Smith	7.5
The Story Hour	Z.F.24w13
Wyche Some Great Stories and How to Tell Then	7.40216 1
Joine Great Stories and 110% to 18h Then	. 2.40010.1

# List of Continued Stories Told by Mr. and Mrs. Cronan

Andrews — The Marshall.
Baldwin — The Story of Roland.
Bennett — Master Skylark.
Burnett — The Secret Garden.
Cervantes — Don Quixote.
Chapin — Königskinder.
Church — Charlemagne.
Churchill — The Crossing.
Colum — Boy in Erin.
Cooper — Last of the Mohicans.
Dickens — Oliver Twist.
Dragoumis — Under Greek Skies.
French — Lance of Kanana.
Hugo — Jean Valjean.
Jenks — Ba-long-long.
Kingsley — Water Babies.
Kipling — "Captains Courageous."
Kipling — Jungle Book.

Lägerlöf - Further Adventures of Nils. Maeterlinck — The Blue Bird.

Mackie — Ye Lyttle Salem Maide.

Pyle — King Arthur and his Knights.

Renninger — Story of Rustem.

Rolleston — High Deeds of Finn.

Schultz — Sinopah — the Indian Boy.

Sewall — Virginia Cavalier. Scott - Ivanhoe. Stein - Gabriel and the Hour Book. Stevenson - Treasure Island. Spenser - The Faerie Queene. Swift - Gulliver's Travels. Sienkiewicz - Desert and Wilderness. Yonge — The Little Duke.

Miss J. Maude Campbell, Chairman of the Massachusetts State Library Commission, sends the following:

The Story Hour in the following libraries in Massachusetts is conducted by the librarian, children's librarian, or one of the assistants. Those at Wakefield and Millbury are conducted by the Women's Club.

> Ashland Auburn Bridgewater Brookfield Brookline Cotuit

Chicopee Haverhill Leicester Leominister Milton Pittsfield

Westfield

# "The Deed's the Thing"

EDITH GUERRIER

Custodian North End Branch

A FRIEND has never forgotten that years ago when she visited me she found on my table two books, "Aristotle's Poetics" and "Mrs. Farmer's Cook Book."

I hadn't been able to get the different kinds of food making a meal, done at the same time. While my mind was on the coffee, the cereal burned; the fire got low and ruined the pop-overs—the table hadn't been set, and so on-my meal was anything but an "action complete and whole with an orderly arrangement of parts." But while reading the "Poetics" it came to me to interest myself in the plot and to so fit the incidents of fruit, coffee, cereal, eggs, muffins, etc., that the function of breakfast should be regarded as a "complete whole." I became interested in the unity of the breakfast, and in consequence all of the family became interested in the result.

Previous to this interest on my part—the one who was very fond of eggs had eaten enough to last till noon,—another day the one who could live on coffee had taken four cups, or, when I had remembered fruit,-another had declared fruit always satisfied her, and so one or more of the family had usually been content. With the help of the "Poetics," as well as the cook book, the time came when all were content.

As the "Poetics," which deals with the art of presenting a story, led to the construction of a breakfast worthy of the name, the practise of that concrete example reacted to help my point of view regarding story-telling.

First, I had to see the thing as one action,—a complete whole; second, the parts composing it must be in order; third, the one doing the thing must enjoy doing it to the point of doing it unconsciously or without fatigue.

Like my piecemeal breakfast, many story-tellers can perfectly satisfy a limited audience. The delicate and charming story-teller is appreciated by cultured audiences. The rough and ready narrator, on the other hand, can hold spell-bound the so-called common people. Few indeed can touch alike all hearts. It is the great and inspiring ideal of the true enthusiast in story-telling to give a story with such universal value that every listener shall find in it something for himself.

It is the deed the listener wants put before him and one who cannot visualize the deed for himself should not undertake to do it for others. Facial expression, gesture and even correct English come second to this. To illustrate this point, imagine a boy with his eye glued to the one knot-hole in a fence surrounding a base-ball field. Is he not sure of an audience tensely attentive, highly appreciative? Listening to him is the next thing to seeing the game for oneself, yet his back is to the audience, his two hands pressed against the boards for support. No wonder the ancients represented the greatest of story-tellers as blind. With intuitive sense of the fitness of things they realized that the inner sight with which he saw his story was all he needed.

I do not mean to say that facial expression, gesture and pure English are not to be strongly considered, but they should attend the deed as pots and pans attend the breakfast, by serving a useful purpose in a perfectly unobtrusive way. What made the great epics literature was the fact that story-tellers dwelt on the deed. The vehicle of presentation was like the plain Greek square of cloth flung round the body in such a way as to accentuate its beautiful curves and give a sense of completeness.

It is the hero the children wish to see and if the chariot in which he rides is too golden, too ornate, too unusual, it may cause the gaze to wander from the man. Is is an anticlimax to say that the man must be a hero, that the deed must be one worth telling? I think it is, for every story-teller who loves her art knows that

"God is seen God, In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

15. Goose Girl 16. Six Swans

2. Phaethon

1. Baucis and Philemon

### Graded Story Hour Lists used at the Library Clubhouse

Folk Tales. Fo	ourth Grade List
1. Cinderella	17. House in the Wood
2. Three Bears	18. Fisherman and his Wife
3. Puss in Boots	19. Faithful John
4. Red Riding Hood	20. Ugly Duckling
5. Jack and the Beanstalk	21. Red Shoes
6. Dick Whittington	22. Fir-Tree
7. Sleeping Beauty	23. Swineherd
8. Tom Thumb	24. Emperor's Nightingale
9. Diamonds and Toads	25. Snow Queen
10. Golden Goose	26. So Fat and Mew Mew
11. Thumbelina	27. Granny's Wonderful
	Chair
12. Hansel and Grethel	28. Princess on the Glass Hill
13. Frog Prince	29. Peter Rabbit
14. Faithful Beasts	30. Benjamin Bunny
Cooss Ciul	Table Carrier Titule Cities a

#### Myths, Legends and History. Fifth Grade List

tain

17. Ruth 18. Samuel

30. Benjamin Bunny
31. Seven Little Sisters
32. The Enchanted Moun-

3.	Pandora	19. Esther
4.	Cadmus	20. Job
5.	Midas	21. David
6.	Jason	22. Daniel
7.	Persephone	23. Jonah
8.	Perseus	24. Columbus
9.	Atalanta — Arachne —	·
	Clytie	25. Cortez
0.	Story of Thanksgiving	26. Balboa
	Noah	27. Pilgrims
2.	Abraham	28. Indians
3.	Christmas	29. Colonial Tales
	Jacob	30. George Washington
ξ.	Joseph	31. Benjamin Franklin
6.	Joseph Moses	32. Memorial Day
		J
	Favorite Stories-	-Sixth Grade List

1.	St. Kenneth	17. Heidi
2.	St. Werburg	18. Rasselas
	Purple Jar	19. Child of Urbino
	Captain January	20. Picciola
	Pot of Gold	21. Hans Brinker
	Peterkin Papers	22. Prince and Pauper
	Rip Van Winkle	23. Nurnburg Stove
	King of the Golden	24. Dog of Flanders
•	River	24. 2 08 01 1
	Gray Champion	25. Great Stone Face
10.	Birds' Christmas Carol	26. Lance of Kanana
11.	Christmas Carol by	27. Adventures of Nils
	Dickens	•
12.	Christmas Every Day	28. Master Skylark
	Jackanapes	29. Timothy's Quest
	Black Beauty	30. Secret Garden
	Story of a Short Life	31. Lost Prince
	Lord Fauntieroy	32. Captains Courageous
		J Com-ug-on-

#### List of Poems for Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Grades

Charge of the Light Brigade	Tennyson
Snowbound	Whittier
Kitten and the Falling Leaves	Wordsworth
Skylark	Shelley
John Gilpin	Cowper
The Grasshopper and Cricket	Keats
Ghent to Aix	Browning
Pied Piper	Browning
Robert of Sicily	Longfellow
Myles Standish	Longfellow
To a Waterfowl	Bryant
Ancient Mariner	Coleridge
Sir Launfal	Lowell
Tam o' Shanter	Burns
The Prisoner of Chillon	Byron

Each and All	Emerson
Mountain and the Squirrel	Emerson
Abou Ben Adhem	Hunt
The Fairies of the Caldon-Low	Howitt
How the Old Horse won the Bet	Holmes
Chambered Nautilus	Holmes
Bunker Hill	Holmes
Winstanley	lngelow
Songs of Seven	Ingelow
Comus	Milton
Lady of the Lake	Scott
The Sandpiper	Thaxter
The Swan's Nest	Mrs. Browning
O Captain! My Captain!	Whitman
Dickens in Camp	Bret Harte
Home Folks	Riley
Maymie's Story of Red Riding Hood	"
The Little Land	Stevenson

### Seventh Grade History Stories

Ι.	Northmen	14. Concord and Lexington
2.	Columbus	15. Bunker Hill
3.	Cabot	16. George Washington
4.	Magellan	17. Israel Putnam
5.	Cartier	18. Benjamin Franklin
6.	De Soto	19. Daniel Boone
7.	Champlain	20. Daniel Webster
8.	Raleigh	21. Lewis and Clarke
g.	Pilgrims	22. Grant
ió.	Henry Hudson	23. Lincoln
.11	Indian Stories	24. Story of the steamboat
12.	Colonial Days	25. Story of the railroad
	Dante Con Douber	- C C +

13. Boston Tea Party 26. Story of the telegraph 27. Story of the telephone

### Eighth Grade List

2. Æneid 3. Odyssey 4. Rhinegold 5. Walküre 6. Siegfried 7. Gotterdammerüng 8. Frithiof 9. Olaf 11. Undine 12. Spenser Una and the Lion 13. Chaucer Palamon and Arcite 14. Coming of Arthur 15. Gareth and Lynnette 16. Enid 17. Hiawatha's Wooing 18. Evening Star	1.	Iliad	10.	Faust		
Lion 4. Rhinegold 5. Walküre 6. Siegfried 7. Gotterdammerüng 8. Frithiof Lion 13. Chaucer Palamon and Arcite 14. Coming of Arthur 15. Gareth and Lynnette 16. Enid 17. Hiawatha's Wooing	2.	Æneid	11.	Undine		
Arcite 5. Walküre 6. Siegfried 7. Gotterdammerüng 8. Frithiof  Arcite 14. Coming of Arthur 15. Gareth and Lynnette 16. Enid 17. Hiawatha's Wooing	3·	Odyssey	12.		Una an	d the
7. Gotterdammerüng 16. Enid 17. Hiawatha's Wooing	Ċ		13.		Palamoi	ı and
7. Gotterdammerüng 16. Enid 17. Hiawatha's Wooing	5.	Walküre	14.	Coming o	f Arthur	
8. Frithiof 17. Hiawatha's Wooing	6.	Siegfried	15.			tte
o Olaf			17.	Hiawatha	's Wooin	g
	9.	Olaf			Star	_
19. Departure		1	9. Depart	ure		

#### First Year High

	Robinson Crusoe	15.	David Copperfield
2.	Last of the Mohicans	16.	Lorna Doone
3.	Ramona.	17.	Les Miserables
4.	Vicar of Wakefield		Kim
5.	John Halifax Gentleman	19.	Henry Esmond
6.	Scottish Chiefs	20.	The Shuttle
7.	Last Days of Pompeii	21.	Conquest of Canaan
8.	Kipnapped	22.	T. Tembarom
9.	David Balfour	23.	Peasant Sage of Old
			Japan
10.	Silas Marner	24.	Alice Freeman Palmer
11.	Adam Bede	25.	Henry M. Stanley
12.	Tale of Two Cities		Helen Keller
13.	Talisman	27.	Florence Nightingale
	A Roman Singer		

	Second	Year High
1.	Alfred	13. Goldsmith
	Arthur	14. Cowper
3.	Chaucer	15. Burns
4.	Spenser	ıĞ. Wordsworth
ς.	Sidney	17. Scott
<b>6</b> .	Shakespeare	18. Coleridge
7.	Milton	19. Lamb
<b>8</b> .	Bunyan	20. Austen
	Dryden	21. Carlyle
	Defoe	22. Tennyson
11.	Swift	23. Browning

12. Addison



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#### Travel List - Third Year High School

Crossing London Interlaken and Thun Stratford St. Gothard and Lakes Chester Milan Oxford Genoa Paris Pisa Antwerp Ravenna The Hague Florence Amsterdam Assisi Berlin Rome The Rhine Naples Heidelberg Pompeii Basle Granada Black Forest Gibraltar

#### Music List-Fourth Year High

1685-1750	Bach	1802—1835	Bellini
1685-1759	Handel		Mendelssohn
17141787	Gluck	1809—1849	Chopin
1732-1809	Hayden	1810-1856	Schumann
1756-1791	Mozart	1811—1886	Liszt
1770-1827	Beethoven	1813—1883	Wagner
1792—1868	Rossini	1813-1900	Verdi
1786-1826	Weber	181Š—1893	Gounod
1791-1864	Meyerbeer	1829—1894	Rubinstein
1797-1828	Schubert	1833—1897	Brahms

# List of Ethical Subjects for Discussion with all Grades

Cleanliness Order Kindness Obedience Perseverance Beauty
Friendship
Good Comradeship
Honesty
Justice

Unselfishness
Ambition
Gratitude
Humility
Generosity
Faithfulness
Keeping a promise
Loyalty
Usefulness
Courage
Courtesy

Self-Respect
Self-Reliance
Self-Control
Patriotism
Habit
Efficiency
Power
Time, use of
Responsibility
Truth
Love

# Announcements

May 15. Business Meeting.

May 22. "Around the World," Miss Margaret Thomas.

May 26. Wednesday. Operetta by younger groups of the L. C. H.

May 29. No Meeting. Pleasant holiday.

June 2. Wednesday. Party to Mothers and Volunteers.

June 12. Business Meeting.

The Thursday Evening Group, assisted by the afternoon groups, will give the "National Flower," an operetta, on Wednesday evening, May 26, 1915, at 7.45 P.M., in the North Bennet Industrial School Hall. Tickets, 25 cents. Please send large orders for a goodly number of tickets to Miss R. G. Heiman, 18 Hull St., Boston.

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# S. E. G. News

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June 12, 1915

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Library Clubhouse

North End Items

Schools

The Library

Immigration

Dancing

Music

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# EDITORIAL

# Practical Democracy: An Experiment

#### F. GOLDSTEIN

ANOTHER S. E. G. year has flown away! Another page of pleasant memories added to the past. It seems but yesterday that we were all astir and abustle, anxiously awaiting the results of this year's novel experiment; viz., a group of girls assuming the management of an undertaking in which they themselves for many years had served as the experimentees. And now, the work which we had so enthusiastically contemplated is done. But no, not really done. It has only just

commenced to grow under our magic touch, the magic of sympathetic understanding and genial comradeship.

Comradeship, understanding, and the opportunity to test out a practical democracy, these are the greatest things that the year has hallowed. A rebirth has taken place amidst us. From those who for many years were the "mañaged," we have become joint "managers." The attendant difference of feeling that goes with two such extremes is so great, that unless one has himself been through the so-called mill, and experienced these diverse, indescribable sensations, that attendant feeling is unimaginable.

Children are the same the world over. It is the child's divine right to accept so long as he is a child, but with maturity and understanding the child raised in congested districts is different from his more fortunate brother. He is almost hyper-sensitive about accepting, and charity as it is administered through the social welfare movement is most galling. Modern charity is seldom uplifting, for statistics contradict the teaching of "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Independence and interdependence are the best life stimulants, for with these and self-respect, the least of us can succeed.

Democracy is impossible between children and adults. Although all may accept during childhood, upon the dawn of reason children must learn to give and to share. Pure democracy is only possible in a state where men not only share their wealth, which too often is nothing but an economic accident, but even in the sharing, share that vital part,—themselves,—for the betterment of mankind. Democracy is only applicable to adults, for every man, no matter how humble his lot, has something to share in promoting the common welfare, as the greatest thing in life that counts is the broadest love,—Practical Brotherhood. What more harmonious than such a state.

This, then, is the gift of the year for the S. E. G., and through this gift of harmonious and practical "Sisterhood" we have been permitted to try out a very unusual experiment. This experiment

of managing ourselves and the Library Clubhouse groups is a very serious undertaking, for it aims to prove that loyalty to a worthy cause of which we have so often boasted, and the ability to meet responsibility.

It is generally conceded in social work that the maximum lite for a club is five years. Contrary to this theory, we have held together three times five years and are now ready to face the next.

What now? Another year to look forward to. Another year ahead to show our City Fathers that all is not in vain. And so, now that we have tested out the strength of our experiment we feel more confident of the future success of our L. C. H. under a municipal roof.

In our S. E. G. paper we have tried to send forth the best within us, the message of life which so long had been knocking at the gates of our consciousness. We believe that the keynote of success is that harmony which is the foundation of universal progress. Progress is life, and the S. E. G. stand for live progress. In our paper we have tried to voice truthfully our opinions on the art of living as we know it, and throughout we have tried to hold before us an ideal of the highest service.

And now S. E. G., comrades, friends, and subscribers, the editors take this opportunity to thank you one and all, for the splendid co-operation and encouragement which you have tendered us during the year, and in closing we wish you all a very pleasant and delightful summer. A summer full of the joys of living, so that we may again be ready to play together in our work of the coming year.

# Salesmanship as a Profession

SARAH SIMES

A word about Salesmanship, a work that I greatly enjoy, and therefore, I shall aim to prove that selling is an art, and when scientifically applied can be ranked among the professions. Work is usually divided into either skilled or unskilled labor. The first requires training, and is useful in all trades. Whereas, in the olden times there were few trades, nowadays, there are many trades and sub-divisions which create many new by-ways.

The problem of the old merchant was to find goods. He was known as a tradesman, but modern salesmanship and department stores are practically a new development. Most stores are continually trying to improve the service given to customers. The main thing in selling is dealing with human beings. This alone proves that salesmanship is a profession and a very broad one, too.

A salesperson meets daily many types of customers. For example, it may be interesting for one to spend a day on the suit room floor in one of the large department stores. Various types of people come here all for the same purpose, yet each with a different idea in mind. The salesperson must not only have tact and taste to suit them all, but also an infinite amount of patience and a pleasing personality. In order to make good, she must in addition understand merchandlse, and have some idea of color and design.

There are now regular courses given in the higher schools on this subject, for buyers are at last realizing that their merchandise cannot be left to the mercy of untrained salespeople. The owners of large concerns know now that their customers must be approached by people who understand human nature and know how to deal with the different types. The saleswoman who makes an art of her work, and puts it on a level with the other professions, is the one sought by all the large department stores. These stores, too, now see that the best buyers cannot make good unless they have intelligent salespeople to sell their merchandise.

A very common type of customer is the one who likes everything you show her. She agrees that everything is nice, but tries nothing on. When you have shown her everything you have in stock, she still asks if there is anything else. The mistake here was made in showing her everything. It would be wiser to show such a customer only three or four things, get up a conversation on one or two of those shown, and in this way fix something in the customer's mind. Make her try on the garment. You will then surely find out what she really likes and wants. Now is the time to bring that particular garment out of stock. She may not buy it that day, but she will surely come back, for her mind is now at least centered on one thing.

This type of customer has barely left the department when another kind appears on the scene. This one is just the opposite of the first. She does not like anything. Something has doubtless happened on her way to the store which has upset The tactful salesperson will perhaps start a conversation and try to get her out of that frame of mind. Do not give her a chance to criticise anything. Try something right on. To an efficient saleswoman a mere glance is, of course, enough to show just what will look well on the customer. Every woman likes becoming lines. Gradually you will get your customer out of that frame of mind with which she entered, and she will soon be flattered into thinking herself a model.

Madam "Know it all" is our third type. She knows that this garment is not all wool, and the other is not all linen. She also knows that the third is not of the latest cut. It is wise to let her know it all. Do not argue with her. On the contrary, ask her advice. Try something on yourself, for in this way you can get nearer to your customer. From her criticisms you can soon find out what she really likes and knows, and when you show her what she wants, madam will soon lose confidence in herself and ask your advice.

Before the day is over you will probably meet the customer who won't speak. She is either a foreigner, or else very timid. The disagreeable customer, who comes in to snap you up and make trouble, will very likely also make her appearance. These customers all need individual attention, and a competent saleswoman must meet all these cases. Salesmanship is therefore a profession, and a successful salesperson must have training, experience, and initiative.

# Lexington to Pepperell

DEAR OTHER S. E. G.:

Yes, we'll tell you all about it. You remember that "Lexington to Pepperell" was the cry of eleven S. E. G. from April 19 to May 31. The Editor started it, and one by one ten other big and little ones took it up, and now it is over and the new cry is "a legomobile trip to the mountains."

Did we do it? Yes, we did. It began at Park Street, Saturday, the 29th, at 1.15 P.M. The Fannys—three of them—big, middle-sized one, and little wee one, arrived first. Before we boarded our car, the little wee one asked if there were pickles in the luncheons, and told us that her family had ordered black gowns and a memorial wreath. The middle-sized one began to worry for fear her brother would let the ice chest run over, and wouldn't feed the cat. Everybody knows her mother is in New York with little? the first grand-child. The great big one had a perfectly natural "wet your lips and look pleasant" expression fixed on her countenance. As for Sarah 1st, and Gertrude, they wanted their pictures taken "like before and after." Celia wore gloves and a ladylike expression,—not to mention a perfectly good last spring style suit. Sarah the 2nd and Tillie had brand-new linen suits for the occasion. Albina was calm, but ready for anything. Rebecca was, as usual, agreeably ready to conduct, or to be conducted. The conductor for the trip was principally occupied in trying to make a card catalogue of her underskirt pockets and their contents, beginning with D,—"drinking cup," and going down the alphabet to R—road map.

At Lexington we had one of the T. A. G.'s (Thursday afternoon girls) take a picture of our devoted band and then the walk began. With Celia and the littlest Fanny leading we started merrily toward Concord. Instead of following the Bedford road we kept to Massachusetts Ave., which meant dodging automobiles every five seconds. We counted these dodges as four miles, which added to the actual six miles, made ten in all by the time we reached Merriam's Corner, where the sharpest fighting which took place in Concord occurred on the 19th of April in '75.

The points of interest after this were so numerous that we felt as if living in a storybook. The little white arbor where the Concord grape was propagated; Hawthorne's house, with its tower study, in which the author wrote with his back to the view; the Alcott house, where "Little Women" played, and Mr. Alcott sat dreaming his famous conversations while Mrs. Alcott wondered how she could get up a meal from several dandelion leaves, a russet apple, and a few pine cones. Emerson's big square mansion, its sheds filled with neatly piled wood, which spoke of many open fireplaces within. Then house after house of lesser interest, but each noteworthy had it been the one place "with a story" in the town.

We were to put up at The Wright Tavern, where Major Pitcairn stirred the punch remarking that "so he would stir the rebels' blood before night." A smell of vinegar about the place informed us that the next day's luncheons (sent ahead by express) with plenty of pickles for the "little wee one" had arrived. Comforted by this assurance, we sat outside the tavern while Celia and the conductor hunted up a police station to give in charge a Boston terrier with marked collar that had followed us from the outskirts of Lexington. The townhall was open, but the town officials were presumably at a five o'clock After pounding and shouting at every door in the building, we took the dog back to the tavern and telephoned his mistress, who replied with obvious emphasis, "See that he is well taken care of and I will call for him, and that will be all."

The dog's business transacted, we strolled past the Old Manse to the North bridge. There under the protection of the "Minute Man" we ate our supper, read a few little bits of verse, watched the red-winged blackbirds in arrowy flight across and across the marshes and the quiet river and, as the mist began to march along the valley, wandered back to the old inn. Those who wished to imagine that they were hearing a piano stayed with Celia in the Inn parlor, while those who wished to see the French statue of Emerson went to the Library with the Conductor. The statue, a sitting figure, clothed in loose, flowing gown, has the compelling calm of conscious power, and one must speak low in its presence. It is difficult to get far enough away to fully appreciate it, and we dared think it would be more appropriately placed on the green lawn of the library, rather than in the small rotunda so filled already with material of literary and historic interest that it almost appears cluttered.

The flower-scented air of the summer night seemed more attractive than that of the Inn parlor, and as the stars began to show in the heavens and on the placid surface of the silent river, we paddled toward Fairhaven Bay with intervals of song and talk and silence.

The floor we occupied at the tavern for the night became a boarding school dormitory with four in one room, three in another, and two in each of the others. Lying in my bed, with the lights of the square shining in, I read the 18th century in the 14-inch beam across the ceiling, in sagging floor and small paned windows; the 19th century in pictured wall paper, blocked up fire-place, and solemn chromo over the mantel of a dull blue castle (or gas house) on a dull blue bank by a dull blue stream; the 20th century in radiators, electric lights, and alarm clock; and then—before the 21st century I fell asleep.

Six A. M. The world aglow with green and gold, the orioles carolling "up and away, up and away. The white road calls you, the little gray cottage in the hills is expecting you." There were those who did not appreciate a European breakfast, but they played that the rolls were from the same dough that made Washington's breakfast in '76, and that the coffee had grown cold because Major Pitcairn poured it so long ago. With laugh and jest we slung our 6 1-4 cent cambric knapsacks over our shoulders, and bidding good-bye to the pleasantest of landladies took the first step of the 21 miles ahead of us.

Contrary to all rules of walking we maintained a good pace. Over the stone bridge, across the Sudbury River, by the Concord Reformatory, over the Assabet, and along the bank of Nashoba Brook to Nagog Pond in North Acton, 7 1-2 miles from Concord. "Acton men," said some well-informed S. E. G., "were among the first to get to the battle ground on the 19th in 1775," and according to history they were.

The peaceful pond with memories of painted Indians and red-coated British soldiers now be-

came a foot-bath for those who thought they had blisters coming; and the "little wee one" in full view of the world passing in motors, drew forth alcohol and ointment and a fresh pair of shoes; and - but, by this time the party augmented by one intrepid suffragist man, began the second stage of the hike, 3 1-2 miles farther on, the "great big one" was found to be limping and confessed to having five blisters. She would not accept a ride if she walked on her hands, she said, but it being Sunday and Memorial Day at that, such a performance could not be allowed. We therefore hailed a motor with empty seats and with the help of the man, and the fact that there were eleven against one, we hoisted her aboard, threw in our parcels, and freed from the weight of hard boiled eggs and the smell of pickles, gambled and leapt along the trail. Three miles brought us to a pleasant grove in Littleton, where lay our sleeping beauty with packages and coats tastefully arranged about her lowly couch.

Littleton has its Indian memories. Among the Indians converted to Christianity by the Rev. John Eliot were the Sachem Tahaltawan and many of his people who expressed a desire to become civilized and to have a town given them at Nashobah, the Indian name for Littleton.

We will not dwell upon the scene at luncheon, excepting to say that we had enough. It was a bit hard untwisting one's legs and cranking up one's knees, but by the time we reached Groton we had style enough for even that exclusive town, that is, all but the "little wee one." We wished we hadn't given her all our pickles for luncheon, and the man was glad she was little; and — she didn't have to be hoisted into a motor, she begged to get in and wanted to stay there forever.

Groton on a Sunday is like the village that went to sleep for a hundred years. The speckless white mansions surrounded by pleasing gardens, guarded by stately elms, the surrounding meadows yellow with butter-cups, the distant mountains "so blue and so far" breathe a peace that makes the mere mention of pioneer days seem history more ancient than the building of the pyramids.

At Holliston station, some two miles from Groton we crossed the Nashua River and followed a dusty cart road up into the hills, the region of birds and flowers; bellwort and wild oats, columbine, painted-cup, Solomon's seal, star of Bethlehem, blue-eyed grass, lady's slippers, butter-cups, anemonies, cinque foil, clover, wild geranium, fringed polygola (which the editor would call "polygamy," and the refined Tillie, "Pollygolly") violets, yarrow, and houstonia, most of these you will find in Volume 1 of the "Walking Book," now in the press.

I forgot to mention that the "little wee one" was dropped by the motor at the end of 2 miles, but so refreshed that after we had watered her at a wayside farm and given her the smell of a pickle, she limbered up enough to lumber on. When we reached the top of the world, one mile from the S. E. G. Country Club, we felt it necessary to say that we were in the back yard, and her mind was so taken up with the thought of the tax bill all the rest of the way, that before she had time to unlimber, we smelled the baked beans in our own kitchen and Concord was 21 miles behind us.

Celia and Sarah, the first to arrive, were dancing in the front yard and Annie and Lillie, our careful Marthas, who received most heartfelt thanks and blessings, gave us, first, kind words, second, hot water and soap, third, plenty to eat.

Now it is Tuesday morning and this letter writer sits in the sleeping porch and watches the new leaves answer the call of the sunbeams to send their shadows dancing along the old gray wall. The only sounds are chirping of birds and the clucking of a mother hen moving with her brood among last years leaves. The mountains, blue in the distance, whisper across the dark pines of the intervening forest, "Come to us," and I answer, "Blow, wind, across the pines and say, 'Yes, some day walking gayly along the sunlit roads we will visit you."

Yours leisurely,
The Conductor.

# S. E. G. Camp Report

By Edna E. Winship

Camp Director

Number of girls at camp not less than	
two days	87
Number of meals given	4732
Number of weeks board	225
Cost of camp per week including every-	
thing	\$6.11
Total cost of camp	\$1375.32
Expenses itemized	
Boat, repairs on	\$ 18.20
Carpenter's supplies	31.17
Carriage, new	25.00
Closing camp	4.50
Cost of cow	60.00
Board of cow	26.36
Farm expenses	11.61
Fish	15.73
Fruit	37.40
Furnishings	92.05
Groceries	290.85

Horse (shoeing and board)	\$57.94
*Hens	24.92
Laundry and cleansing	46.59
Meat	1.22
Repairs and labor	73.35
Salaries	375.00
Transportation	40.02
Vegetables	46.39
Wood	50.25
Unclassified (postage, etc.)	46.77
	\$1375.32

\*This figure includes buying the hens, selling them at a loss and grain bought for them.

# The Playground

SADIE GUTTENTAG

"PLAY represents the vital part without which we cannot grow at all."

Joseph Lee, member of the Boston School Committee, thus expresses the necessity of play. Play is life to the child; — his real business, not merely recreation as it is to older people. The realization of this necessity is not, however, at present sufficient, as means for proper play must still be provided. One may say, "I played as a child without the aid of the community." It may have been so, but what of those children to-day who have a poor playground or none at all? In the country the child may at least have the playground, even if he lacks tools, or playmates. The city child in congested districts with no open spaces usually has only the street for his playground. But is this not a poor playground, since it is rather a place for grown-ups and their various businesses? Here the boy's play instinct is oft perverted into breaking the law with the same enthusiasm that might be aroused by a game. Perhaps the child lives in a district where a field is available, but it is too often monopolized by the older boys for baseball and like sports. The younger children, therefore, are left the curbstone and gutter for their playground. Thus we must concede the necessity of a proper playground with its necessary tools and companions.

With our modern ideas of the value of good health has come the recognition that play in the open air is most beneficial. As far back as 1821 we find the recognition of this fact in the record of the first out-door gymnasium at the Salem High School. In 1825, and the years following, similar gymnasiums were to be found at Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Williams, and Brown Colleges, and at the New York High Schools. By 1830 the enthusiasm had somewhat died down, but in 1872, the Brookline town meeting voted to pur-

chase land for playground purposes. Four years later the first park playground was opened in Washington Park, Chicago. Still all these attempts provided only for older individuals.

There now came the consideration for a place where very young children might play, also play spaces for older children, and then, the realization that something to do must be provided. Boston made the first attempt to establish an out-door playground of sand gardens in America. Dr. Marie Zakerzewska visiting in Berlin wrote to the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association of sand heaps in the public parks there. Three piles of sand were then placed in the yards of the Children's Mission on Parmenter Street, right here in the North End. These proved so successful that the next year ten heaps were placed in various tenement yards, and one in a schoolyard. schoolyard was opened for three hours a day for small children, with a kindergartner in charge. This was the first organized and supervised playground in America.

The following year, 1888, the first playground legislation was passed in New York, providing for the incorporation of societies to provide parks and playgrounds throughout the state. A great deal of enthusiasm was aroused at the time, but nothing resulted. In 1892, the Chicago Board of Education, in connection with Hull House, took charge of the conduct of games and the municipal playground, with leaders and modern equipment. In 1893, two playgrounds were started in Philadelphia. These were supported by private funds until 1898, when the Board of Education took control. A similar movement was also organized in Pittsburgh, in 1895. Since 1896, playgrounds have been carried on in the schoolvards of Baltimore. San Francisco followed the trend in 1898, St. Louis in 1900, and Washington in 1901. The movement in Boston has extended from its beginnings in 1886 to twenty-seven equipped schoolvards and twenty-one children's corners in parks, making forty-eight playgrounds for children of twelve years and under. These are now supported by municipal funds. Chicago has spent millions of dollars on playgrounds and now maintains the largest number.

The various cities have generally worked independently of each other, but in the main have evolved the same means of instruction and plans for their work. The playgrounds are so supervised that while good order is kept the children have the freedom which results in good fellowship. All playgrounds are so equipped that athletic sports may be carried on so as not to interfere with the sand-gardens. Quiet games, story-tell-

ing, and industrial work are also provided for. In the congested districts, where sufficient open space is not readily available, New York and Chicago have established roof-gardens. Of this phase of the movement Dr. J. Edwards Stubbert writes, "That a new and strong generation better able physically to cope with life would result from a law making mandatory a roof playground on every apartment house, where children might play in pure air and sunshine away from the deteriorating physical and moral influences of the street."

The benefits derived from the playground are manifold. The child here learns the great social law of consideration for the rights of others; here he gets his first lessons in citizenship from his team-play; and he becomes healthier physically and morally. At a meeting recently held in New York, the following sentiment was expressed; — rather a playground without a school than a school without a playground."

### Theseus

EDITH GUERRIER

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Characters

Theseus Two Pages
Ægeus Two Nephews
Pittheus A Crowd of Men and Women
Minos Æthra
Two Peasants Medea
Two Travellers Ariadne
(A wood near Træzene. Peasant and his wife

Come in.)

PEASANT: Let us rest a moment on the Queen's

Woman: Why do you call it the Queen's stone?

PEASANT: Because Queen Æthra comes here every pleasant afternoon with little Theseus.

WOMAN: I didn't know she was a Queen.

PEASANT: I heard her say herself that she was. You see one afternoon I was resting yonder in a clump of fern with my little Jason asleep by my side when the Queen and young Prince, then a little boy, came and sat on this very stone. The little Prince looked at me, and said to his mother, "Why doesn't my father ever come to see me?" His mother answered, "Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom. Some day you will go to see him." The little Prince asked if he could go soon and his mother said, "You will go when you are strong enough to lift this stone we are sitting on."

Woman: Then he will never go; this rock is

as firmly fixed in the earth as a mountain.

PEASANT: I hear voices. Let us go on our way. (They go out.)

(King Pittheus, Queen Ethra, and Theseus come

in.

THESEUS: Dear mother, I never felt half so strong as I do now. I am no longer a child, nor a boy, nor a mere youth. I feel myself a man, it is time to make an earnest trial to remove the stone.

ÆTHRA: Ah, my dear Theseus, not yet, not

vet.

THESEUS: Yes, mother, the time has come. (He lays hold of the rock and with a mighty effort turns it over.)

PITTHEUS: Now you are a man indeed. See what your noble father left for you beneath the stone.

THESEUS: A sword, a sword—(he takes it up) and a pair of sandals.

ÆTHRA: That was your father's sword and those were his sandals. When he went to be King of Athens he bade me treat you as a child till you should prove yourself a man by lifting this heavy stone. Now you are to take his sword and put on his sandals and follow in his footsteps.

THESEUS: I will set out for Athens this very

PITTHEUS: Not so fast, my Theseus. Your mother will wish to put your clothes in order. Then we must find a vessel for you to sail in, as the roads are bad by land and infested with robbers and monsters.

THESEUS: Dear grandfather, for my mother's sake I will wait three days, but I shall certainly go by land, for the more monsters and robbers I can kill the better pleased my father will be when he sees me, and when I have earned the right to be called a hero, then, dear mother, I will come and take you to Athens.

PITTHEUS: Well said, Theseus, for if you become a hero it will be because your noble mother has trained you as a hero should be trained.

(A dark forest. In the distance a dim light is shining from the open door of a hut. Two Travellers come in.)

FIRST TRAVELLER: Ah, there is a hut, now we may find rest from the wild beasts and robbers of this dreadful forest.

SECOND TRAVELLER: Sh,—we do not know what kind of a person may live in it.

FIRST TRAVELLER: I will go first and do you promise not to follow unless I call for help.

SECOND TRAVELLER: That is a coward's part.
FIRST TRAVELLER: No, it is not. In any case
we may both lose our lives in this wild wood, but
if I am slain in the hut do your best to escape and
bear the parchment to King Pittheus. Remember
that King Ægeus himself trusted us with it. Now

farewell for a moment. I am sure all will be

SECOND TRAVELLER: Farewell, comrade, I shall be near enough to hear what is said. (First Traveller enters the hut.)

A ROUGH VOICE: Hello, do you know who I

FIRST TRAVELLER: Of course I don't, but I hope you're a good fellow who will give a tired traveller a bite and sup and a place by your fire for the night.

Voice: Ha, ha. You haven't heard of me, I see. Well, I'm Procrustus, and I've a famous little bed inside. Everybody who comes to my hut has to sleep on it, and if a man proves too long I cut him off till he fits, and if he's too short I stretch him to the right length. Now, I see you are too long by a foot, so in you go and off goes your head, my fine chap.

SECOND TRAVELLER: Oh, oh, if the man-beast kills me too, I must go to the help of my comrade. (He rushes into the hut. At that moment Theseus comes in.)

VOICE: So, so, another bad fit for my bed, this man's twin, I see. Well, come on, I'll bind you together and cut off both heads at one blow.

THESEUS (grasping his sword): Now, my sword play me not false. (He rushes into the hut.) Ho, there, villain, murderer, whatever you are—take a taste of my good sword. (A shriek is heard and the two travellers and Theseus come out together.)

THESEUS: We are foolish not to stay in the hut. He can do us no harm now.

FIRST TRAVELLER: Very true, but let us first sit here in the sweet smelling forest for a few moments, then we shall have more strength to drag out the body of that hideous villain you have slain. (They sit down.)

SECOND TRAVELLER: Are you going to Træzene?

THESEUS: No, I am going from Træzene to Athens.

FIRST TRAVELLER: And we are going from Athens to Træzene. Our King Ægeus is sending a sealed message to the King of Attica. There were twelve of us in the beginning, but all our comrades are slain. Do you know the dangers of the road you travel?

THESUS: No, nor care I aught for them.

SECOND TRAVELLER: You are a mighty hero, but I fear even one so great cannot overcome all the terrors of the way. We had not heard of this awful monster from whom you have delivered us, but the things we have escaped are even worse. There was that great scoundrel of a giant Scinus who stood on a high cliff and flung two of our poor comrades into the sea.

FIRST TRAVELLER: And while the rest of us were escaping his clutch we came upon a wild sow as large as an elephant. He gorged himself with three more of our unfortunate fellows. We had no sooner escaped him—

THESEUS: Good comrades, do not tell me of any more horrors. Let me tell you that my good sword has cleared the way between this place and Træzene as it will do between this place and Athens. I will ask you to tell King Pittheus you met me, for he is my grandfather. Now let us go in and rest. (They enter the hut.)

(The Palace of King Egeus. Two Pages enter. A sound of cheering is heard outside.)

FIRST PAGE: Have you heard that the brave young hero is our King's own son?

SECOND PAGE: Sh— if the Queen hears you he will never go from here alive.

FIRST PAGE: Well, if he escapes her he will not escape the old King's nephews, for each one of them is plotting to have the crown.

SECOND PAGE: Come, come, I hear the King and Queen approaching. (They go out.)

(King Egeus and Queen Medea come in.)

MEDEA: You may believe me or not, but the young man has surely come to put you to death and get the royal crown for himself.

ÆGEUS: Why, he must be a very wicked fellow. What would you advise me to do with him?

MEDEA: Just admit him and offer him a glass of wine into which I will drop so powerful a medicine that he will not live one instant after he tastes it. I hear a noise now! It may be the young villain himself. Come, you must not receive him till the drink is ready. (They go out.)

(Theseus and the two young men come in.)

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Dear cousin, we were never so glad to see any one as we are to see you. SECOND YOUNG MAN: The King, your father,

will welcome you with open arms.

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Suppose you go into the King's presence as a stranger and see if he will know you for his son.

THESEUS: That is a fine idea. I am sure he will know me immediately as I am said to look exactly like my mother.

SECOND YOUNG MAN: Go outside once more and we will tell the King an unknown young traveller begs to be received by him. (Theseus goes out and in a moment the King and Queen enter.)

KING: Well, nephews, how about this wicked

young fellow who has come to kill us.

FIRST YOUNG MAN: He has his sword so well sharpened that he will cut off your head as easily as one cuts a slice of bread.

KING (sitting down on his throne): Very well;

very well, we will see to him. Let him enter. (A door is thrown open and Theseus comes in and bows before the throne.)

QUEEN (in a whisper): He is so guilty that he trembles and cannot speak; quick, offer him the drink.

KING: Young man, you are welcome. Such wine as this I give only to those who are worthy of it, and no one is more worthy than you, I am sure. (He holds out the glass of wine, but just as Theseus is about to take it, his eye falls on the young man's sword and he draws back the glass.) Young man, where did you get that sword?

THESEUS: It was my father's sword (at this Medea and the two Young Men burry out), and these were his sandals. My dear mother, Æthra, has told me since I was mere baby that some day I should see him; but it is only a month since I grew strong enough to lift the heavy stone and take the sword and sandals from beneath it.

ÆGEUS (flinging the goblet down and embracing Theseus): Yes, yes, those are Æthra's eyes; it is my son.

THESUS (returning the embrace): My dear father. (A terrible hissing is heard and both run to the window.) A chariot in the air drawn by winged dragons. Is not that the woman who was here a few minutes ago? And are not those my cousins who were so glad to see me?

ÆGEUS: Yes, my son. (He cries out.) Go, vile enchantress, and you, disloyal nephews, never dare show your faces here again. (To Theseus): Ah, how glad I am she has gone.

THESEUS: Who is she?

ÆGEUS: A wicked sorceress who made nie forget your dear mother and but now tried to make me poison you, my beloved son.

(The People outside sing this song.)

Of wicked devices Medea the Queen
Is the vilest concoctor that ever was seen,
Ægeus's morals and even his health
She's poisoned entirely and stolen his wealth.
Go. wicked Medea,

You're not wanted here.

The hatred of every one now you have won. For there's no one more selfish than you 'neath the sun, You've poisoned and murdered to get yourself gain, Yet your subtlest endeavors have proved themselves vain.

Go, wicked Medea, You're not wanted here.

(Two Pages enter.)

FIRST PAGE: The people clamor to be admitted.

King: Let them come in. (Enter a crowd of men and women.)

FIRST MAN: O King, Medea your Queen, with your two nephews, has just flown over the city, and as they passed the peoples' market, the dragons began to fight with one another and the chariot

turned completely over. The Queen and your nephews hung on and the car righted itself, but see, O King, what the wicked Queen was carrying away with her. We your loyal subjects have brought everything back, and I lay at your feet 800 diamonds of the first water.

SECOND MAN: And I 400 pure pearls. THIRD MAN: And I 200 real emeralds.

FOURTH MAN: And I 100 rose-red rubies.

FIFTH Man: And I 50 sky-blue sapphires.

SIXTH MAN: And I 25 fiery opals.

SEVENTH MAN: And I 12 whole topazes and this half one which must have been broken when the Queen stole it.

ÆGEUS: Thank you, my good honest people, take them all and divide them equally among my subjects and let every one make merry for my dear son has come to me.

CROWD: Three cheers for King Ægeus. Hip, Hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (They go out.)
(A street in Athens. A crowd of people come in.)

À MAN: Last night the whole city was joyful, for a moment we forgot what would come to-day. It does not seem as if a whole year could have passed since the lots were drawn.

A Woman: My two brave sons have both been drawn. Ah, woe, woe, woe. (Enter Theseus.)

THESEUS: What is all this noise about?

A SOLDIER: Prince Theseus, to-day fourteen of the loveliest young men and maids of Athens go to Crete, there to be eaten alive by the Minotaur. The ship that carries them is even now ready to sail.

THESEUS: The Minotaur. I never heard of this creature. What is he?

SOLDIER: A great monster, partly like a man and partly like a bull. The wicked King Minos of Crete keeps him in a great labyrinth and once a year he must have for food seven young men and seven young maidens.

THESEUS: Why doesn't King Minos give him men and maidens from his own kingdom?

SOLDIER: Because a few years ago we had a war with Crete and the Cretans won. We were compelled to beg for peace, and King Minos would only grant it if we promised every year to send seven men and seven maidens to be devoured by this monster. (A loud sound of weeping is heard.) Listen, they are going aboard.

(King Ægeus comes in.)

THESEUS: Father, I will take the place of the youngest of these men and let the Minotaur devour me if he can.

ÆGEUS: O my dear son, why should you expose yourself to this horrible fate? You are a royal Prince and have a right to hold yourself above the destinies of common men.

THESEUS: It is because I am a Prince, your son, and the rightful heir to your kingdom that I freely take upon myself the calamity of your subjects, and you my father, being king over this people and answerable to Heaven for their weltare, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to harm.

ÆGEUS: Well said, Theseus, I believe you will return a conqueror.

THESEUS: Farewell, father, the vessel makes ready to sail, I must not delay. (He goes out and the old King follows him.)

The throne-room of King Minos. King Minos on his throne. Ariadne, his daughter, beside him. The Athenian men and maidens pass before him one at a time and he pokes them in the ribs.)

Minos: Hn! hn! about as much flesh on your bones as there is on a horse-shoe crab. You're nice and plump if your face is thin. Who are you, stiff back? Aren't you a little bit afraid when you think of that fearful beast who will eat you up quickly enough to-morrow morning?

THESEUS: I am a king's son. I have offered my life in a good cause and therefore give it freely and fearlessly. As for you, wicked King Minos, slayer of innocent men and maidens, I dare tell you to your face, that you are a more wicked monster than the Minotaur himself.

Minos: Aha, do you think so? Well, as a reward for this speech you shall be the Minotaur's first morsel. Guards, lead them away. (They are led out.)

ARIADNE (flinging herself at the King's feet): Dear father, I know the Minotaur would rather have a few fat oxen and pigs than these gentle and beautiful young people.

Minos: Peace, foolish girl, go water your garden and leave this business to me.

ARIADNE: Oh, father, did you not really admire the brave young Prince? What if he were your son?

MINOS (getting up): Another word and I shall send you back to your nursery. (He goes out.)

ARIADNE: My father will be sorry for these deeds some day. As for me, what is my little life worth compared to the lives of all these men and maidens. I will save them myself. (She goes out.)

(Chorus sings " The Minotaur of Minos.")

ONE VOICE:

The temper of King Minos
Was a Thing so very bad,
That his parents said they'd fine us
If we didn't help the lad.

ALL VOICES:

To the glory of the nation
We did cure the little King,
For we had an operation,
And removed the horrid Thing.

With tools and self-reliance
We made the King revive.
And for benefits of science
We kept the Thing alive.

Therefore science proudly greets you,
"Tis her debts you go to pay,
For the Minotaur who eats you
Was the Thing we saved that day.

(Before the door of the prison. Ariadne comes in.)
ARIADNE (knocking gently): Are you awake,
Prince Theseus?

THESEUS: Yes, with so little time to live I do

not care to waste any of it in sleep.

ARIADNE: I am Ariadne, King Minos's daughter, and I have come to save your life. I have put a magic powder in the wine given the guards, and they are all sleeping. Will you open the door and come out? (He does so.) You can now get on board your vessel and sail away to Athens. Are your comrades sleeping?

THESEUS: Yes, but gentle Ariadne, I will never leave Crete unless I can first slay the Minotaur and save my poor companions and de-

liver Athens from this cruel tribute.

ARIADNE: I knew you would say that, therefore listen to me. That marble wall you see a few feet away surrounds the labyrinth in the centre of which is the Minotaur. Here is your sword, now go and find the cruel beast and kill him. (A terrible roar is heard.)

THESEUS: How shall I ever find him?

ARIADNE: You must follow that sound through the windings of the labyrinth, and by and by you will come to him. (Theseus starts forward.) Stay, take the end of this silken cord, I will hold the ball. Then, if you win as I know you will, follow the cord and it will bring you back to me. (Theseus goes. The Minotaur roars from time to time.)

ARIADNE: Oh, I do hope he will find his way and that when he sees the ugly monster his courage will not fail. Some cruel enchantress must have cast a spell upon my dear father or he would never

do these dreadful deeds.

(Adreadful voice is heard)

VOICE: Ah, wretch of a human being, I'll stick my horns into you and toss you fifty feet high and eat you the minute you come down.

THESEUS: Come on then and try it. (The

sound of a great struggle is heard.)

ARIADNE (Falling on her knees): O father Zeus, let the right win. (The noise of a fall is heard, then the voice of Theseus.)

THESEUS: Lie there, vile thing, my good sword never did a better deed than to kill so evil a beast.

ARIADNE: He lives, he lives, and he has slain the monster! He pulls the silken cord. Here

No time for words. Summon your friends and get aboard your vessel before dawn. If my father finds you here he will avenge the Minotaur.

THESEUS: Sweet Princess, you will go with us, you are too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos. He cares no more for thee than a granite rock cares for the little flower that grows in one of its crevices, but my father and all the people of Athens will honor you.

ARIADNE: No, Theseus, I cannot go with you. My father is old and he has nobody but me to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me. At first he will be angry, but he will soon forgive his only child and by and by he will be glad that I saved him from other cruel sacrifices. Indeed, I have saved you, Theseus, as much for my father's sake as for your own. Now go to your companions and tell them the good news. Farewell, brave Prince.

THESEUS: Farewell, sweet Ariadne. I know you are right, though it almost breaks my heart to leave you. (He enters the prison and Ariadne goes

toward her home.)

(Now we are back again in Træzene, by the very stone beneath which Theseus found his father's sword and sandals. Ethra and Pittheus are standing beside the stone.)

ÆTHRA: Do you think my Theseus, my hero,

can have forgotten me?

PITTHEUS: Not if he has proved to be a hero, for the truly brave man never breaks his word and you remember his promise.

ÆTHRA: Yes, I remember. (A noise is heard in the bushes, and Theseus appears and runs to his

mother.)

THESEUS: Mother!

ETHRA: Theseus, my son.

PITTHEUS: Well, young man, it is long enough since we saw you go, and except the word of two travellers who met you in the great forest, this is our first news of you. (He listens a moment.) It seems to me I hear the tramp of many feet.

THESEUS: Yes, a great company of the young men of Athens came with me but I ran ahead at the last to see my dear mother alone. You see I have kept my word and come to take you back to Athens where the King, my father, waits to receive you.

PITTHEUS: Brave boy, come now to my palace where we will make ready to welcome your companions, and this evening you shall tell us all your adventures. (They go out.)

# Report of the Library Clubhouse Groups

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

WE have just finished our first season in our new headquarters at the library. The work has grown a great deal, but not in numbers, for we believe that more concentrated work can be accomplished with small numbers; it is a case of quality and not quantity. An idea of our attendance in every group may be gained by the following statistics taken in April.

Monday Afternoon Group, 8th grade children, 21 in

Group, 5 never absent, 5 absent once.
Tuesday Afternoon Group, 7th grade children, 19 in

Group, 7 never absent, 8 absent once.

Wednesday Atternoon Group, 5th and 6th grade children, 24 in Group, 10 never absent, 7 absent once.

Thursday Afternoon Group, 1st and 2nd year High, 19 in Group, 6 never absent, 5 absent once.

This makes practically one-half of the group who have never been absent, of the other half no girl has been absent more than four times during the season. In all the cases of absence the cause was either illness at home, or illness of the child. have not had a case of wilful staying away.

The evening girls are older, and with school and home duties the attendance suffers, but, with all that our attendance has been splendid. The Monday Evening Girls' group has twenty members. Six girls have never been absent (Christmas holiday excluded). The other girls have not been absent more than four times during the session. The Thursday Evening Girls are High School seniors, and girls who joined the group while at school and have since gone to work. Bessie Berman has never been absent. Five girls have been absent once during the Christmas holiday week, when a number of them were working.

The F. E. G.'s have a membership of twenty. Four of these girls are at Normal School, and the others all work. This group also can take pride in having one member who has not been absent once this year; she is Lena Ginsburg. members were absent once, the others, when school examinations, dances, or gentlemen (serious minded ones) have happened to occur on Friday evening. This, I trust, gives an idea of the attendance of our Library Clubhouse Groups. Now for the plan of work we have tried to carry on.

The half-hour story has never been more successful, and that is largely due to our volunteers. Miss Gretchen Tremere, who tells stories to the Monday afternoon children from a list which Miss Guerrier has arranged, has not been away from her group once. She also conducts the business meeting and leads the discussion on the ethical subjects. The Tuesday group has enjoyed Miss Gertrude Goldstein, who has charge of the stories, with Miss Guerrier for the business meetings. The Wednesday children have their story and business meeting with me. We have been very fortunate in having Mr. Irving C. Tomlinson take the Thursday group, with Mrs. Buck or Mrs. Keller, two very fine women from whom our Thursday children have received a great deal of helpful and beautiful thought.

For the evening groups, we have had Miss Laura M. Cross, on Monday evening, and it is needless to say that the girls have received carefully planned and illustrated talks on "Travels." The Thursday group have enjoyed Miss Alice Davis, also Miss Harriet Teale, and Miss Guerrier. The Friday Evening Girls have been with Miss Guerrier all this season.

With the exception of the Monday Evening Group who do not take choral practice, and the F. E. G. who have had Miss Rose Casassa for a number of years, the music has been much the same for all the groups. We have learned many of the old standard songs which everyone ought to know, and which are educational as well as beautiful. For the last three months we have sung the "National Flower." The Thursday Evening Girls worked hard and enthusiastically on the principal parts, and children from all the afternoon groups played the "flower" parts. Our efforts proved worth while, the singing and dancing went off with style, and the children looked most attractive in their costumes.

The only reason that I speak of our dancing work last is because it comes last in our group program. The dancing this year has been a great success. This is due to the splendid work the girls have been doing in the Normal Class with Miss Frances Rocchi. The following teachers have had charge of dancing in the groups. Miss Celia Goodman, Miss Lillie Shapiro, Miss Fanny Levine, Miss Albina Magini, Miss Catherine Casassa, Miss Rose Bacchini and Miss Rebecca Heiman.

The various afternoon groups have presented "The Swineherd," "Fault Finding Nellie," "The Pilgrims," "Proserpina," "Theseus" and "The Board of Health" for their parents and friends, and our Club rooms rang with applause and laughter for three successive nights.

Besides our story-telling volunteers we have had Miss Harriet Teale, Miss Annie Sharaf, and Miss Frances Grant, who gave her time most generously during rehearsals of our operetta.

This presents a bare outline of our work at the Library Clubhouse. I cannot picture to you the eager, happy faces of the children, these you must picture for yourselves.

THE SATURDAY EVENING GIRLS' CLUB, which has been backed financially for eight years by Mrs. James J. Storrow, exists for the mutual benefit of its members and of the younger children attending story hour groups.

June first, 1915, the S. E.G. organization, which has directed the children's story hours for a number of years, assumed the financial responsibilities connected with them.

Our paper, published eight times during the year, is one of our assets. We hope to make it of more than local interest and should welcome your subscription.

\*At the North End Branch, by funds supplied by Mrs. James J. Storrow as a gift to the Library, the previously unoccupied portion of the basement has been finished attractively as a room for club and class use, recreational as well as instructive, under the voluntary direction of the Custodian, but undertaken by her apart from the routine operation of the Branch. This work, which arouses the enthusiasm of the young persons who are engaged in it, is exceedingly interesting; and cannot fail to enlarge the influence of the Library in this closely populated district.

\*Extract from the 1915 Report of the Boston Public Library.

The following letter was received from Mr. Charles K. Bolton, Librarian. The Boston Athenæum.

Boston, Mass, June 4, 1915.

Miss Fanny Goldstein,

3 A North Bennet St., Boston, Mass.

My DEAR MISS GOLDSTEIN:

I have heard with great interest that you propose to enlarge the scope of the S. E. G. News, so that it will represent the interests of the North End and the many varieties of work carried on there.

The Boston Athenæum has been a subscriber to the paper for some time, because we think that it reflects the life and aspirations of a very important part of our foreign born and American bred population. It also shows the give-and-take between the old New England stock and the Italian and Jewish stocks of the North End. It is only through this intercourse and mutual understanding that we are to harmonize the ideals of our new world, for each race has something to give to the other. I was immensely impressed sometime ago at a meeting of the graduates of the Eliot School and more recently at the gathering to witness the operetta called *The National Flower*.

There was scarcely a New England type of face on either occasion, but every face to my mind was a strong and hopeful American face.

I hope the paper will be enlarged and that it will appeal not only to the North End, but to the many students of our American life in colleges and other institutions throughout our country.

Sincerely yours, Charles K. Bolton.

"'S. E. G. News,' published by the Saturday Evening Girls of 18 Hull Street, Boston, has an aim and a standard which might well serve as an example for our High School papers. The articles by contributing editors are serious and helpful, and the stories are of a high literary rank. The paper and the girls deserve praise and encouragement."

Distaff.

# Good Teaching and Good Comradeship

By An Onlooker

The heading of this notice expresses the feeling of Miss Rocchi's dancing class. To be sure a class can be of great benefit with the first and without the last, while without the first it becomes a farce played at the wrong time and in the wrong place. The joy of having the two elements has made the class entirely successful.

The teachers trained in Miss Rocchi's class, have in turn taught the children's groups, and have carried to their classes the spirit of good teaching and good comradeship practised in the Normal class. As for the children they in turn have entertained not only themselves but parents, friends, little brothers, sisters and playmates

Since the members of this class are all employed during the day time with only evening time to call their own, one evening a week given to a class has meant quite a gift. In spite of this evident fact, many members have found time to help outside the L. C. H. During the past few years, with help of Mrs. Storrow, Miss Bolles and Mrs. Gibbs, exhibitions have been given in Annisquam, Arlington, Beverly, Cambridge, Canton, Concord, Haverhill, Ipswich, Lincoln, Newton Center, Peabody, and Quincy. Classes have been taught at Peabody House, Lincoln House, Harvard and Lawrence, Mass., Malden Girls' Club, and West End house, besides the eight classes at the Library Clubhouse and many private pupils.

Since the editor of this column is on the Pacific coast the onlooker preempted her claim and joins with the other members in saying "Here's to you,

Frances; may bushels of nice, fat prunes fall into your box and may you come back to your class in the fall, with enthusiasm high as the mountains and broad as the praries, for we expect you to help us do the great things we're planning for the new vear.

### The Unmusical Man

(From the London Times) FANNIE LEVIS

"ALTHOUGH many people will admit that they do not appreciate the higher forms of classical music, yet it is only occasionally that one meets a man who will say outright that he is "unmusical." All the same, it is of no use for the unmusical man to try and conceal his defects,—if it is a

"He is certain of detection in the long run. The fact that he sleeps during a classical concert is of minor importance. Many an enthusiast closes his eyes with excess of artistic fervor during the rendering of a masterpiece. And if the unmusical man is a man of the world, as he generally is, he will have learned to sleep lightly and awaken at the right moment. At a concert he will pass. It is in the ordinary round of household life that his danger lies.

"The truly unmusical man nearly always sings in his bath. The gurgle of the water seems to move him to song and he carols lightly. all, there are no critics in bathrooms, nor people with supersensitive ears to sigh when the singer strikes a false note. He feels free at last, and gives voice to joy, and, although he may lack a sense of time or rhythm, still he likes to hear his

own voice raised in song.

"It is curious, but the man with no ear for music is often more affected by some simple tune than the born musician. He may have no real appreciation of the music, but the rhythm of it has opened the gates of memory, and he is saddened. But next morning at his bath he will again sing the tuneless song he loves, and then he will feel quite happy. He must be accounted in many ways an enviable man."

# North End Items

A. Krop

North Bennet Street Industrial School

When the boys and girls of the North Bennet Street Industrial School marched into the hall on Peace Day they found a pleasant surprise awaiting them. In the centre of the stage stood a beautiful silk flag which was a gift to the school from the Wayside Inn Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Nellie Rice Fiske, Regent of the Chapter, presented the flag with appropriate remarks, and Miss Elizabeth Sacco, a pupil, accepted the responsibility of the flag for the pupils, who then saluted the new banner.

Social Service House

There is going to be a window box in every window on North Bennet Street and Tileston Street this summer. Ernest Camusso has charge of the selling of the boxes. If you want one let him know. Ten cents a box.

The summer season at camp begins the last week of June and lasts until September.

The first group to go will be girls, then mothers and little children. August will be reserved for the boys.

The North End Union

The North End Union members are looking forward to the opening of their camp at East Harwich, which has proved such a success for boys and girls in the past.

Civic Service House

The Civic Service House Camp will be open from June 12th until September 12th. The camp board this year will be \$4.50 per week.

Mr. J. W. Locke has published a book of poems which is sold at the Civie Service House for twenty-five cents a copy. The proceeds of the sale to be used for the house camp.

Medical Mission

The Medical Mission has just closed a very successful season with an exhibition of their work.

# Some U.S. Problems

E. M. Anthony

AMERICA, before the Civil War, had various problems to face. Her dependence on Europe had colored the whole of history, and had largely shaped political and constitutional events before 1860. But this problem has been so effectually solved, that while America and Europe are practically interdependent, the growth of our country has made us economically independent of the rest of the world.

The second great problem, a lack of a medium of exchange has also been similarly solved and corrected by the establishment of a national currency, the increase of population, and the gradual spreading of wealth and interest, until to-day no section of the United States is wholly dependent, or wholly independent of the other.

The third problem, the relationship of individuals to each other and to the state, has been largely settled by the bringing together of the population.

The schools, the universities, newspapers and magazines have played a conspicuous part in the work of unifying and equalizing the population. The railroads make it easy to travel to all parts of the country, and immigration is fast doing away with the racial, religious, and social characteristics which have been regarded as typical in the older sections of the country.

The old problems have disappeared, but the very growth which caused their disappearance has given rise to new ones, such as the desire for expansion, new reform movements, and immigration and labor, which are perhaps two of the greatest problems of the day.

The entrance of new countries into the great war will probably mean a recall of men already established here. This will remove a large part of the cheap labor class. Who will fill their places? The intelligent American or the Irishman now removed from that class will refuse to work for the wage now paid for such work.

The consequences will be that the prices of staple articles and food will go up, and the high cost of living still increase.

## THE LIBRARY

# Summer Reading

G. GOLDSTEIN

THE feeling that books are good company is constantly present to all who love reading. With the summer fast approaching, many of our thoughts and plans are on vacations. Whether the vacation means two weeks, or two months; at a camp in the pine woods or at a hotel, there is a time when one likes the shade of a tree with the blue sky overhead, and to lose oneself in a book or magazine.

Nearly every one reads some daily newspaper. This seems the simplest method of keeping up with the current interests of the world: "The Herald," "Christian Science Monitor," and the "Boston Transcript" have, besides the current news, varied and interesting columns for the general public.

Story number magazines are most popular during the summer months. The "Outlook" or the "Literary Digest" will invariably be replaced by the lighter story periodicals. To read only the better things soon leads one to read only the best. Such magazines as the "Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's Monthly," and "Scribner's," may be mentioned as among the best for their stories, and contain many other articles of general interest.

The light novel seems ever to be preferred to the more serious one which offers food for thought. "Something good to read" is the expression used when we desire to while away the time rather than to profit by it. Every one loves stories, and any one can read fiction, but to read only light fiction constantly, tends to destroy one's mental control. The light novel, used as a dessert, is quite essential, but there should also be a more substantial first course.

John Burrough's "Chapters on Bird Life," and "The Wild Flowers," are both very appropriate summer reading; or, to get away with Van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck," or any of his other

essays, is most refreshing.

It may be safely said that during the summer, poetry, perhaps, seems more neglected than any other kind of literature. The very atmosphere in the country is permeated with poetry. The rustling of the leaves, or the rushing of a little babbling brook through a quiet wood, has given many a poet the inspiration to write. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is very convenient, takes only a little room in a bag, and contains many delightful short poems. To those who love Wordsworth it is a treasure indeed, for this edition contains many of his shorter poems. Every one has a favorite poet, and to read him for a few minutes at a time soon becomes a pleasure rather than an effort.

Isaac Barrows says: "He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

# Book Review

CONTRIBUTED

WE have reviewed in this year's issues of our paper books dealing with affairs in the Balkans, in Japan, Germany, England, The Netherlands, and Austria. Now in this last issue, just a word about an inspiring, stimulating, and enlightening book dealing with our own affairs. "This book," says the author, I dedicate, with all my heart, to every man or woman who may derive from it, in however small a degree, the impulse of unselfish public service." The book, "The New Freedom," is by our great President, Woodrow Wilson.

Under the chapter heading "The old order changeth" we read as follows, "A little group of workingmen, seeing their employer every day,



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dealing with him in a personal way, is one thing, and the modern body of labor engaged as employees of the huge enterprises that spread all over the country, dealing with men of whom they can form no personal conception, is another thing, A very different thing. You never saw a corporation, any more than you ever saw a government. Many a workingman to-day never saw the body of men who are conducting the industry in which he is employed. And they never saw him. What they know about him is written in ledgers and books and letters, in the correspondence of the office, in the reports of the superintendents. He is a long way off from them."

"So what we have to discuss is, not wrongs which individuals intentionally do, — I do not believe there are a great many of those, — but the wrongs of a system."

Under "What is progress?" he writes, "It would seem a waste of time to point out that ancient distinction, between mere change and improvement. Yet there is a class of mind that is prone to confuse them. We have had political leaders whose conception of greatness was to be forever frantically doing something,—it mattered little what; restless, vociferous men, without sense of the energy of concentration, knowing only the energy of succession. Now, life does

not consist of eternally running to a fire. There is no virtue in going anywhere unless you will gain something by being there. The direction is just as important as the impetus of motion."

Under "Freedom Needs no Guardians," "I don't want a snug lot af experts to sit down behind closed doors in Washington and play Providence to me. There is a Providence to which I am perfectly willing to submit. But as for other men setting up as Providence over myself, I seriously object. I have never met a political savior in the flesh, and I never expect to meet one. I am reminded of Gillet Burgess' verses:

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But this I'll tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see, than be one.

That is the way I feel about this saving of my fellow-countrymen. I'd rather see a savior of the United States than set up to be one; because I have found out, I have actually found out this, men I consult with know more than I do,—especially if I consult with enough of them. I never came out of a committee meeting or a conference without seeing more of the question that was under discussion than I had seen when I went in. And that to my mind is an image of government.

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# S. K. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

# NOVEMBER

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# Editorial

#### FANNY GOLDSTEIN

THE question so often comes to our members, "What do you get out of being an S. E. G.?" that, casting aside the fear of being called egotistical and presuming, I shall try to answer the question from the point of view which my many vears of membership have given me.

"Why," our friends ask, "is it a privilege to belong to an organization demanding so much?" There is a constant tax of time, strength, and, ave, - even money on all its members, - and if there is so much of "give," what does there remain of "take." Only this much alone, the pleasure which comes to the giver, from giving.

Is there a member of the group who still does not know what it has meant to be an S. E. G.; or, who still is not clear in her mind as to what we as an organization are trying to accomplish? Every one of us should be so well informed on the work as to answer the following offhand:

This is what we are.

This is what we have done.

This is what we are trying to do.

As to what it has meant to be an S. E. G., we may, without doubt, assume the general answer to be as follows: - To be an S. E. G. has meant an "Open Sesame" mentally, spiritually, and materially, to every girl who has been a member of the group. It has meant also a true appreciation of the charms of good comradeship, which includes a knowledge of suffering, a knowledge of pleasure, a broad human understanding and sympathy, and a desire for helpful co-operation.

We have sometimes been called "exclusive," because, while any voung woman over twenty can join our group, we have always made continued membership depend on the efforts of the individual, rather than entirely on the personality of the

leader.

By the efforts of the individual I mean, that every girl has felt, that in order to remain a progressive member, both ready and willing to assume the responsibilities of leadership whensoever occasion calls, she should among other qualifications have an average education, a keen love for the right standards of living, an unselfish devotion to home ties, and at the same time "unhampered by narrow domestic walls," a vision of universal peace and harmony.

Because of the fact that we have had one purpose and have developed it openly all together, there are no comrades more free from envy and from malice, and more ready for healthy group enjoyment, than the S. E. G. This standing together has strengthened us to pursue the straight and narrow way merely for the sake of an ideal which responds to no material sense, but is verily the "Substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Many of us by constant sacrifice and persistent application have developed an appreciation for the mental luxuries of life from the mere fragments of a slight education, and (pardon the seeming egotism) have advanced to positions of trust and responsibility. Having thus "been through it," as Dido said to Eneas more than 2,500 years before our day, we feel eager to open to the younger children the gates once opened to us, that they

with us may find the opportunity to develop those niceties of character which respond to, and help to interpret life from an ethical, rather than a

purely materialistic point of view.

Does it then mean anything to be an S. E. G.? Does it mean anything to share in the finest spirit of democracy such opportunities? Does it mean anything to look so far ahead, to hold such high ideals, and in the capacity of older sisters to give such gifts to the younger children of the Library Club House devoid of patronage, the stigma of modern charity?

This, then, is what we are trying to do in our organization to-day. We are trying to give to the children of the Library Club House the things which we, benefited by the light of our experiences, have acquired throughout all these years,by insisting always on a natural, an unconscious avocational and ethical program, by emphasizing a desire to accept and to give, rather than a conscious vocational and materialistic development, so prevalent in social work to-day, and which leaves the recipient absorbent, but not expansive.

# The North End in History and Progress

CATHERINE M. CASASSA

# Boston in the Early Days

Boston in the early days was described as an irregular peninsula, extending about three miles in length, one mile in breadth, and entirely surrounded by water, except at the southern extremity where it is joined to Roxbury by a narrow neck of land. The Indian name of this peninsula was Shawmut, and the first English name, Trimountain; a name appropriated, because of the three large hills of which it is composed, namely: Copps, Fort, and Beacon Hills.

Beacon Hill in itself had three distinct eminences, since called Mt. Vernon, Beacon, and Pemberton Hills. On September 17, 1630, the name Boston was officially applied to the peninsula by order of the Court of Assistants. This name was chosen out of respect to the Reverend John Cotton of Boston, England, "whom the church here had selected to be their teacher and minister."

We are told that the early group of settlers had hardly looked at Trimountain, and well may they have overlooked it, for who, indeed, would have regarded the three rugged hills as the foundation for an attractive capital city. The place, however, suited the fancy of the eccentric Reverend William Blackstone, who built himself a cottage and settled comfortably on the peninsula. A

short time later, the inhabitants of Charlestown were stricken with sickness due to impure water, so Mr. Blackstone very kindly invited them over to his side of the river to partake of his supply. The temporary relief afforded induced many of them to remain, and thus the settlement began. We are told that the town records for the first four years of the settlement of Boston are lost, so that we have but a limited amount of authentic information regarding the early form of government and the division of the land.

From the few remaining documents, however, we learn that "the most eligible parts of the town were divided into lots of half an acre each, and assigned to individuals." The lands of Chelsea (first called Winnisimmet and afterwards Rumney Marsh), Brookline (then called Muddy River), and Braintree (then called Mt. Wollaston), were annexed to Boston, and mostly divided by lot among the townsmen "according to the number of persons in their family."

The earliest form of government which existed was, perhaps, that of a pure democracy. We have read much in history of the famous town meetings of Boston and the spirit which animated the meetings, discussions, and decisions relative to measures necessary to preserve the rights of the inhabitants. As early as 1642, we find mention in the records of a body of ten men to manage the affairs of the town, entrusted with powers similar to those of present day selectmen. Shortly afterwards, was organized a Board of Commissioners " to determine civil causes of small amount." Then followed in succession, the Overseers of the Poor in 1690, a Board of Firewards in 1711, the first School Committee in 1789, a Board of Health, Superintendent of the Police, and the various other departments which have since been created.

As the number of town inhabitants increased, and the affairs of government became more complicated, it was found that the town-meeting method of conducting business was inadequate and at times injurious to public interests. In view of these and other considerations, the form of City Government was adopted which allowed for general meetings of the citizens on all necessary occasions, but delegated to a City Council "the authority to manage and determine most of the affairs, which formerly required the vote of the inhabitants at large." The City Charter was granted by the legislature of the Commonwealth, and adopted by the inhabitants of Boston on the 4th of March, 1822. This Charter defined and regulated the rights of citizens, duties of officers, etc. The town had for many years been divided into ten wards. The new charter stipulated that "a division of wards be made as often as once every ten years, and that the number of inhabitants in each district shall regulate the limits of the wards." This was done to insure for all an equal distribution of the rights afforded by the City Charter. The Ward Clerk was appointed to keep records of all transactions of his ward in legal meetings.

In order to conform with the formal practice regarding official acts of the city, the Seal of the City of Boston was adopted. This seal is still in use at the present day, and consists of a distant view of the city in the center, a Latin motto above the view, which reads, "May the Lord be with us as He was with our fathers," and below, a Latin inscription states the fact that the city of Boston was founded in 1630, and became a city in the year 1822.

That part of Boston which interests us particularly is the northernmost section known as the North End, and formerly Ward 1. One may still find in or near this district a number of churches, houses, and places of historic interest, among which may be mentioned the Old North Church, Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Paul Revere's House, and the Eliot School.

The Old North Church, the pride of the North End, was built in 1723, and is the oldest church edifice now standing in Boston. From the tower of this church, at one o'clock in the morning on May 19, 1766, rang the bells that proclaimed the repeal of the Stamp Act. From this same tower were hung the signal lanterns of Paul Revere on the night of his famous ride to warn the people of the approach of the British. We are also told, that from the windows of this tower, General Gage watched the progress of the Battle of Bunker Under the church there are buried many families of the early settlers. Residents in this section of the city are familiar with the chimes of the old church, which are heard regularly on local and national holidays, church festivals, services, etc. In 1804 the tower was blown down in a violent gale, but a new steeple has since been erected in its place, and the clock added in 1870. The Church was originally called Christ Church, but being the only one in the North End for more than half a century, the name North Church was appropriated to it, and when a new North Church was organized in 1714, the former was called by way of distinction, the "Old North," a name which it still retains.

Facing the Old North Church, we find Hull Street and Copp's Hill. Copp's Hill was the lowest of the three hills of Boston, and was originally called Windmill Hill or Mill Field, the first windmill of the town having been placed there. The name Snow Hill followed. Then Copp's Hill (not, as the little boys of the street tell vis-

itors, "because all the cops are buried there"), but, probably after William Copp, the industrious cordwainer, who made his home there. On this hill the British planted a battery of guns which was handled effectively in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The most important place of interest on the hill is the famous Copp's Hill Burying Ground, used as early as 1659, being the second place of burial in Boston. There is hardly a name among the old North End families that is not represented here, but the grave perhaps most frequently visited is that of the three Mathers.

A few minutes' walk from Copp's Hill one comes to North Bennet Street, named from the early owners, Richard and Peter Bennet. It is interesting to know that there still stands on this street a school which was established in 1713, and which under various names has continued to the present day. The original building of this school was a gift of Thomas Hutchinson. John Eliot, the pastor of the New North Church, figured perhaps most prominently at that time in the North End, and the school was therefore named after him, rather than after the founder. We are told that the long list of teachers who have taught here includes many names of note.

One of the places most frequently visited in the North End is the house of the famous Paul Revere, situated on North Square. This square in early days was not unlike a market place in some old town in England, and was, in fact, the old market place of the North End. It was originally called Clarke Square after Major Thomas Clarke, a wealthy merchant who owned much land about there. Later it was called Frizell's Square, after John Frizell, who purchased much of the land, and for the past one hundred and twenty-five years it has been called North Square. The small brown house of the distinguished patriot is the pride of the square, and is now preserved in very much the original form, by the Paul Revere Memorial Association, who rescued the house after several threats had been made to destroy it.

Among the interesting streets of the North End is Charter Street, so called in memory of the charter of William and Mary, brought over in 1692. Many of the houses on this street commanded, in the early days, a wonderful view over Charlestown, Chelsea, and East Boston, — a view very different in many respects from that of the present day. Not far from Charter Street, at the lower end of Hanover Street, stood the Winnisimmet ferryways, a place of landing for the ferry-boats that passed to and fro between Boston and Chelsea, and which were much used before the erection of the present bridges.

Running parallel with busy Hanover Street,

which seems never to be at rest day or night, we find what is perhaps the best known thoroughfare of the old North End, namely, Salem Street. In the early days this street contained the homes of some of the most important and influential citizens of the town. To-day, it contains the homes of many immigrant families living together in crowded tenements, and every available space on the street is utilized for clothing stores, butcher shops, fish markets, bakeries, vegetable stands, restaurants, etc. It is the most popular street of the district and few if any visitors to the North End go away without having walked from one end to the other of old Salem Street, famous in song as the home of Solomon Levi.

Many and great are the changes that have taken place in this section of the city. The old colonial and gabled roof houses have given way to the large tenements, the quaint and picturesque gardens have been converted into narrow streets and alleys, the little shops are replaced by large factories, and so likewise the population has changed. After the early English and American settlers, the North End became chiefly populated with the Irish. Then followed the Jews, and at the present time the majority of inhabitants are Italians and Jews, with a steadily increasing Polish population.

With the development of the port of Boston, and the increasing number of ocean liners that are continually sailing between this port and foreign shores, immigration is bound to increase, and result in an ever increasing and changing population in the North End.

The details of the changes which have taken place regarding the real estate, wharves, markets, and factories, together with the development of settlements, churches, and societies, in the North End, will be discussed in subsequent papers under the heading of "The North End in History and in Progress."

# Some of the Problems of the Schools To-day

Frances G. Curtis

Member of the Boston School Committee

THE importance of the right education is being increasingly borne in upon School Committees at the present time.

When we say that a person has a grammar school education, we mean that he has been to school for not more than eight years of 188 days

each. What has he learned, what shall he learn in those precious hours?

We see more and more clearly that in order to make efficient workers and citizens of our boys and girls, we must give to each single one of them the very training that he or she needs for their future usefulness, and not an average education which is probably as good as they can get.

In our school population of 100,000, are to be found inheritances, traditions, abilities, very, very different from those of the scholars of the olden time when our school system began, and the type of school has not changed as fast as the type of scholar. To keep true to the best in the old, responsive to the coming good of the new, elastic, vital, reasonable, and progressive, is a task requiring more ability and power than the government of the average college. When President Lowell says that New England superiority must come from education, since it cannot come from agriculture or industrial advantages, he means an education that begins with the primary school.

The changing demands are shown in the new law that requires working children between the ages of 14 and 16 to attend school at least four hours a week, resulting in the new part time and continuation schools, and in the need for more specialized high schools with the increased attendance at them.

To make the connection between the child and the job, the School Committee has formed the necessary link of "Vocational Counsellor." These counsellors advise the grammar and high school pupils, both as to future schooling best adapted to their ability and preparations; good results have already been shown in much less change of job, and general restlessness on the part of young workers.

The pupils of the High Schools of Commerce, of Practical Arts, of Mechanic Arts, as well as those taking the Clerical or Commercial Courses in the General High Schools, are working toward a definite end, for which definite training is required, and this principle is also developing steadily in the lower grades, although it will probably be a long time before we adopt the German method of choosing one's life work at the age of ten or eleven.

The Trade Schools, too, receive more applications than they can accommodate from those who have discovered that they can learn best through the use of their hands, and the Continuation School will, I am convinced, fill a great need. In that school the courses are so varied as to include electrical work, typewriting, machine sew-

ing, millinery, printing, and iron work, as well as straight academic work in language and literature. In Hyde Park an arrangement has been made with several large machine shops like the Sturtevant Blower Works by which the boys alternately attend school with related work one week, and work in the shops the next. This plan will probably be developed in Boston; for the salesmanship classes in the big department stores are being eagerly attended, and the benefit to boy and girl workers is very evident.

You cannot have good schools without good teachers, inspiring, able and devoted. The teachers must have the energy and imagination to grasp the changing conditions and to meet the new requirements. In order to supply the stimulus which all must receive as well as give, there have been arranged Extension Courses by the neighboring colleges especially adapted to the needs of our teachers; at the same time, they are having more responsibility put upon them than ever before, by being called to plan courses of study, to set standards in the different subjects, and to serve on committees of conference and counsel, while new work in manual training, in physical training, in singing, folk dancing, or penmanship makes constant demands upon their time and strength.

It surprises many to learn that here in Boston, where teachers have for so long been appointed on merit, they have only in the last year been promoted by merit, through careful testing. Bureau of Educational Measurement is a new departure, established for rating the teaching force, and for testing the actual results of teaching in the schoolrooms. Now we know by scientific observation that spelling consists chiefly in learning the thousand words of everyday use, rather than the ten thousand words of the old spelling books. And practical arithmetic (what all business men cry for in their offices) consists in quick and accurate adding, subtracting, dividing, and computing interest in modern ways, rather than in learning the medieval tables of poles and perches!

In some parts of the country there is talk of school teachers organizing into unions, but we hope that here that idea is as inappropriate as to talk of organizing college professors;—teaching is one of the learned professions, honorable and distinguished.

In our Superintendent we have an expert educator, a man with visions of the ideal, who at the same time knows the inside of the schoolroom in the most practical detail, and is giving us such a course of study that our children are really learning the meaning of life, which is education, and are better able to handle the problems that fill their days, which is satisfactory living.

# English Dances in the Time of Shakespeare

Mrs. James J. Storrow

I HAVE been asked to tell about dancing. You cannot tell about dancing, you have to do it, or see it. You can tell only a little of its history. It is unlike any other art in that way; there can be no record kept of it which means anything unless you can also do it. Pictures, sculpture, architecture, are all tangible objects which have been preserved; literature from Shakespeare and earlier life come down almost intact. Music to a great extent has been written down, and though instruments change, the harmony and melody are the same. But the dancing of the English people had so nearly died out that ten years ago few people knew that it still existed. It was hidden among the unlettered peasants who continued to keep up the old customs that the rest of the world had forgotten. Fortunately, it was re-discovered just as it was flickering out, and was revived with great vigor all over England. And now while the war has held it back, even thus far, in all the throes and agony of the war, we get letters telling of the relief it has been to go to the summer school of dancing in Stratford, and forget for a few days the horrible things that were happening, and it was only in dancing that this was possible.

It is in Stratford, the home of Shakespeare, that the revival of dancing has taken place. This is the headquarters where people flock in July and August to the school held by the English Folk Dance Society.

The discovery of the dances was by accident. Some masons were out of work, and to earn a little money danced out in the street and took up a collection. It happened that a musician named Cecil Sharp heard the music, and was struck with its beauty and also with the dancing. Although at the time he did nothing but make a few notes, he came back later and searched among the country people, and made this wonderful discovery, that, whereas the English have been called unmusical, and it has been said they had no native music, there was really this thick layer of most beautiful folk music and folk dance, only no highbrows had up to that time found it out.

If asked to sing, these people would think that they were wanted to sing a music hall song, and they were also very shy about showing their dances. It took both patience and tact to draw them out; but, fortunately, Mr. Sharp had these as well as the musical ability to take them down, and he soon developed the ability and agility to take down the steps as well. So we have them now preserved

for all time, and it was perhaps fortunate that they were so nearly extinct, for they were uninfluenced by modern ideas of grace and beauty, and are here for us intact; probably more perfectly preserved than the dances of any other nation, because they have not been affected by modern life.

Folk music and dance is an accretion of the ages. We do not know just what they were like at first. Each generation has received them and passed them on, unconsciously either adding something or dropping something off, leaving their own little impression on it, until they are the result of all the generations through which they have passed, and the history of the ages. All the false and unessential has dropped away, only the true remains. They are full of meaning, subtle, and satisfy the whole soul. The greatest artists can only express themselves, but folk lore is the expression of all ages.

Now about the dances. These ages have left us three distinct kinds of dances. The oldest of all, and probably the original from which the other two were derived, are the Sword Dances. These are danced only by men carrying imitation swords, each man holding his own by the handle and his neighbor's by the point and dancing in a circle, passing under and over the swords and sometimes weaving them together. These were, undoubtedly, sacrificial dances about a victim, an animal, or perhaps a man. In one of these dances a man is brought in from the outside who sings a song telling how he is to be killed; the swords are held near his neck, and when they are drawn he falls down dead, and then gets up to explain that he really isn't killed after all. The six or eight sword dances that survived are each peculiar to one particular village, and danced only at one particular season.

In Anthony and Cleopatra I find this quotation: "He at Philippi kept his sword—like a dancer," and in "All's well that ends well,"—"Till honor be bought up and no sword worn but one to dance with."

The next dances are the Morris Dances. These are danced by six men, called "aside of dancers," and Mr. Sharp believes them to be a late form derived from sword dances.

The men carry either sticks or handkerchiefs, and go through various evolutions all with a peculiar step combined of hops, and hops and springs, very athletic, requiring strength to perform well, but always lightness and agility. There are traces of their being religious dances invoking blessings on the crops, celebrating the return of spring, the planting of the seeds, etc. At certain seasons dancers would go from village to village, stopping

in each to dance on the green, a musician going in front with a pipe and tabor.

Many curious customs attached themselves to the Morris dances. A clown with a big bladder, a man on a hobbyhorse, sometimes a man dressed as a woman and called "Maid Marian," would accompany the dancers. In one place a great cake is borne before the dancers.

The third and most modern kind of the old dances are the country dances. These are for both men and women, and we have a few survivals in the country of which the best known is "Sir Roger de Coverly" or the "Virginia Reel." These were danced whenever young people came together, and there were a great variety of them. In the time of Charles II. a dancing master named Plagford published a collection of them but they had so nearly become obsolete, that no one understood all of the terms and it is only within the last few years that Mr. Sharp has worked them out.

Pepvs speaks of them in his diary and tells how at a Court ball the king, after the company had performed the fashionable court dances, called for a good old English dance, and they then danced "Hey Bovs," and "Up go we."

Of the traditional dancers there were only a very few, three or four left, when Mr. Sharp began collecting. Many of his dances he has pieced together, bit by bit, from old people, who have shown him the steps and described them. After seeing the few remaining sides he was able to understand the descriptions and to put them all together in the form in which we now have them.

# The Field of Service of the Library to the Foreign Born

Miss J. Maude Campbell

Mass. State Library Commission

If there is one thing for which this generation is to mark its place in the progress of the world, I think it will be through what we hear spoken of at nearly every public meeting, political or social, as the "awakening of the social conscience." The change in spirit that has come as we have passed from the pioneer days to the days of commercial supremacy, has made people so busy carving their own fortunes and establishing their own way in society, that they have had no time to think of their less fortunate brethren, unless some crisis occurred, such as that which put an end to slavery in this country. But to this generation has come the awakening to a sense of responsibility, the

knowledge that the body politic cannot progress and be healthy with cancerous growths, even if they are out of sight; and the feeling that each one of us must offer our quota of service to others, if we hope to be considered among the "good and faithful" servants.

Now, libraries have been just as ready to take their step in the march of progress as the rest of the world, although our work at first was largely conserving books, because of their cost and difficulty to replace. When printing made books less costly and more abundant, we turned our attention to the constructive part of our work and spun our library "red tape," the cataloguing, classification, etc., which would enable us to turn readily to the material on hand. Nor could we wish for a better foundation on which to build to enable us to offer our share of service for the furtherance of human progress.

The present day problem of the immigrant and the library is not, though, a growth out of the development of our own profession; it has come, rather as the result of a new social condition, a knocking from without asking whether we have any assistance to offer to meet a new and pressing need; a social crisis with which education as a public utility has been called upon to deal. comes as the cry of "noblesse oblige" -- our position in the educational field imposing obligations which offer us an opportunity for an ideal experiment to secure practical results in inspiring social ideals and meeting industrial requirements. Where libraries had taken advantage of their opportunity, the results have proved most profitable, far outweighing, it seems to some of us, the effort expended.

The library, along with the school, has stood for culture and education, the one thing this Democracy has consistently believed in. We have changed our politics, as sometimes our policies, but have never gone back on the fundamental idea that in a country where every man is to share in the responsibilities of the government, we must train all—not one class, or one race—but all for intelligent citizenship. In order to satisfy ourselves that this imposes a duty towards the foreign born in connection with our libraries, let us look for a minute at the position to-day in Massachusetts.

The census of 1910, the last authoritative figures we have, show that one-third of the population were foreign born, one-third of foreign parentage, and one-third native born. Of the foreign born who arrived in the decade between 1900 and 1910, ninety-four per cent (94%) arrived here over fourteen years of age, leaving only six per cent who could be compelled to go

to school. Not all those over school age by any means are illiterates, but, the vast majority need help to understand the principles and ideals of a democracy, for without a sympathetic understanding of the aims and purposes of our government, we cannot look for co-operation in keeping our laws or maintaining the ideals of a republic. What more logical place, for our kinsmen from over the sea to look to for guidance as to his duties and opportunities than the public library?

The fundamental necessities of the newcomers make it plain how very practical our assistance The majority came here to earn a living, so must find work; they are strangers, so must make a home; and are ignorant of the conditions which they will meet in this country, so will need education and protection. Every one of these conditions has an answer through the service of the library. Once convince a man that the most essential thing for his advancement here is a knowledge of the English language; that when he can understand what is said to him, he can get better pay and better "jobs" than when he can only be shown what to do; once make him realize that he is less liable to accident, and even to cause accidents to others when he can understand signs and orders; once make him appreciate that the man who knows is of greater value to his family, his employer and the community at large, and you will be surprised at the directness of purpose he shows in mastering the language. Ask any librarian about the demand for the simple books for learning English when the foreign-speaking population have grasped the idea that such books exist and can be borrowed free of charge. I think you will find the demand exceeds the supply.

The necessity for making a home carries with it the need to know the conditions under which one must live in this country; what we can do and cannot do in the different communities, in other words, the laws we must obey. We cannot afford to wait until a man has mastered the intricacies of a new language to acquaint him with the fact that his children are obliged to go to school if under fourteen, nor, that we have certain sanitary laws all must respect. Because he considers infectious and contagious diseases something directly from the hand of Providence, something so be regretted but not prevented, we must impress upon him the knowledge that the rights of others have to be considered even in a free country. Nor, can we be too eager to acquaint him with the thousand and one things our complex civilization forces upon his attention, even if we have to put it before him in the only thing he can read, his own language. I know there are many patriotic Americans who think that anything in a foreign

language means menace to this country. If there is anything in the history and progress of this country of good report, I think it is perfectly safe to give it to the newcomer in his own language when his interest and curiosity are apt to be greatest, the first few months after he gets here. I would go a step further and try to bridge over the homesick time, when the home-country is pulling at the heartstrings and before the newcomer has "found himself" here, and let him comfort himself with the poetry, folk-lore, and even fiction of his own country, rather than condemn him to a period of intellectual starvation which must exist until the English language becomes a ready medium of understanding. In these days of "safety first" is it safe to condemn newcomers to intellectual starvation, to allow the labor agitation such a fertile field as the empty heads of the foreign born? Nature abhors a vacuum, and unless we are going to make it our business to see that all the good things our libraries have to offer are not only offered, but actually thrust upon the attention of the eager people waiting for some sign of interest from us, we cannot comfort ourselves with the thought that we have made the most of our opportunity to interpret our common glorious heritage, American civilization, to those who before very long will be seeking to share in our citizenship.

## Distribution of Immigration

E. M. ANTHONY

During the fiscal year ending June, 1914, there were 1,403,081 aliens admitted into the United States through the various ports. New York leads with 878,052, the border stations of Canada follow with 86,653, Boston with 69,365, Philadelphia with 56,827, Baltimore with 36,048, and the rest in smaller numbers through the various other seaports of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and the Mexican border ports.

Of these large numbers, 294,689 came from Italy, 262,409 from Russia, 144,538 from Hungary, 141,521 from Austria, 101,598 from British North America, and the rest in smaller numbers from other European and Asiatic countries.

Of the total immigration 288,053 were farm laborers, 226,407 were common laborers, 144,409 were servants, 27,403 were tailors, and 320,215 (including women and children) had no occupation.

New York received the largest number of aliens, — 344,663, in this order,— Italians, Jews, Poles, G:rmins, other nationalities. These were occupied as follows: farm laborers, common laborers, servants, tailors, and 88,662 with no occupations.

Pennsylvania was second with 184,438. They were Italians, Poles, and Hebrews, employed as farm laborers, common laborers, servants, and tailors; and those of no occupation numbered 44,268. Pennsylvania controlled the Slav immigration.

Illinois came third with 105,811 immigrants, representing Poles, Italians, and Hebrews, employed as in Pennsylvania, and 27,967 unemployed.

Massachusetts was fourth. Of the 93,200 aliens received in this state, 27,901 were unemployed. The rest, representing chiefly Italians, Poles, and Jews, were farm laborers, common laborers, and servants.

New Jersey came next with a foreign influx of 62,495, including Italians, Poles, and Jews, employed as farm laborers, servants, and common laborers.

## The Pomegranate Seeds

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#### Characters

CERES	PROSERPINA
PEARLSHELL	WAVELET
SILVERFOAM	Ргито
Pluto's Housekeeper	Несате
PHŒBUS	QUICKSILVER
A Page	A WOMAN

A FISHERMAN

Scene: A beautiful shore. Three lovely Nymphs sitting on a bank of sponge, making a necklace of shells. Ceres comes in.

CERES: Now, dear creatures, I am ready to go. PEARLSHELL: Bend down a moment, dear lady, and let me straighten your turban. (Ceres bends down.) It is made of real flowers!

CERES: Of course. It reminds people that I make the flowers and grain grow. (A tramping sound is heard.)

WAVELET: What is that noise?

CERES: It must be the winged dragons harnessed to my car clawing the ground. They know it is time I drove over the fields and caused the fruits and grain to ripen.

SILVERFOAM: Shall you take Proserpina with you?

CERES: No, she will stay. You must tell her not to play far from shore. I do not feel quite so safe about her as I did when she was a baby and I tied her in her cradle. (*The dragons outside stamp*.) Yes, yes, my winged horses. I am coming. Goodbye, sweet nymphs.

NYMPHS: Goodbye, Lady Ceres. (Proserpina runs in.)

PROSERPINA: What a lovely necklace!

SILVERFOAM: It is for you. When we have finished it, you are to clasp it about your throat. Then, if you fall into the water you cannot drown, for these are magic shells.

PROSERPINA: O you dear nymphs! What shall I do for you to show how I love you? (She thinks a moment.) I'll run and gather the loveliest flowers in the field and weave you each a garland.

NYMPHS: Don't go out of our sight, little Proserpina.

PROSERPINA: No, indeed; I can gather flowers enough to make garlands for all the nymphs of the sea just beyond this strip of sand. (She goes out.)

PEARLSHELL: One of us should watch the child. I will climb a little farther up the bank. Now I can see her plainly. Why, how strange!

SILVERFOAM: What do you see?

PEARLSHELL: O sisters, sisters! (She wrings her hands.)

WAVELET and SILVERFOAM: Dear sister, what is happening? Shall we come up?

PEARLSHELL: No, no, we cannot run on the land, and now our dear little Proserpina is gone. (Pearlshell slides down to the others.)

SILVERFOAM: Where is Proserpina?

PEARLSHELL: When I first cried out, it was because a great bush covered with flowers, gay as the rainbow, sprang straight out of the ground in front of our playmate. She tried to pick a flower and at once the entire bush came up, leaving a great hole in the ground.

WAVELET (to Silverfoam): Too much sun has touched our sister's brain.

PEARLSHELL: My brain is as clear as yours, sisters. From the hole came a chariot drawn by four coal black horses. The driver was dressed all in black, quicker than a flash he snatched our little playmate and was gone with her like lightning.

SILVERFOAM: Which way did he go? PEARLSHELL: Along the river bank.

WAVELET: Quick, let us ask the River God if he knows this wicked, wicked man. Away, sisters, come away. (They go out. Ceres enters singing.)

CERES:

In every wild-grape tangle
Let purple clusters grow,
And you, O sun-kissed orchards,
Your rosy apples show.

Where are the nymphs? Wavelet, Pearlshell, Silverfoam, where are you? Can they have dragged my Proserpina under the water? (A faint cry is heard.)

CRY: Mother — Mother Ceres!

CERES: Where was that? It sounded like my little Proserpina's voice. (A fisherman enters.)

Good Fisherman, have you seen anything of a little girl with golden hair, dressed all in yellow?

FISHERMAN: No, lady, but I think a child has been playing in this field as I found a little apron filled with flowers and close beside it a bush covered with the strangest blossoms I ever saw. Here is one of them.

CERES: That is my little Proserpina's apron. Let me see the flower. Ha, there is mischief in it—the earth did not produce it by any help of mine. It is enchanted and poisonous; perhaps it has poisoned my dear child. (She runs out.)

FISHERMAN: Poor lady, I will follow and see if I can help her.

(A room in Pluto's palace. Enter Pluto and Proserpina.)

PLUTO: Don't be frightened, pretty child. I have brought you to make sunshine in my great dark palace. Do you love flowers?

PROSERPINA (weeping): Let me go back to my own fields.

PLUTO: My child, I will give you a garden filled with flowers made of pearls and diamonds. Every bit of gold and silver under the earth belongs to me. You shall have the most beautiful playthings ever made.

PROSERPINA: Let me go home! Let me go home!

PLUTO: My home is better than your mother's. It is a palace all made of gold with crystal windows.

Proserpina: I don't care for golden palaces. O my mother, my mother! Carry me back to my mother.

PLUTO: Now do not be foolish, Proserpina. I offer you my palace and my crown and all the riches under the earth. Yet you treat me as though I were doing you an injury. The one thing I need is a merry little maid to run up stairs and down, and cheer me with her smile.

PROSERPINA: I shall never smile again till you set me down at my mother's door.

PLUTO (going to the window): Come, look out of the window and see my lovely garden, with its hundred thousand lights. Lamplight is so much better than sunlight.

PROSERPINA (going to the window): Oh, what a dreadful looking dog! Why he has three heads and each one is fiercer than the other two.

PLUTO: You will not think him dreadful when you know him. He is my watchdog and his name is Cerberus.

Proserpina: I don't see any flowers in your garden.

PLUTO: I have better than flowers, flashing diamonds, glittering rubies and heavenly sapphires shining everywhere.

PROSERPINA: I think a bluebell or a scarlet poppy would be prettier than all these jewels.

PLUTO: Now I must leave you for a little while with my housekeeper and you shall have a good dinner, for you must be very hungry.

(The housekeeper enters, carrying a tray covered with food which she places on a table.)

HOUSEKEEPER: See, my little sunbeam, what good King Pluto has told me to bring you

PROSERPINA: I will not taste a bit of food, if I have to stay forever in this palace.

HOUSEKEEPER (going close to her and speaking very low): That is right, my dear. I see you know the law, that if you taste food in this land of magic you will never go back to your friends.

PROSERPINA: O dear housekeeper, you will be my friend, won't you?

HOUSEKEEPER: Yes, pretty child. You see I was stolen when I was about your age and I ate and drank, so I must live here always.

Voice (outside): Proserpina! Proserpina!
HOUSEKEEPER: King Pluto is calling. We
must see what he wants. (They go out.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

### The North End Union

R. G. HEIMAN

The North End Union, under various names, has as few people realize, been in existence since 1854, a period of sixty-one years. The North End was, until the coming of the foreigner, a place of beautiful homes, many trees and lovely gardens. With the arrival of the Irish immigrants in the district, the descendants of the Mayflower moved out, and the North End began to be built up regardless of sunshine and air. In 1854, the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches started a mission in the upper hall of the old Hancock School, now the Police Station on Hanover Street, which was originally called the "Hanover Street Mission," for the purpose of giving religious instruction.

In the spring of 1884 the present site on Parmenter Street was bought, and the name changed to "Parmenter Street Chapel"; but the coming of the Hebrews and Italians into the district made the Fraternity realize that its energy was wasted along religious lines with these people, for the Synagogue and Catholic Churches could take care of their own people. In 1892 the house was remodeled at an expense of \$12,000 and the name acain changed to the "North End Union," under which it still continues, and Mr. Samuel F. Hubbard, who is still the superintendent, was

placed in charge of the work. The religious services were given up; the Sunday School, gyms nasium, Saturday morning sewing class, were retained, many new social activities added, and the "Children's House," on the same street, was consolidated and became a part of the Union.

The North End Union has since grown in the number of its members, workers, and activities, and holds an important place in the district. Dr. Irving E. Stowe now has charge of the Boys' Department, and a number of the clubs are supervised by men sent by the Social Service Department of Harvard University. The club programs vary, some have talks on hygiene and history, while others discuss trades and professions and how best to get jobs. A very important part of the work is a mass club which meets Saturday evenings and is self-governed. The house also has two troops of Boy Scouts and a glee club.

The Children's House is in charge of Miss Mary P. Ingalls. This department has dress-making, cooking, knitting classes, and a glee club. "But," Miss Ingalls says, "our hope is not to produce a good cook, or a dressmaker, as much as it is to produce a woman who may have the respect of the community and herself." Two mornings a week are set aside for calling on the families or members of the House. These visits are considered most essential in acquainting the families with the work which the North End Union is trying to do in the community. Mr. Malegeri is in charge of the adult Italian work.

The School of Printing, in charge of Mr. A. A. Stewart, is carried on with great success. Fourteen boys are in attendance at the school and many graduates are now at work in various printing houses throughout the city. The Flower Mission, which distributes flowers to the sick, has been a means of cheering many North End homes. The Milk and Baby Station, under the auspices of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association, is an important branch of the work and takes care of many infants in the district.

The North End Union is the oldest settlement in the North End. It is supported by the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, and its generous friends have helped many boys and girls to obtain a broader outlook and a desire for the better things of life, and we hope that the North End Union may continue in its good work.

"Democracy is not a mere form of government; it does not depend on ballot boxes or franchise laws or any constitutional machinery. These are but its trappings. Democracy is a spirit, and an atmosphere, and its essence is trust in the moral instinct of the people."

#### North End Items

Editors: SARAH BERMAN
SOPHIE R. STEARNS

North Bennet Street Industrial School

The Paul Revere Lunch Room was opened on October 7th, and is indeed a credit to the North Bennet Street Industrial School. On that day a luncheon was served to the North End Garden Association. Mr. Irving C. Tomlinson, a friend of the North End, told a little about the summer's work of the Garden Association, and of the endeavors to make the North End "bloom like a rose." Miss Gertrude E. Bigelow, principal of the Hancock School, and Mr. John F. McGrath, principal of the Eliot School, also, praised the work of the Association. The regular after school and evening clubs and classes of the North Bennet Street Industrial School have opened for the winter.

Civic Service House

Words cannot express the enthusiasm of the members of the Civic Service House regarding the question and perhaps most discussed local subject of the day, "Woman Sufferage."

Mrs. Bertha Papazian has recently come to the house as secretary and director of the Speakers' Art Work. A Faculty of fourteen Emerson Students have eight clubs, engaged in the study of Elocution, Appreciation of Poetry, Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art. This promises a series of North End entertainments that the neighborhood ought to look forward to. The folk play program is planned for mid December. All are cordially invited to come. The work at the Civic Service House starts under particularly favorable conditions and promises a very educational and interesting year.

#### Medical Mission

Mrs. Therkield, of New Orleans, has come to the Medical Mission as the new settlement worker. The clubs are still organizing and plans are being made for a busy year. There has been a new group of Camp Fire Girls added to the house, and another Kindergarten Club. The Kindergarten Club is both interesting and amusing. It teaches little children to cook, wash dishes, sweep floors, dust and other household duties of daily importance.

#### The Public Library

We wish to call the attention of the "Saturday Evening Girls" to the splendid free public lectures given in the Lecture Hall of the Boston Public Library. These lectures have been arranged under the auspices of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library. The services of men and women of the highest reputation in their particular lines have been secured, and rare opportunities are provided for the interested public in entertaining and instructive talks upon Art, Literature, and Science.

Sun., Nov. 14. Wild Birds and How to AttractThem. Ernest Harold Baynes. With lantern illustrations..

Mon., Nov. 15. New National Forests in the White Mountains and Southern Appalachians. Philip W. Ayres, Ph.D. With lantern illustrations.

Thu., Nov. 18. A pleasure Trip to Colorado and California. Charles H. Bayley.

Sun., Nov. 21. Journeys with an Indian; Camping-out-trips; Life of the Wild Birds and Animals. W. Lyman Underwood. With lantern illustrations.

Mon., Nov. 22. The Heritage of a Young American. L. Gertrude Howes. With lantern illustrations.

Sun., Nov. 28. Shakespeare on the Stage. Frank W. C. Hersey, A.M. With lantern illustrations.

Thu., Dec. 2. Evolution of Oil Painting: From Ornament to Nature — Transition from Byzantine Art to Naturalism. Burleigh Parkhurst.

Sun., Dec. 5. Poets of the Elizabethan Age. Mrs. Lionel Marks. (Josephine Preston

Peabody.)
Thu., Dec. 9. Through the Heart of the South;
From Washington to Florida. Guy
Richardson.

Sun., Dec. 12. Theatres of Shakespeare's Time. Frank Chouteau Brown. With lantern illustrations.

#### Markets

The market in general this year is a firm one, and, as a consequence, higher prices prevail. The following is a comparison with last year's prices: Potatoes are selling better this year than a year ago, prices being 80c to 85c per bushel bulk, delivered Boston, and \$1.65-\$1.75 per two bushel sack; compared with 48c per bus, delivered Boston, and \$1.10 for two bushel sack of last year. Turnips are about the same price, still selling at 27c per bushel. Onions are much higher; last year they could be bought by car load at 80c per 100 pound sack, and retailed for \$1.15-\$1.25. This year shippers are asking \$1.80 per sack at loading station, but are not receiving it as onions can be bought for \$1.75 per sack on Boston Market. Danish Cabbage is lower this year, the present market price being \$4.00 per ton against last year's \$5.00. Tokays, Malagas, Cornichons, and Emperor grapes are selling at a somewhat better price.

The Steamer "Katahdin" arrived here from Jacksonville, Fla., the 28th, with 6 boxes Grape-fruit; the "Howard" from Norfolk on the 29th, with 40 baskets persimmons, 25 baskets beans, and 250 bags peanuts; Norfolk Steamer "Nantucket" arrived the 24th bringing 78 barrels sweet potatoes, 466 baskets beans, 605 bags pea-

nuts. The Norfolk Steamer "Juanita" came in the 25th, with 512 baskets beans and 450 bags peanuts.

Seven fishing vessels arrived at the new fish pier on the 22nd, with fresh ground fish; there were two mackerel arrivals. The fact that there were no arrivals at T Wharf made dealers' prices lower. There was a considerable drop in the price of steak cod. The Boston Merchants in the market are looking forward to better prices.

### \* \*

#### S. E. G. Announcements

November 13. Business Meeting.

November 20. Miss Rose Casassa will give a recital of Schumann's songs.

Miss Fanny Levis at the piano.

November 27. Miss Edith Haynes, a Boston
Attorney, will talk on "Law
Points Women Ought to
Know."

December 4. S. E. G. Reception to Mothers.

#### ADELSON-KROP

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie Krop to Mr. Maurice Adelson, October 2, 1915.

#### ALPERT-COHEN

The engagement is announced of Miss Rebecca Cohen to Mr. Louis Alpert, October 9, 1915.

#### SAXE-RUBIN

The engagement is announced of Miss Rebecca Rubin to Mr. Allen Saxe, October 29, 1915.

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Small (nee Sadie Yavner) announce the birth of a son, Milton Maxwell Small, August 14, 1915.

#### Mirrored

To live for common ends is to be common. The highest faith makes still the highest man; For we grow like the things our souls believe, And we rise or sink as we aim high or low. No mirror shows such likeness of the face As faith we live by, of the heart and mind. We are in very truth that which we love.

### THE LIBRARY

### Book Review

"RABINDRANATH TAGORE"

"The Man and His Poetry"

THE critic in a recent Literary Digest, speaking of Tagore, winner of the Nobel prize for "Idealistic Literature," writes: "It seems about time to protest against the whole mystic bag of tricks with which the Tagore legend is conjured. The quaint exoticism of the man is what makes Women's Clubs delight in him, whereas if Tagore had been born in Brooklyn he would never be a fashionable poet."

The critic evidently has the type of mind which can digest only the railroad train kind of literature with tracks all laid and Chicago at the other end, wherever one starts. Mr. Mabie. a man who dares to dream in this wide awake, "look out for the engine" age, and so far hasn't been run over, prefaces a charming biography of the justly famous Indian poet as follows: "His thought is elusive and must be patiently pursued, and his speech is saturated with symbolism and imagery; he cannot be read at full speed; he must be waited upon and communed with. But if he demands much he

has much to give; and what he has to give is precisely what we need in this over-worked Western World and this eager, impatient age."

Permit me to kindle your desire to read this book with two quotations. First, his defence of the Indian home, which is quite unlike anything vet heard on the subject. "It is impossible for a woman in an European family to attain to the varied perfections which a woman can in a Hindu home. It is for this reason that it is deemed to be a grave misfortune to be a spinster in England. Her heart becomes sour, and she finds consolation in nursing puppies or in doing 'charity' or 'social' work. As the milk from the breast of the mother of a still-born babe has to be artificially pumped out to keep the mother in health, so the milk of tenderness from an European spinster's heart has to be artificially pumped out for charity organizations; but it fails to contribute to the innate satisfaction of her soul."

"I am afraid that the present-day civilization of Europe is imperceptibly extending the arid zone in its social life. The superabundance of luxuries is smothering the soul of the home — home that is the very abode of love, tenderness and beneficence, a thing that is, above all, most essen-

tial for the healthy development of the human heart. In Europe homes are disappearing and hotels are increasing in number."

"Our women make our homes smile with sweetness, tenderness and love. . . . We are quite
happy with our household goddesses, and they
themselves have never told us of their 'miserable
condition.' Why then should the meddlers from
beyond the seas feel so bad about the imagined
sorrows of our women? People make mistakes
in imagining too much as to what would make
others happy or unhappy. If, perchance, the fishes
were to become philanthropists, their tender hearts
would find satisfaction only in drowning the entire human race in the depths of water."

In his prayer for freedom, the line closing with "The dreary desert of dead habit," should be placed over every "efficiency manager's" desk.

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where work comes out from the depth of truth; Where tireless striving stretches the arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert of dead habit; Where the mind is led forward by Thee, into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

\* \* \*

# Interesting Articles in the November Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Protective Coloring in the Educational World."

Boy's Life: "The Scout and the Serpent." Catholic World: "Ut Quid Perditio Haec."

Good Housekeeping: "Your Daughter's Career."

Harper's Monthly: "Bagdad: City of Kalifs." Ladies' Home Journal: "Charley."

National Geographic: "London" (October Number.)

Popular Mechanics: "Meeting War's Emergencies with Invention."

Review of Reviews: "Why New York City Needs a New School Plan."

St. Nicholas: "The Boys' Life of Mark

Scribner's Magazine: "Immigration after the War."

#### With Our Advertisers

Every month we propose to have a short sketch of one of the firms advertising with us.

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# S. E. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station

Boston, Mass.

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#### Editorial

#### F. GOLDSTEIN

The congested districts of large cities have gradually been converted into experiment stations where manifold plans are being tested by workers, at enormous public and private financial expense and a trusting unconsciousness on the part of the dwellers of these districts.

Work with children in the so-called "slums" has, perhaps, proved to be the most complex, interesting, and important phase of social work. The children young, plastic, and enthusiastic, accept without a question of the future, all advantages offered. At the kindergartens the children of the poor are early analyzed, and promptly either congregated, segregated, or clubbed to suit the ever changing whims and theories of the individual experimenters. Later, according to the

results of the experiment, they are again labelled, investigated, staticized, reported on, sympathized with, collected for, and convened over; whereas, during these various processes the children themselves, of course, know nothing about what is being done, nor the methods employed.

A few interested philanthropists and a limited public are, however, always kept well-informed on the work of the so-called social problem of "children of the slums" and its various results. Too often, the situation is merely summed up for those interested in the annual reports of institutions. These reports invariably only appeal for subscribers and contributions in behalf of the particular phases of social work conducted by the institution. The situation is also occasionally presented in a book by some social expert addicted to the terrible hobby of "Slumitis," who has made a microscopic study of the "slums" and their poor. All these may be excellent treatises to be sure, but does it not appear sometimes as if these must cried about and worked for poor children who have for so long a time and at so great a cost been experimented with, may also have upon reaching maturity from a different point of view, an interesting voice on the subject?

The children of the immigrants who live in the poorer and more congested districts of big cities are largely affected by the modern social regime. These children are as a rule shrewd, gifted with keen minds, apt hands, and a remarkable adaptability. When opportunity allows it they often prove excellent scholars, highly grateful and honorable, with a possibility of later becoming potent factors in the community from the help gained from former clubs and classes, if the method employed during the years of experimentation has been a correct one.

Many questions relating to social work with children are constantly being asked by well meaning and intelligent people. These question should not be disregarded, because they are oft-times very sensible, and deserving of consideration and answer. When, therefore, questions like the following in reference to work with children in the congested sections are asked, only those who have lived in such districts, who really know them through having lived there, and who have felt and experienced the divers applications of the social welfare movement, are qualified to answer.

We are asked, "Is it wise to educate slum children to a higher standard of living?"

"If they are so educated, do they not as a rule become discontented in their own and unhappy in the unacquainted sphere?" "Does not such education tend to distroy the mutual happiness of the child and his family?"

Does not educating these children retard mar-

riage?"

In answer to the first question which we will aim to answer in this issue, " Is it wise to educate poor children?" — we can merely emphasize the fact, that it is the divine right of all children regardless of either birth or eavironment to receive and accept during childhood. With this in view, no wouldhe philosopher has the moral right to discriminate as to what shall be the heritage of the poor child, and as to what is justly due the rich child. In the eves of the Father surely all children must be equal, and they are least responsible for the social castes which man in his struggling has created. Contrary to prevailing conditions, it is better to assume the theory that all normal children at least have something in common; and, that only the environment and circumstances surrounding their birth create in a measure the success of the future and the dividing line of rich and poor children. It is a curious coincidence, but we are all prone to think of the rich child as an individual, and of the poor in terms of many.

There are indeed, contrary to both area and income, many, many children to contend with in the congested districts. The existing problem, therefore, of individuality in spite of numbers, is a difficult one to face in all phases of social work, and perhaps most evident in work with children. And yet, it is unfair to these children to deal with them always in hordes or in masses. The individual is ever the supreme factor in all work, and when soever possible should never be compromised.

Observation and experience, however, both reveal the fact that since individualistic work is quite impossible in this sphere, the group method has its advantages; and where numbers predominate, it soon becomes necessary to divide the many into smaller groups. For effective work, a group under the supervision of a single leader ought not to exceed sixteen children. The leader's position is never an easy one. His qualifications should be endless. He must be tireless, competent, and sympathetic in order to understand his individuals. In teaching these children he should not differentiate. They should be treated as if no social barriers existed, never patronized, and merely taught constructively the things which all children should know; namely, in addition to a vocation or a profession, personal cleanliness, selfrespect, and the value of true friendship. Such instruction should be supplemented with mental ideals, thus laving the foundation of future ambition. Their morals need not trouble one. variably, once the children of the poor have imbibed such knowledge, their morals will have devel-

oped in accordance with their teachings and association. Having seen the path to better things and developed higher aspirations, they are courageously persevering, for they know equally as well as their more fortunate brethren that to desert a worthy purpose is base and degrading.

N. B. The remaining questions will be discussed in subsequent issues of the News.

## The Paul Revere Pottery

"I WILL look up unto the hills," sang the Psalmist, and the Paul Revere Pottery echoed whence cometh my help," for Nottingham Hill, the present home of the pottery, is higher by far than Copps' Hill.

By night, the limitless star strewn fields are ours; the moon from horizon to horizon is visible, and below, near and far, the lights of seven suburbs flash and gleam in the mysterious dark. By day, roof and tower, enchanting in the distance, stand forth in the valleys and the far-off hills even to the distant tree crowned horizon.

Near at hand, tall oaks drop acorns for the squirrels, blue jays dart among the birches, and little children build playhouses on the grassy hill-sides as free from the thought of brick sidewalks as though they were in the "real country," instead of only twenty minutes from Park Street.

It is, indeed, far easier to find the Pottery now than it was to find it a year ago at 18 Hull Street. A Lake Street, Commonwealth Ave. car, passes Leamington Road, whence stone steps lead up the hill to the highest point of land in Brighton, occupied by the group of buildings now almost completed for the Pottery.

The cement buildings, roofed with green slate, surround three sides of a square open court, which is shaded by a cherry tree with wide spreading branches. In the northern wing are the office, salesroom, painting room, and laboratory. In the central part of the building the clay working, plaster, inspection, and packing rooms are situated. The southern wing is occupied by the kiln house, which is separated by a roofed passage from the rest of the building. The studio, dressing room, kitchen, and assembly room, occupy the second floor.

Every S. E. G. who has believed in the possisibilities of the Pottery, who has rejoiced to watch the experiment of working out a happy, paying industry, will be justified in feeling an honest pride that the new year finds the S. E. G. Bowl Shop still flourishing in its Boylston Street quarters and the Paul Revere Pottery not only situated on a hill-top, but literally founded on a rock, which is the best augury of success one could have.

#### EDUCATION

SADIE GUTTENTAG

#### Education of Women

WITH the many modern educational advantages for women, it hardly seems possible that this door was opened to them only one hundred years ago. If we consider the birth of this form of higher education, we find that it is comparatively recent, having commenced in the middle of the nineteenth century. Woman has, though, made rapid progress in this short time, and availed herself of all her opportunities. Boston opened a girls' high school in 1830 and 135 girls applied, far exceeding the largest class of 90 at the boys' school. The Committee then realized that the numbers would probably increase each year, and as a result the school was shut in terror. "How can any city be expected to spend money in such a way?" asked Mavor Josiah Quincy. And what Boston could not do, no other city would do.

Let us turn back many pages of history to see when the question of the education of women was first considered. The history of education in the ancient world is only a record of the evolution of the male sex. In China, India, and Persia, women were entirely excluded from the scheme of education, although the position of woman in Persia was much higher than in China or India. Egypt, however, was more advanced, for woman was recognized as the mistress of the home and that it was she who directed the education of the child very largely. Here, at least, girls received some instruction. The aim of all education in these countries was the subordination of the individual to the good of the nation, and as woman was not considered a part of the nation because she was merely subject to the wishes of her husband, naturally she was no part in the scheme of education.

Although the educational ideal of the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans was advanced beyond that of the Oriental nations, the status of woman in education had not advanced much. Among the Hebrews woman held an honored place in the home, and the girls were not entirely excluded from intellectual training. Woman in Athens, though, was not held in such high esteem as among the Hebrews or Spartans, and was excluded from all educational benefits.

In formulating his scheme of education, however, Plato included women; and Aristotle believed that woman should have a part in education so that she might properly train her children, and by an intelligent understanding of the laws might uphold the state. In Sparta women were highly respected, and the ideal was to develop strong and beautiful wives and mothers. Girls, therefore, often received the same gymnastic training as boys, but little attention was given to their intellectual training. In Rome girls as well as boys attended school.

The status of women changed with the beginning of the Christian era. Christianity had no very decided effect on the education of woman, but its general influence is shown for several centuries in the regeneration of family life. In 801 Charlemagne, although himself uncultured, realized the necessity for general education. Up to this time, girls had received all instruction at home, but now they began to receive training outside of the family, and these first places of instruction were the convents. Here girls received a little more than was given at home, but only girls who were to become nuns were allowed additional instruction in reading and writing.

During the first half of the middle ages no steps were taken for the provision of general female education, and in the period of Chivalry the peasant class was entirely neglected. Among the the women of the knightly orders, instruction was given not only in sewing, knitting, embroidery, and housekeeping, but also in some intellectual training. Oftentimes, in addition to reading and writing, the girls were taught French and Latin. At the beginning of the Fourteenth Century, a school for small girls was established in Brussels. Similar schools were then opened in other cities, but their number was very limited.

The Reformation greatly aided the development of female education. At this time all church and school regulations recognized the necessity for the establishment of girls' schools, and a large number of such schools were established. Some of these were parish schools for girls and boys. Others were schools for girls alone which aimed to give higher training than could be obtained at the parish schools. In the last half of the Sixteenth and beginning of the Seventeenth centuries, female education was at a standstill. In 1019 a resolution was adopted at Weimar, Germany, making education compulsory for boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 12. Fénelon, one of the great educators of this period, presented advanced views on the education of women, as he believed that girls should have the benefits of education because of their great influence in the home.

While the movement was slowly developing in

Europe, American girls began to demand educational rights. The first schools established here were private dame schools; which later became public schools; and girls were not admitted to the grammar schools until the time of the Revolution. After the Revolution many towns began to give partial instruction to girls. Mrs. John Adams said that in those days "female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic, and in some few rare instances music and dancing."

During the first third of the nineteenth century, elementary school education was still in an experimental stage, and girls received no instruction but the very rudiments of the three R's. As late as 1853 the very mention of a collegiate course for women was treated as absurd. Even those radicals who desired advanced institutions for women balked at the word "college." In 1819 when a "Plan for Improving Female Education" was presented to the New York Legislature, Governor Clinton asked that it at least be spared "commonplace ridicule." Girls eagerly availed themselves of all opportunities offered, as was evidenced by the closing of the girls high school in Boston, because of too many applicants.

The stand taken by Boston brought endeavors for the establishment of the public schools of such a nature to a standstill. Private academies, however, sprang up throughout New England and New York. These seemed most satisfactory at first, but as educators watched the experiment they realized that the principle underlying the academy was at fault. These were private schools, and in order to be successful institutions for higher education, they should be supported by public endowment. As a result of this conclusion Mt. Holyoke Seminary was opened two hundred years after the opening of Harvard College. At this time Emma Willard succeeded in getting her seminary incorporated at Troy, New York, and a small amount of money was also appropriated by the state for girls' higher education. Between the years 1830 and 1850 twenty-two similar institutions were opened in America, but most of them were in the South. Georgia was the first state to have a women's institution called "college" and to give degrees. Although Oberlin College granted its first degree to a women in 1838, Georgia College in 1840 graduated a class of eleven women. We may feel proud of Oberlin College for it was the first American college for men in the world to open its doors to women. We thus find rapid advancement in the education of women until the Civil War, especially in the South, struck a blow to the movement.

It interrupted for a few years the plans for

what is recognized as the first woman's college in America, in the full sense in which we now understand the term; and finally resulted in 1865 in the establishment of Vassar College. The thought of the founder, Matthew Vassar, is best expressed in his first communication to the Trustees who were intrusted with the money, when he wrote "It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right to intellectual culture and development. It is my hope to be the instrument in the hand of Providence of founding an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." This was followed ten years later by the opening of Smith and Wellesley, and in 1885 of Bryn Mawr. While this movement for higher education was going on in the East, a parallel movement for co-education was growing in the West, and Utah was the first western college to open its doors to women in 1850.

Meanwhile across the Atlantic the movement was advancing by slower degrees. England, in 1848, first placed the education of girls on a basis of solid instruction, and the same seriousness was shown it as the education of boys. The first girls' school of the public school type was started as a commercial enterprise in 1872, but it was quite unsatisfactory. In 1894 girls first began to be admitted to boys' schools. From then on, rapid strides have been made, until to-day the education of women is on the same basis as that of men, except at Cambridge and Oxford, where degrees are not given to women, although they may take the examinations for degrees.

On the continent of Europe the move for higher education for women met with great conservati·m. In Switzerland, Scandinavia, The Netherlands, and Belgium, where there is no powerful upper class, the rights of women are generally recognized. In France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal there was no legal prohibition, but the native women were slow to avail themselves of their opportunities. In 1867, the University of Zurich was the first European university to admit women. Russian universities are not yet open to women, and they must therefore seek education at foreign universities. At first, however, the Russian government disapproved of even this means of advancement, for in 1872 Russian women who had gone to Zurich were ordered home. In Germany and Austria, the development of university educa tion for women has been slow, because the holding of degrees means also the holding of public positions.

We of the United States may pride ourselves as we realize the fact that this movement of higher

education for women is pre-eminently American. It is the natural product of breadth of view and democracy. This new attitude first began to be felt at the close of the Revolution, and became more fully developed as industrial conditions changed. The great advancement that has been made is evidenced in the comparison between that first class of eleven graduated from Georgia College in 1840, and the enrollment in one year of 33,000 women in 320 co-educational institutions, and 20,000 women in other colleges. In 1900, one-third of the total college students in the United States were women, and the number has since steadily increased. From 1908 to 1912, onetenth of the doctorates of philosophy conferred in the United States were given to women.

The change in the position of women has its underlying cause in the new estimate which democracy has put upon woman. An estimate which found its first manifestation of, and has made much of its progress in the field of her education. With so much progress in this field of education, we may hope that our liberal-minded United States will in the near future become truly democratic in its policy toward women.

#### IMMIGRATION

## The Italian Family

Rose Casassa

WE oftentimes wonder why it is that so many Italians leave their land of sunshine, joy and happiness, and come to our America, "The Land of the Free." Let us ask Antonio or Antonetta why they came, and hear their reply.

In the first place we must know that the people of Italy have never enjoyed the opportunity which we Americans have always had, namely, a free education. In the second place, money in their country is scarce, and they have not placed the high value on their labor and its products as we have. When, we therefore, ask an Italian, "Why did you come?" the reply very often is, — "Yes, if we only had had a little "monetta" so that our children might have gone to school and become a "professor," we should have remained in the land of love and flowers, — but, as it is, we had to come where we could work and save "a few pennies."

What, we may ask, is the Italian's first impression of our large cities? Truly, it is pathetic when one hears them exclaim, "Oi-me! In Italy our skies are so blue, the flowers are so lovely, our cities are gardens in themselves, everything speaks of music and of love, and here, we

see nothing but tall buildings covered with smoke and dirt. Here, everybody is rushing by you as if mad. In Italy we lived out of doors in the sunshine, but here, in order to live economically we have got to live huddled up together in small, stifling rooms."

I sometimes venture to ask foreign friends, "Why don't you go out West to live where land is cheap, and where you can live out of doors as Nature intended that you should." But here, again, we find a very strong trait of the Italian character predominating, that is their great love for one another. "It is impossible for us to separate," is the reply, "we want to live where our friends and relatives are." We find, consequently, as many as fifty to sixty thousand Italians occupying a small area like the North End of Boston.

To begin with, the Italian mothers and fathers who come here seldom change their ideas of life or their ways of living. They are Italians, and always will be, but how about their children? The children adapt themselves at once to our American customs. They attend our schools and learn in a very short time to speak our language quite fluently. They are very affectionate, quick in their actions, and wide awake as to what is going on about them. As we follow them through the grammar school, we find that most of them are ambitious and willing to learn in order to make better progress in the future. It is true that some of the vounger generation leave school as soon as the law allows them to, and go to work in shoe shops and all sorts of factories; not because they want to, but because circumstances demand it. But those who have had the good fortune of having had thrifty parents who have saved a penny for a rainy day, go to high school, and then it is only a short time before we suddenly discover a shingle hanging out below the window, "Dr. Bonfiglio." The son has at last become the professional man that the mother wanted so much.

Meanwhile, how have the father and mother lived? Have they been happy? Being more or less timid and afraid of the strange, cold atmosphere about them, they do not venture boldly forth into the world and make great strides towards "progress." We find that the women toil in their homes from morn till night, providing for the large families, while the men work out.

The Italian who has a good home and is comfortably situated; or, who has a good livelihood couldn't be hired to leave his "Sunny Shores of Italy" even for a short visit to the "Land of Miracles," America. Let us, for example, trace the history of one of many interesting families which I have had the occasion to observe.

The parents came to this country about thirty

vears ago with very little or no money. We find them on arrival huddled up in a small flat of three rooms on the fifth floor of an old tenement house, poorly ventilated, and only one small kerosene lamp to light up the whole place. The father was a fisherman by trade, and every evening seated on the floor of the kitchen near a tub with his wife and two children they prepared the bait for his catch. The father left home for fishing anywhere from 11 P.M. to 3 A.M., according to the tides, and had often to endure much suffering, owing to the extreme weather along our New England Coast. The fact that there were only certain months in which he could work was still sadder. He, therefore, had to plan and think a great deal in order to make his small earnings last over a period of twelve months. In the meanwhile, the family grew, until there were six children ranging from four to twelve years of age. The older children went to school, and at the same time earned money by selling newspapers mornings and evenings. When, before very long, the father died, the mother was compelled to take in such sewing as finishing pants or vests for a tailor, or doing other odd jobs for the neighbors. worked at anything, providing it was honest.

Three or four years later the boy Giuseppe, now sixteen years old, who had sold papers, was engaged in a cobbler's store as assistant, and began to view the world with another eye. He felt that as a man it was much better to be "boss" than to be bossed, so he worked hard during the day and went to night school in order to perfect his English and "learn to do numbers." In other words, he was interested in arithmetic. The younger children not only went to school, but joined some of the clubs in the neighborhood where they were taught to be little housekeepers, sewing, manual training, music, etc.

Two of the girls were especially talented in sewing, and one was passionately fond of music, while the third boy developed the arts of designing and carving. The older boys, having had a taste of the bitterness of life, were determined to do everything in their power to help the younger members of the family make the most of every opportunity. They took a certain pride in introducing Maria, who had made her own dress, or embroidered the family initial on the bedspread. And Carlotta was always asked to sing and play her mandolin for "the company." Conditions gradually changed, until now the family no longer lives shut up in a small house, but has moved to much more desirable quarters in a more inspiring atmosphere.

As the children grew up, they all decidedly felt that in order to be a success in life an education

was very essential. Each and every one of the six children, therefore, applied themselves very diligently to the studies for which they seemed best fitted, with the result that they are an excellent example of American assimilation and progress.

We have to-day in this family a business man, a school teacher, two seamstresses, an artist, and a woodcarver; and the nicest thing of all is, that they live for one another and are all happy. This is only one of the many interesting Italian families that we find here in America. But there are many other families who are differently situated and perhaps not so fortunate and successful, but to whom this country, nevertheless, owes a great deal.

Let me here illustrate the men whom I have often observed and whom the world knows only as "gang," or "pick and shovel men," but whose home life is perhaps far superior to the man who can easily afford to lead the "idle life." It is these men who are the real builders of this country. Who built our railroads, and bridges, and streets? Who made our parks and built our fine buildings, and who have been able to transform an ugly patch of woodland into an attractive farm or beautiful garden?

I never go by a gang of these men without saving deep down in my heart, "You are the real kings and princes, for without you, and the labor of your hands we could not have a city so beautiful and so renowned."

## A Witch's Soliloquy

KATE W. BUCK

Dedicated to the Thursday Afternoon Girls

A Hallow-e'en Witch came down my way, Astride of her broomstick-steed; As she perched on the roof I heard her say,— "They call me a Witch indeed! What would they say if they knew that my head Was made from a pumpkin fine? Or, that my eyes, so wicked and red, Were plucked from a cranberry-vine? What would they say if they knew that my feet Were walnut shells, o-ho! Or that my hair, so grey and neat, Was but a mass of tow? Truly, 'What fools these mortals be'-(Shakespeare is ever right), For pumpkin-heads, twixt you and me, Are strutting day and night! We see them marching about the street, In buzz carts too, they're found, And they all think that they can't be heat,

As they hop along the ground!"

Just here the Witch's cat gave a howl,
And she quickly her broomstick seized;
While, out in the woods, there hooted an owl,
And a Gee-mi-whiz-i-cus sneezed!
The Witch, in a hurry, swiftly flew;
Like a comet she flashed through the air!
And all I could hear was the black cat's "mew"
And a laugh like a trumpet's blare!
I thought of what the crone had said,
While the mocking owl cried, "Who-oo-oo";
And wondered that night, as I went to bed,
If my head was a pumpkin too!

# What a Librarian Desires Her Library to be like

MAY J. MINTON

Custodian, South Boston Branch, Boston Public Library.

IT goes without saving that every Librarian wants her library to be an influence for good in the community. The surest means to this end is to make her library a happy library. To be happy, a library, like a human being, must be comfortable physically, and useful mentally. No person can be happy reading in a library where the light strains his eyes and the air makes his head ache. Also, under these conditions no library staff can reach its highest degree of service to the public. Vigorous, healthy, happy assistants do not flourish in a poorly-lighted, poorlyventilated library. I want my library physically comfortable, as I want my home physically comfortable. Physicians tell us that the mental and mbral well-being of the individual depends on his physical well-being. As the Physician-in-charge of my library I maintain that its mental and moral well-being are dependent on its physical well-being. Put the lights where they are needed and where they do not glare in somebody's eyes; provide ventilation apparatus which ventilates; finally, supply adequate means for keeping a Library clean with a minimum amount of labor. So much for the physical side of it.

The next step on the road to a happy library is not so simple. To be mentally useful to an everchanging population is an ever-changing problem. The books needed and provided this year are needed less next year, and in five years are out-of date and not needed at all. Each year, material which was indispensable when new, must make way for this year's demands. It is not always possible for the Librarian to distinguish the real demands which will have lasting results from the superficial whims. She can only do her best and

trust that her errors in judgment are at least balanced by her correct decisions.

To conclude, I want my library to be happy. If it is happy, the people will use it. If the people use it, it will be an influence for good in the community.

# What a Library Patron Desires His Library to be Like

HENRY C. SARTORIO

In the short space allowed an article it is impossible to develop so large a subject as is suggested by the above title, and one must limit himself to only hint at a few neglected aspects of the case.

A great deal has been done in the last twenty-five years to develop the art of making Public Libraries well organized, more efficient, and more easily reached by the average reader. Schools have been opened to train librarians; files and catalogues have been devised; the most perfect attention to details has been paid, with the end in view of increasing the usefulness of libraries.

It is an unceasing source of wonder and gratitude for a foreigner who comes to America to see how easily one may take home valuable books, and enjoy the beautiful, comfortable rooms provided for those who prefer to read in the library itself.

There is still one side of the problem which is as yet only imperfectly considered by the librarians, and that, if properly handled, will undoubtedly prove itself to be of great profit to the patrons of Public Libraries.

I have especially in mind libraries patronized by immigrants and new Americans, as is the case of the North End Library; and I will illustrate my point with the story of the experience of one of my friends.

While still a boy, this friend of mine was a great reader. He was living near a cathedral library in a large city in Northern Italy, and so was well supplied with books for a few years; but the library was small, and one day he found himself without new books. He wanted more books to read, but he did not know the kind of books he wanted, and his people were too busy to pay attention to his intellectual need. After some inquiry, he heard of the great library of Brere, one of the largest in his city, and so one day he summed up all his courage, entered with fear and trembling the imposing building, went up the magnificent "scalone," opened the double doors, and found himself in the Temple of learning. He was by this time almost fainting with fear, yet the thirst for knowledge gave him courage enough to stop a brass-buttoned, important-looking man and to ask for a book.

"What kind of book, my boy?"

"I do not know; I want just a book."

The man placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, led him out of the library and told him to come back "when he knew exactly what he wanted." My friend told me later that he was too young at that time to be able to analyze his feelings, but that he was as huniliated as if a great wrong had been done him. He eventually found a Circulating Library of French novels, and their influence led him for many years into evils of all kinds.

This may be an extreme case, but I am inclined to think that a good many, I dare say the larger number of immigrants that enter an American library are as helpless as my young friend was in the great library of Brere.

In a country whose language they do not know, or know it only imperfectly, and with a very rudimental knowledge of their own language, as is the case of many, these immigrants venture with blind steps into the mysterious fields of both foreign and English literature.

Of one thing and only of that alone they are sure; that they want to read, to know, to have just a book."

What a wonderful opportunity for a librarian! To suggest, to guide, to lead the reading of these people according to their age, mentality, training and type. This is, indeed, a wonderful opportunity, raising the profession of the librarian until it becomes a "ministry of feeding minds thirsty with knowledge." It is even more than that; it is the "art of making characters, the building of future Americans."

Examine for a few moments the procession of people that patronize the type of library which we have in mind.

Here is a southern Italian peasant scarcely able to read, bewildered by new conditions which he does not understand; there is a city man imbued with anarchistic doctrines, whose heart aches for the suffrance of his fellow men and who wishes economical justice; a third is a worn-out working man, religious and law abiding; then there are boys with vivid imaginations, full of life and fun; other boys, lazy and lymphatic; giggling girls; serious minded young ladies; people of every type and description. They all want "just a book."

Think of the opportunity and the responsibility of the person who sits at the desk. What an amount of either good or evil can be done by placing the right or the wrong book in the hands of such people!

It is within the power of the librarian to make either an active citizen or an anarchist out of the peasant; to show the anarchist that others in different ways are also trying to bring about social justice, or to make him a danger to the community; to cheer the working man, or to make him despair; to guide the imagination of boys into good channels, or to make them wild and reckless; to develop good traits in girls, or to let them indulge in flirtation; all these according to the librarian's ability to understand the patrons of his library and their stages of development; for many books, which although not bad, may still do wrong if read by the wrong person.

In the center of the Catalogue Room of the new Widener Library in Harvard University, there is a desk where Mr. Briggs sits,—the man who is supposed to answer all questions that students and readers may ask.

I well remember the sense of gratitude I had one day, when, unable to find a necessary document, I walked up to his desk and was met by a courteous gentleman, who tried earnestly to both grasp and solve the problem which was puzzling me, as if for him to solve that problem was a question of life and death.

May such a spirit of "Briggism" spread more and more in all libraries, and especially in those patronized by the newcomers, to properly answer the pathetic request:

"We want 'just a book.'"

## SOCIAL SERVICE

R. G. HEIMAN

## Hull Street Settlement and Medical Mission Dispensary

"Is there any need of a dispensary on Hull Street, with the Massachusetts, City, and other numerous hospitals in Boston proper?" I asked myself as I walked to 36 Hull Street, to interview Mrs. Taylor, the superintendent of the Hull Street Settlement and Medical Mission. That question was answered as I opened the door. Every seat in the waiting room was filled. One glance showed me men, women, and children waiting their turn to see the doctors.

The Medical Mission has been caring for the sick and needy of the North End since 1892. It was started by students from the Boston University School of Theology as a "center of uplifting influence and practical teaching." Later, Dr. Harriet J. Cooke saw a need for holding clinics,

and the value of this work was recognized by the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who assumed the responsibility of maintaining the place.

The building has the best location in the North End. It faces Copps' Hill Burying Ground, where one sees green grass, fine trees and blue sky, and from the upper floor of the building there is a glimpse of Boston Harbor. The house inside is large and roomy. The entire first floor is given over to the medical and surgical department, while the upper floors are used for club work and quarters for the nine resident workers.

Clinics are held every forenoon, and evenings for emergency cases. There are thirteen volunteer physicians, two resident physicians, and four nurses on the staff. A dental clinic was opened in 1912; and a nose, ear, and throat specialist has given his services for some time. Obstetric cases are taken care of by both doctors and nurses. Most of the patients and club members are Italians, and very valuable service is therefore rendered the Mission by an Italian interpreter who has been with it for some years.

Although separate from the dispensary, yet closely interwoven, is the regular settlement work, carried on by the Mission. There are at present ten boys' clubs, under the direction of young men from Harvard; five girls' clubs, and five young women's clubs. Two of these groups are composed of workers from Schrafft's candy factory, who are interested in camphre activities and have as their leader Miss Harris, who is also the welfare worker at Schrafft's.

The Mothers' Club is doing very good work in making clothes for themselves and their children. A number of mothers bring their babies along, and altogether they make a congenial and happy group. The children, too, learn to sew and keep house, through the training they receive in the kitchen garden. Many youngsters learn the value of a clean home, and how to make it clean and attractive.

An important part of the work is the stamp saving stations. One station is at the Mission for the boys, and others are at the various candy factories. Through the industrial classes for women the boys' and girls' clubs, the stamp saving stations, and the numerous social gatherings and picnics which are planned by friends and churches, the members of the house are "helped to be self-reliant and self-respecting, to become efficient in practical arts, and familiar with some of the fundamentals of a liberal education."

## The Pcmegranate Seeds

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(Concluded from November number)

(Lonely plain. Ceres comes in and sits on the ground. A peasont woman enters.)

CERES: My good woman, have you seen anything of a little girl with golden hair, dressed all in vellow?

WOMAN: No, my lady.

CERES: I have searched for her without food or rest for a night and a day.

Woman: Have you asked the creatures of the woods and streams, my lady?

CERES: I have asked the fairies who live in the trees and the fountains. I have asked the ltttle fauns and satyrs, I have even been to Pan, god of the woods.

Woman: That door near you leads to the cave where Goddess Hecate lives. I've heard that she spends most of her time groaning and weeping, so since you too are unhappy she may speak to you. People say she knows nearly everything that happens.

CERES: I will rap on the door.

Woman: Well, I must go on my way. I should not like to see her as they say she has a dog's head. I wish you good fortune, lady. (She goes out.)

CERES (raps on the door and Hecate comes out):
O Hecate, if you ever lose a daughter you will know what sorrow is. Tell me, for pity's sake, have you seen my poor child Proserpina pass by the door of your cavern?

HECATE: No, Mother Ceres, I have seen nothing of your daughter. I did hear a young girl shrieking and I suppose it was your child. You may be quite sure some cruel monster has eaten her up. You will surely never see her again, so you'd better come and live with me and we will be the two saddest women in the world.

CERES: Not yet, dark Hecate. I will not give up searching for her till I know she is dead.

HECATE: I shall go into my cave for here comes that silly sun-god who is always smiling and happy. (She goes in.)

(Phabus enters smiling.)

CERES: Phœbus, can you tell me what has become of my dear Proserpina?

PHŒBUS: Proserpina, Proserpina, did you call her name? Ah, yes, I remember her now, a very lovely child, indeed. I am glad to tell you my dear madam, that I did see her not long ago. You may be quite happy, she is in good hards.

CERES (wringing her hands): Oh where is my dear child?

PHŒBUS: Why, as she was gathering flowers—she really has an exquisite taste in flowers—she was suddenly snatched up and carried off by King Pluto to his kingdom. I assure you she will have a gold bed to sleep on, a gold spoon to eat with, a diamond looking glass to see her lovely face in, and she will be as happy as the day is long.

CERES: Hush! say not a word more. She will not cease to mourn for me, her mother, day and night. Will you not go with me, Phæbus, to demand my little daughter of this wicked Pluto?

PHŒBUS: I regret to say that I have not time, dear madam.

CERES: Ah, Phœbus, your heart is as hard as the diamonds you speak of. Though I don't know where the gate to Pluto's dominion lies, I will never cease searching for it till I find it.

PHIEBUS (goes out singing):

Good-bye, solemn Ceres.
I beg you not to fret,
Your little Proserpina
Is Pluto's dearest pet.

CERES: No one will have pity on me. I shall curse the ground. (She waves her hand.)

Wither and rot, mildew and blight, Kill every plant, help my sad plight. Let nothing green Henceforth be seen, Till safe and sound My child I've found.

(All growing things disappear from sight and the earth becomes a desert. Ceres goes ont. A peasant man and woman come in.)

MAN: Is not this the saddest sight you ever

WOMAN: Not a spear of green in sight. We shall all die, some god has cursed the ground.

MAN: I think it must be the stately woman I met yesterday. She had lost her daughter, and I somehow thought from her looks and the poppy wreath in her hair that she was Ceres the Goddess of harvest.

Woman: I met her to-day, but I never thought of her being Ceres.

MAN: We must call all the people together and pray for mercy. (They go ont.)

(Pluto's Palace.)

PLUTO: The child appears to be quite happy now. It seems as though she brought sunshine with her. (*Proserpina comes in.*) My own little Proserpina, I wish you could like me a little better.

PROSERPINA: You should have tried to make me like you before carrying me off. If you will only take me back I will surely come to visit you.

PLUTO: No, no, I will not trust you. You are too fond of living in the daylight and gathering

flowers. How foolish that is! Don't you really think my precious stones that last forever prettier than violets, which fade so quickly?

PROSERPINA: Not half so pretty. (She covers her face with her hands and bursts into tears.) O my sweet violets, shall I never see you again?

PLUTO: Dear little Proserpina, do you still dislike me so much?

Proserpina (peeping between her fingers): Perhaps — Perhaps I love you a little, little bit.

PLUTO: Do you, indeed, my dear child? Well, I have not deserved it, after keeping you a prisoner so many months. You have not eaten anything in all the time, either. Is there nothing you would like?

PROSERPINA: I have no appetite for anything unless it might be a piece of my mother's bread and butter or a bit of fruit from her garden.

PLUTO: I will send above ground for some fruit at once. (He stamps on the ground and a Page appears.) Go instantly to the finest garden on earth and bring us its most delicious fruit.

PAGE: I obey, my King. (He goes out.)

PROSERPINA: He is a very fast runner, isn't he? PLUTO: Before we could count a hundred he will be here again.

PROSERPINA: I will go to the garden and watch for him. But I shall not eat the fruit even if I want to. (She goes out. Pluto goes to the window.)

PLUTO: By the way Cerberus is acting I think some one from above ground is coming. There, Cerberus, be quiet. I see the man. It is Quicksilver, messenger of the Gods.

(Qnicksilver comes in.)

QUICKSILVER: Hail to you King of the lower regions.

PLUTO: Welcome, merry Quicksilver.

QUICKSILVER: I am not merry to-day, King Pluto, because all the people on earth are dying.

PLUTO: How can I help that?

QUICKSILVER: By sending little Proserpina back to her mother.

PLUTO: Here comes Proserpina; see how happy the child is.

(Proserpina comes in.)

PROSERPINA: I should like a taste of fruit from the sunny earth upstairs, but I know better than to eat any while I am here. (Page comes running in with a dried pomegranate.) What is that miserable looking thing?

PAGE: It is the only piece of fruit left in the whole world.

PROSERPINA: You are quite mistaken, I am sure. (She smells the frmit.) There are as many as a hundred beautiful, rosy-cheeked pomegranates on the tree before my mother Ceres' door.

PAGE: I will search again. (He goes out.)

PROSERPINA: I believe it is too hard to bite. (She puts it to her mouth. Just then Pluto and Quicksilver appear and she throws it behind her.)

PLUTO: My little Proserpina, Quicksilver says all the people on earth are dying because I am

keeping you here.

Proserpina: O my poor mother! Let me go

to her, dear King Pluto.

PLUTO: Your mother cannot die, but she has caused all the grain and fruit on earth to die till you are given back to her, so I give you your liberty. Hurry home, dear child.

PROSERPINA (putting her arms about his neck): Poor old Pluto, all alone here in the dark. (She kisses him.) I do love you a little and I will come

to see you.

QUICKSILVER (hurries her off whispering): Come along quickly, his majesty may change his mind, and be sure you say nothing about taking a bite from the pomegranate. (Proserpina and Quicksilver go out.)

PLUTO: It is really foolish to give her up so easily, she was beginning to love me, too. I will go after her and bring her back again. (He goes out.)

(In front of Ceres' house. Ceres comes in.)

CERES: I must be losing my mind. I certainly told the grass and grain not to grow till my little Proserpina was restored to my arms.

(Proserpina comes in.)

PROSERPINA: Here open your arms dear mother, and take your little daughter into them. (She runs into Geres' arms.)

CERES: Dear, dear child, it seems as though you had been gone a hundred years instead of six months, but tell me truly if you have tasted any food while in Hades.

PROSERPINA: Until this very day I did not taste a thing, but just before Quicksilver came, one of King Pluto's pages brought me a little old, dry pomegranate. I had just taken a bite when the King and Quicksilver came in. I did not swallow a bit, my dear mother, but I am afraid six seeds remained in my mouth.

CERES: Oh, miserable me! For each of those six seeds you must spend one month in King Pluto's palace. I can only have you half the time, the rest you must spend with the good-for-nothing King of Darkness.

PROSERPINA: Don't speak so crossly of the poor king, I think I can bear six months in his palace if I may spend the other six with you. He is so lonely and sad that it will be quite a comfort to make him happy. And now, dear mother, may I go and finish the flower chain I was to make for the nymphs?

CERES: Yes, I will go with you, little sunbeam. I don't wonder King Pluto wants you to brighten his dreary palace.

#### North End Items

Editors: SARAH BERMAN SOPHIE STEARNS.

North End Union.

The clubs of the North End Union are slowly reorganizing, and the work will continue as usual. On December 11th, the Saturday Morning Sewing Class, which is composed of girls about 12 or 15 years of age, gave an Operetta entitled "A Christmas Play," for the Kindergarten and the Play Room children. The various other clubs will have the usual Christmas Festivities.

Social Service House.

The members of the North Bennet Street Industrial School have formed a Committee League, for a Community Christmas, composed of one delegate each from the different neighborhood houses, schools, churches, and school centers. The plan is to have a large Christmas Tree lighted in the North End Park on Christmas Eve. The committee is hoping to have all the neighbors light up their houses and hang wreaths outside the windows. Groups of younger people are already practising the carols, and all persons are cordially invited to learn to sing these. A cornet player will be present to give the correct tune. Miss Alice P. Vanstan is the chairman of this committee, and asks everyone to help create Christmas cheer.

Another very interesting event, is the reorganizing of the Mothers' Club, with a membership of about 50 mothers. Most of these mothers are Italians. They are taught sewing, embroidery, music, knitting, and dressmaking. The dues are 50 cents per year, which covers the salaries for the teachers. On December 8th the managers of the Industrial School gave a tea to the volunteers. The reception committee were Miss Williams, Miss Sharp, Miss Homans, and Miss Jordan.

The boys of the various clubs are working to better conditions at the North End Park, and the Bath House.

North Bennet Industrial School.

On Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. Mabel W. Eames teaches the Prevocational Girls' Class, of the North Bennet Street Industrial School, "Hygiene," and "First Aid to the Injured." The girls enjoy the course and find it very interesting. Every morning these same girls have lunch consisting of a cup of cocoa and two crackers. It is made and served by the advanced pupils, and the tickets are sold for one cent each by a girl who acts as cashier. The girls find it a good substitute for candy, and all enjoy the lunch.

The Children's House.

The Children's House on Parmenter Street is an interesting place, and there are quite a number of children belonging to the house. Miss Bisbop and Miss Ingalls are in charge, and they spend very many happy hours with the children, who also find it very interesting. The afternoon classes are from 3.30 until 5 o'clock. The ages of the children attending here vary from six to fourteen years. They are taught dressmaking, hygiene, cooking, music, and what they like most of all, story-telling. The evening classes are made up of older girls who have formed into clubs, and they also do interesting work.

#### Civic Service House.

The Y. M. C. A. has offered a scholarship of one year's tuition of \$75.00 to any eligible and deserving young man of the North End, in any one of the following departments: Law, Automobile, Engineering, and Preparatory Schools. It is an unusual offer, and any man interested, is cor-

dially invited to try for this opportunity.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Civic Service House have joined for the purpose of giving a special course in Social Service, especially intended for social workers. This course commences on the first Thursday in January, and ends the last Thursday in April. Volunteer workers of the North End are invited to join, as all types of social work will be discussed by leading experts from New York and Boston, interested in this particular work.

For the first time in the history of the Civic Service House a class has been formed for Polish children for the express purpose of teaching them the Polish language, so that they may not become Americanized to such an extent as to forget their mother tongue; while at the same time, classes in English are being held for the parents of these children.

There will be a special non-partisan political rally, on Sunday, Dec. 14, for the purpose of discussing vital civic and social questions involved in the present city election. All the candidates will be invited to speak, and all are cordially invited to attend.

#### Boston Municipal Gymnasium.

Any one wishing to join the gymnasium in the Municipal Building on North Bennet Street may do so free of charge, by merely applying to the instructor, Mr. James F. Winston. The classes for women are held on Monday and Thursday

mornings at 10.30. Instruction is given in calisthenics, general upbuilding exercises, and gymnasium and æsthetic dancing. At 8 o'clock in the evening on the same days, similar instruction is given to working girls. Classes for school girls are held every afternoon at 4.30 for games and dancing.

#### Construction of Sewers.

The mayor has approved the construction of new sewers on North Bennet, Wiggin, and Tileston Streets.

#### Markets

After two years of low prices, all indications point to the shippers having a very Merry Chrismas, for all vegetables have advanced in prices within the past week. I he shippers hold the reins, and in all probability will control the market for the next month at least.

The following are the Boston receipts for the past 48 hours:—1744 barrels and 668 boxes of apples, 115 crts. cantaloupes, 100 boxes dates, 362 boxes grape fruit, 9rt crts. grapes, 306 boxes lemons, 1296 boxes California and 5120 boxes Florida oranges, grape fruit and tangerines, 1310 bags of peanuts, 52 boxes beets, 160 crts. celery, 69 cars potatoes, 204 barrels and 1654 baskets sweet potatoes, 474 boxes spinach, 113 bls. squash, 120 crts. tomatoes. The price that is being received in Boston for apples averages about 1.52, on Extra Fancy Jonathans and 1.41 on Fancy Jonathans, on car only being on sale. The market is showing a better demand for oranges, although grape fruits and tangerines showed no change. Grapes are short in the market and price is higher, averaging about 2.05 per crate on the Emperors, the only grapes that were offered. Potatoes took a high jump, price being 95 cents per bushel, cabbage, turnips and onions are also higher, consequently making the demand stronger all around.

The Savanah Steamer, City of Augusta, arrived Sunday night with 19 boxes fruit, Norfolk Steamer, Kershaw is due here Friday with 255 bags of peanuts. Norfolk S. Ontario arrived Saturday with 18 baskets parsley, 50 barrels sweets, 500 bags peanuts; The Norfolk S. Nantucket arrived Sunday bringing with her 56 boxes parsley, 58 boxes oranges, 1310 barrels spinach; and The Norfolk S. Dorchester arrived here today at 6 o'clock, with 44 boxes parsley, 30 bbls. spinach and one bas. radishes.

The outlook is therefore very bright for shippers and receivers.

Wharves

Indications show that there will be plenty of fresh fish at the fish piers. Four big offshore trips arrived December 5th and more are expected. Yesterday's arrivals included the "Gov. Foss," with 00,000 pounds mixed fresh fish, "Elk" with 35,000 lbs. and "Genesta," 13,000. The "Toozer" brought in what will probably be the last mackerel for the year, 700 fresh fish.

\* \*

## S. E. G. Announcements

December 11. Prof. Charles Zueblin will talk on "Socialism."

December 18. Business meeting.

December 25. No meeting. "Merry Christmas."

January 1, 1916. Rev. Henry Sartorio will talk on "Famous Italian Women of the Middle Ages."

January 8. Business meeting at the New Studios of the Paul Revere Pottery Guild, Brighton, Mass.

#### F. E. G. Announcements

December 10. Miss Eva Channing will speak on William Ellery Channing.

December 17. Mrs. Papizian will speak on Henry George.

December 24. Christmas Holidav.

January 8, 1916. Business meeting with S. E. G. at the New Studios in Brighton.

#### T. E. G. Announcements

December 10. Meeting with F. E. G.

December 16. Miss Margaret Sheridan on current events.

December 23. Christmas Holiday.

December 30. Christmas Holiday.

## Book Review

#### CONTRIBUTED

Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" and Wallace's "Fair God" have been relegated to the mythology shelves, and Fyfe's "Real Mexico" is supposed to give us the atmosphere of that country without the glamour of romance or fiction. "Here," says the aithor, "is a people of whom five-sixths have no conception of any form of government except personal government by force.

I was speaking in a rebel camp with a distinguished 'Insurrecto,' a man who was formerly Governor of his State. He believes that the democratic idea is making progress in Mexico

because a new kind of dynamite bemb has been invented which enables the constitutionalists to blow up railroads more easily and in greater numbers."

According to Mr. Fyfe, it was the withdrawing of the iron hand, "The finishing of Diaz," which led to Mexico's troubles. "They tell of a Chinese envoy, who came to represent his country at the centenary of Mexican Independence, just before the revolutions began. He saw the theatre. Beautiful! he said, but what a pity it is not finished!' He looked at the Parliament House. 'Magnificent, but what a pity not finished!' A third building still in construction drew the same regret. Then he was introduced to President Diaz, very old and very deaf. 'A wonderful man, he said, 'what a pity he finished!' Diaz was like a father who does not realize that his sons and daughters are growing up; who keeps them in subjection; makes all decisions for them and thinks that his duty lies only in giving them a comfortable home. When the guiding aid restraining arm of such a father is removed his children are unfit for the battle of life; they are easily deceived; they rush into excesses of every kind. That was exactly what happened to Mexico when the smouldering resentment against 'Paternalism' was fanned into flame by the Socialist pamphlets of Ricardo Flores Magon and the eloquence of Madero."

Mr. Fyfe's point of view is that of the Englishman who believes in Colonial possessions; and who cannot understand why the United States does not put on a checked apron and make Mexico behave.

# Interesting Articles in the December Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "The Fight for the Garden of Eden."

Boy's Life; "What's a Boy Scout?"

Catholic World: "Our Lady in Art."

Good Housekeeping: "What Music did for Winfield."

Harper's Monthly: "The Gift of the Manger" (a story.)

Ladies' Home Journal: "In the Land of Michael O'Leary."

Popular Mechanics: The War's Influence on American Toys."

Review of Reviews: "The Bulgarians and the Country."

St. Nicholas: "The Spirit of Christmas."

Scribner's Magazine: "When Pavne wrote 'Home Sweet Home."



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## THE PAUL REVERE POTTERS

Announce the opening of their new studios at 80 Nottingham Road, Brighton. From 3.30 to 5 p.m. on Thursday, December 16, Mrs. James J. Storrow will pour tea; on Friday, December 17, Mrs. William Putnam, and on Saturday, December 18, Mrs. Alphonse Bruno.

Take a Commonwealth Avenue car, get off at Wallingford Road and walk up the steps to the top of the hill.

# S. K. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

**JANUARY** 

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EDITH GUERRIER
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CONTRIBUTED
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#### **Editorial**

In the last editorial we hoped to prove the wisdom of the same education for all children regardless of either riches or poverty. Now we are confronted with an even more serious question: that is, "Does educating the children of the poor destroy the happiness of the recipient and his family, and do they not as a rule become discontented in their own and unhappy in their unaccustomed sphere?"

If, when the child has learned the necessary things which are justly his due, he is unhappy in his surroundings, either because his family do not appreciate such teachings, or circumstances do not permit him to live as he has been taught by his club associations, he eventually (because all cannot be geniuses and rise above conditions) submits and lives as one

isolated and apart; but dreams, and dreams, and dreams in solitude. Club work is seldom wholly responsible for this result. It appears, instead, as if a great deal of this apparent discontent is due to the ancient religious forces which dominate these sections. Each of these forces, attempts to enforce a spiritual law on the child, through an observance of the letter with regard to his daily life. These laws are difficult to understand to-day; and even if the modern child sometimes does understand, he is incapable because of present day materialism and daily competition in earning a livelihood to observe them faithfully. of harmony then with his ancestral teachings, and unable to pursue life according to inclination owing to adverse circumstances or lack of courage to break home ties, it is very true that he is then likely not to be very happy and sometimes estranged from his family.

Such a state of youthful unhappiness is unnatural and most unfortunate. It is often discouraging, a spirit damper and intensely tragic. This peculiar psychological situation has only two remedies: either resignation and inner suffering on the part of the child, or a complete withdrawal from his discordant surroundings. Selfish retreat or withdrawal is impossible. The tribal instinct or racial grip is always uppermost at the greatest crises to children of Semitic origin. We must content ourselves that such conditions are merely the inevitable results of educating the first generation in a new land. The tragic gap between the first and second generation is the high price of assimilation. There is no remedy. The only palliative now is education at any price. Its rewards later. Therefore, since this must be, it is infinitely better that the young shall pay the price.

When the child has attained this stage where he can think independently and realize such conditions through comparison, he will invariably remain firm in his convictions and reason thus:—

"It is better that things should happen so. The fact that I am unhappy to-day is to be sure unfortunate. But what of that? Education plus these present experiences will in the end qualify me to make my own home happy and to better understand the problems of my children."

This, then, is for me the only answer to the question, a distant perspective, a consoling vision, and a strong faith in the future of happy days to be.

## The Community Center

MRS. EVA WHITING WHITE

Director, Evening School Centers, Boston, Mass.

In the minds of many the development of the community center is one of the most important movements before the American people at the present time. The community center movement is endorsed by the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and numbers among its firm supporters Justice Hughes, who said, in an address when governor of New York, that the community center buttressed the foundations of democracy. In the development of a very complicated civic structure which has necessitated intense concentration on specific interests, persons have become grouped according to those interests, and there has been a tendency to lose sight of the social, human, civic bonds which should break special interests and thereby bring about that mutual understanding of one another's problems and powers; that co-operation in community life which means reawakening neighborhood ties; that return to the rub-shoulder camaraderie which carries with it an enrichment of personal experience brought about by varied contact.

In the country distance tends to isolate individuals and families. In the city our interests bring about an acquaintance not necessarily with our next-door neighbor, but often with persons who live outside our section of the city. The community center draws neighbors together. In the country the families from farms situated some miles apart assemble for a Harvest Supper. In the city such an incident as the following shows the value of a center. Said Mrs. A, "For three years I have lived two doors from Mrs. B; our children have played together on the street, but we never met until we found this club." (A mothers' club connected with a center.)

Years ago in America every man gave of his leisure to take part in affairs of state. Those were the days of the town meeting open discussion and direct action. Government was seen in relation to a man's own life and that of his family! Out of this background of free argument and personal participation in local and national matters were developed those early patriots who stand without a peer in the annals of history. To-day, if we are to fulfill the destiny of our country, we must return to that personal interpretation of government which relates every government action to ourselves and which demands sacrifice in the way of our time and effort. We need knowledge. We need public discussion of public questions. The community center in developing Civic Organizations and Free Forums is opening up the avenue of approach to the highest patriotism. When a group of new voters discuss such a subject as "My Duty to My Ward," a note of the right kind has been struck. A series of such meetings gradusally establishes a standard of action which will hold the representative of the people whether in the city government or the state legislature to an ethical consideration of his power in the light of his constituency. This is the civic vision of the community center.

There was a time when an organization or society which wished to carry on recreational activities had to offer such opportunities as a side line, so to speak. As for expending public money for the pleasure of the people, pure and simple, such expenditure was unheard of. Then the playground movement gradually pushed its way to the front, and municipalities began to recognize their responsibility for providing an opportunity for physical development and the resultant character development. Parks were laid out, but curiously for some years more from the point of view of the detached beautifying of a city than from the point of view of the human beings who should get the exhibitantion of using them to meet the recreative demands of their natures. Now we are facing this question of recreation squarely. We no longer apologize for offering the widest opportunities for pleasurable pursuits. Indeed, we see it to be actually a public duty to stimulate participation in recreative activities. The old adage of all work and no play making Jack a dull boy is seen to be an adage of wisdom. Experience has taught us that often the best that education can give and business afford is lost by the unwise expenditure of leisure time. So true and so important is this that it is surely a public function to safeguard and develop the recreational activities of a people. So in giving opportunities for dancing, gymnasium work, for dramatic clubs, choruses, orchestras, for attendance on lectures and concerts, the community center is meeting a community need.

Now what better place to develop a community center than the school building? Throughout the country there is a growing demand for a fuller use of the school plant. We have progressed beyond the time when public schoolhouses were opened only for regular school work and for children of the legal school age. The evening schools have opened the buildings on certain nights of the week, and now comes the center to use the remaining nights and several afternoons, and to supplement the work of the day and evening schools in meeting the needs of every age, and in

rooting our school buildings to the neighborhood of which they are a part.

Do you believe in a more intelligent electorate? Ought not you and your neighbor to pull together? Form a citizens' club or start one. Leaders are needed. Be one.

As a man do you not owe something to the boy of fifteen loafing on your street corner? Use your influence to get a school building opened so he can be "one of the boys," but on the basis of activities which upbuild rather than of inertia and horseplay that break down. You are responsible for him. Let him have athletics, debating, minstrel or glee club work, games—without the gaming.

A woman, alone, interested in her community can do much, but she can do infinitely more if allied with her are her neighbors. Women have a groundfloor part to play in this question of the enrichment of neighborhood life. Your daughter? How much do you know about the educative processes that are moulding her? You should know. The home and school should be one in their effort. Form a home and school association. Get your husband as a member. Start a local mothers' and homemakers' club for the purpose of mutual enjoyment, and in order to weave such a network of the best of neighborhood influences back of the young people that you thereby assure their happiness and their future. You should get up their You should see that they have the best that the city affords in the way of art, literature, and music. As for yourself, keep pace with the interests of the young people by study and discussion in your own club group. Where youth breaks away the adult is largely to blame. In the circle which makes up life every age should join hands.

In the city of Boston at the present time there are seven School Centers open to meet the social, civic, and recreational needs of the citizens. Those school buildings are as follows: Charlestown High School, Dorchester High School, East Boston High School, High School of Practical Arts, South Boston High School, Wells and Washington Schoolhouses which together constitute the West End School Center, and the Hancock Schoolhouse, North End. The membership is restricted to those fourteen years old and over who are not in attendance on the day school. The activities are as follows: Men's and women's clubs; parents' clubs; civic organizations; cooking, sewing, millinerv groups; athletics, games; dancing, dramatics, debating; orchestras, mandolin and banjo clubs; glee and minstrel clubs; lectures and concerts.

The success of these centers depends upon the citizens. The centers are for you, not someone else. They offer you the opportunity of doing

personally for your community, and for the boys and girls who are your children's associates and who are to take your place in the ranks of men and women who are to push our country on to its next step of proving the ideals of equal opportunity for which it stands. You may not know many that are at present members, but once you get into the swing of the activities and come to realize what your membership means, you will not readily withdraw.

# The North End in History and Progress

#### Real Estate of the Old North End

Nellie Singer

HAVE you ever realized what an interesting and profitable adventure it would be to walk through the streets of the North End, and after recalling how it first came into being, to see the progress of this section of Boston? First, the English who originally landed here in 1626, found this section only thick woodlands, but Blackstone settled and made his home on Beacon Hill, then taking possession of fifty acres of land. Out of this he sold the town, all but six acres which he kept for his own use. The price paid for the whole peninsula of Boston was £30 or about \$150.00, which was raised by assessments on the inhabitants of the town, each paying either six shillings or more, according to their circumstances. Now the land value per square foot in the North End is \$27.12, this being the highest value for occupied land in Boston; and the North End section alone to-day covering an area of 293 acres has a real estate value of \$185,727,100.00.

No strangers were originally allowed to live in the town without giving bonds to insure it from harm. For a long time the allotment of lands was the principal business of the people. The rule within the peninsula limits was two acres of land to plant on, and one for every able youth within the Neck. No land was to be given to newcomers, unless they were received as regular members of the Congregation.

The North End soon became settled. In 1654, we find forty-five dwellings here; this figure also including the Old North Church, and several warehouses within the space of Richmond, Hanover and Clark Streets. To-day there are 1,469 dwellings and 1,170 stores. Whereas, at first the North End was wholly in the possession of Americans, the Irish soon controlled the real estate of this district, and then the Jews crowded them into

the suburbs and bought up a great deal of the land here. To-day we practically find the whole North End occupied by Italians and Poles, and although the Jews still retain their business interests and own a great deal of property here, they have made their homes in different localities. The majority of real estate though, in the district, is owned by Italians, and strange to say well safeguarded in the names of the wives of the landowners. The assessed valuation of Ward 6 according to 1914 reports totals \$220,745,200.00. This is both real and personal, and \$32,171,300.00 owned by either city, state and federal government, churches, or other charitable institutions is exempt from taxation. Ward 6, which includes the North End, had in 1910 a population of 35,758, the taxes alone at \$17.50 per thousand, making a total of \$3,884,-813.00 in 1914.

Sheafe Street, which is to-day a typical crowded tenement street, with supposed reasonable rents, but in reality high for the every day laborer, was looked upon then as Beacon Street is to-day. Cross Street, which once contained very high priced residential buildings, has now been transformed entirely into a business street.

A great many changes have taken place in this section, and a great deal of credit for many improvements must be given to Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald. We find that through his energy the North End has a splendid Municipal Bath House, Parks which furnish breathing spaces for the dwellers in summer, Playgrounds which are a blessing to the little ones, and a Library which has a great influence upon the education of both the young and old.

At first, building economy was great, and little was spent in the construction of buildings. Houses were built of wood, seldom painted, resembling old edifices still to be seen in Rhode Island. There were one family houses with thatched roofs, and chimneys built of pieces of wood placed crosswise, the interstices and outside covered with clay. Nearly every family owned their own house, and it was handed down from one generation to the other.

To-day we have instead brick buildings which vary from three to five stories. Some apartments have five or six rooms, and families although very crowded seem to be fairly comfortable. We must not, however, forget that, although most of the buildings are brick, we still find old houses here, whose timbers sometimes a foot square have years ago been cut near Copp's Hill by the Indians.

Athens has its Parthenon, Rome its Colosseum, and so it goes all down through the pages of history,

and the Old North End has its Christ Church, from which Paul Revere, our steady Massachusetts champion, hung the lanterns, and warned his fellow comrades "to be up and in arms."

## The Rise of a New Jewish Type

PHILIP L. POTASH

At this time when so many shortsighted and narrow-minded natives are clamoring for new restrictive laws of immigration, and are employing all sorts of petty means to humiliate the immigrant in the eyes of the American, it is interest, ing to get acquainted with the new Jewish type and the life of the immigrants who have been coming to our shores for the last ten years.

The immigrant has more than once been subject to mud-slinging. On one hand, although he has not only filled the colleges and universities, but has also held his own in scholarship, he has been accused of fondness for ignorance. And on the other hand, Organized Labor has accused him, and still accuses him, of lowering the standard of living by his lack of inclination for organized work.

Either accusation is groundless. One merely needs to choose at random any one of the many brilliant young men in the East Side who have been in this country only ten years or so, to convince himself that a grave injustice is being done, not only the immigrant, but his adopted country also, to whom he is indeed a credit.

I had the good fortune to meet such an immigrant recently, and what I know of him I shall tell in the following lines.

Ten years ago his family was still in Russia, sharing the same fate, and suffering the same humiliations as all Russian Jews. The father, a keeper of a small shop, the mother, a housewife with countless burdens, led a quiet and simple life, but the son's life was quite another thing.

The Russian revolution burst forth violently like a volcano, and rushing headlong, it spread like wild fire over the entire Empire. Not a single village was left undisturbed, and not a single townlet remained unaffected. Armies were spontaneously mobilized, and with others he, a youth of seventeen, enlisted.

Young and inexperienced, this ardent, zealous, and fervent lover of liberty could foresee nothing but success; and the goal—to vanquish the enemy—seemed to him nigh. Then came the indelible Red Sunday of 1905, and with it a crash that will long be remembered. All plans were subverted, all hopes shattered, and a madden-

ing depression took the place of all former zeal and enthusiasm. This fact caused the entire family to emigrate to America, and in the beginning of 1906, they landed in New York.

The abrupt diversion from a small Russian town to an American metropolis at first confused them all. The frightening buildings, the congested streets of the East Side, and the dire poverty of the district, increased their irritation. But they soon came to themselves, and the young boy, whose heart ever craved to do good, was now inspired with a still greater desire to be useful. In spite of all the remonstrances of friends and relatives that America is a land where "each one for himself, and let the devil take the rest," he ignored all criticisms and went his way.

While his unfamiliarity with the English tongue did not hinder him to any great extent in his efforts to work among his fellow Jews in the East Side, where the majority speak Yiddish in their daily and professional dealings, and where a considerable cultural life in the same language has developed within the last twenty years, yet he did not neglect to take immediate advantage of the educational opportunities of his new home.

A former student of a Russian Gymnasium, the only institution of learning to which Jews in Russia have access to some extent, he soon gained admission to the Evening City College of New York; and after a hard day's labor for a meagre compensation, he put in diligent and earnest hours of study. There he met others, much older than he, who like himself sacrificed the few hours of needful rest in order that they might, at least, taste from the fountains of knowledge; and strangely enough, it was within the walls of the beautiful college that his love for the poor and oppressed ripened.

Simultaneously with his studies in the beautiful products of both American and European minds, together with his deeply interesting courses in the political and economic development of this country, he pursued one other course,—the life of his classmates. Never could he dismiss from his thoughts the presence of the others, who could not get their education at a normal age. unbounded yearning for new facts, and their ravenous devouring of these facts at times filled his heart with a keen sense of joy, and at other times cast him into sorrowful meditations. More than once he felt that a grave injustice was done them — that of denying them these same educational opportunities when they were younger, and this fact only increased his longing to be of service in

He felt the afflictions and tribulations of the toiler all the more keenly since he himself shared their lot, and, instead of striving to attain wealth, or a higher social position, he decided to give every bit of his energy for the betterment of the thousands of underfed, underclothed, and undereducated families in the city of New York.

For nearly ten years he has stood in their midst fighting their battles, and now, at the age of twenty-seven, he is proclaimed the leader of the lewish Trade-Union Movement.

Tactful and keen, with the interests of the poor always close at heart, he is ever precautious in his methods and expedient in his actions. He recently averted a strike which threatened to throw fifty thousand men and women out of employment, thereby preventing several hundred thousand people from starvation.

He is indeed the most popular man in the Jewish community of New York, and yet very few who have not the fortune to know him intimately could infer from his general attitude towards people and things that he is a unique factor in the life of perhaps a half million people in New York.

But his new environment and his work here among those toiling in the sweat-shops of New York did not weaken his old love for his suffering fellow Jews across the ocean. Whoever saw him at the convention of the "National Workmen's Committee,"—an organization that has a constituency of nearly a half million Jewish workingmen whose object is to help obtain civil and political equality for the Jewish people in all countries, when with tearful eyes he prayed for unity of purpose in American Jewry,—saw embodied in him "Suffering Israel."

An accusation against the immigrant, which his behaviour emphatically denies, is that the immigrant grows arrogant as soon as his abilities are recognized. During my recent stay in New York I met him a number of times, at public meetings, at work, at private conferences, and though I found him to be domineering in nature, he was always modest in expression.

I left him meditating, and thought of the new country which he has made his own. I pondered over the lot of the many immigrants who give themselves up to make life happier for others, and I wondered if America is not after all the better off because of the immigrants who make it their home.

MULLER.

<sup>&</sup>quot;It is difficult to be always true to ourselves, to be always what we wish to be, what we feel we ought to be. As long as we feel that, as long as we do not surrender the ideals of our life all is right. Our aspirations represent the true nature of our soul much more than our everyday life."

## The Magazines of My Former Country

FRANK S. RIZZO

THERE are a large number of both weekly and monthly magazines of all sorts, similar to those in other languages, published in my former country, Italy, in the Italian language. As they are intended for the use and benefit of the people at large, Italian periodicals have been developed to the highest possible degree so far as modern requirements are concerned. The size, quality of paper, and the conformability of types have been carefully considered; and in addition to these things, they have handsomely illustrated frontispieces to make them as attractive as possible. That part is well enough, but when it comes to the point of most importance in a magazine, its truth and literary value, I am sorry to say that they are sadly disappointing. This, however, is also true of many other periodicals written in the other languages that I have the good fortune to be able to partly understand, and which I have chanced to see in the libraries of this city.

The Italian magazines can, however, compete equally with all others in alluring the public. It is this point which is worthy of consideration, and a few illustrations may help to make this clear. Open, for example, the best known Italian magazine, "L'Illustrazione Italiana," and what is there? Victor Emmanuel's gala photograph before going to the war front; General Cadorna on horseback; DīRudinì delivering a speech to a parting regiment; descriptions of the latest war inventions; articles with such headings as "A Joan of Arc"; "A Venetian Hero"; "Thousands of Emigrants Return to Defend the Fatherland"; or, "Another Victory of Ours!"

"Is this all?" you inquire. That is all. What more can one expect? Are not fifty pages of such news worth twenty-five cents? Surely, we are obliged to say, "Yes,"—and especially so when we stop to compare this with the news of centuries ago, when a single pamphlet alone was worth considerable more, and even then was impossible to obtain every time one desired to have it. But the question of most importance naturally arises, how much truth is there in this literature and art placed before us, and what is the idea of it all?

Is it not evident even to the judgment of a child that there is something missing in our magazines? That there is something wrong in their contents? And that these same contents are continually deluding the public?

How can we feel certain that King Emmanuel

was not going to visit his cousin, the Duke of Aosta, and remain with him in some remote, cozy, ducal, alpine hut, instead of going to the war front?

What function of the magazine does the picture of a general's imposing figure perform? Would not "The Gleaners," by Millet, satisfy us as well, or perhaps more? Don't we see enough of pictures that are really worth consideration?

DiRudini's address is perhaps not so interesting nor of such great importance as the speech of Jourè, or of some other revolutionary person,—and yet one is propagated throughout the world and made immortal, while the other although more expressive has to suffer indifference, ridicule, and even penalty!

Marconi's invention was not made known to the world in the late months of 1900, as quickly as some of the more insignificant mechanical devices gotten up to destroy the people of another land. Why is there this difference?

There are, I am sure, plenty of heroes to be found in a country containing thirty-four millions of inhabitants, and yet we have to read the stories of unreal people, and of miracles which we know are false!

Heretofore, there have been ships carrying laborers back to Italy at all times of the year; why then, on this particular occasion, is so much attention given to a single lot of persons? Why can't we read of the traps used to catch this group of blinded human beings, and of those destroying traps of war which await them?

Again, where is the story of the disadvantages, of the miseries, and the torture which must be born by the thirty-three millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine odd thousand people of that Fatherland? No Italian magazine either cares or dares to tell about that part of the Italian welfare! We are left to infer that part ourselves, because the magazines of my former country publish nothing but what they are paid to publish, and yet they make the people accept and pay for them as news.

## Russian Music

FANNIE LEVIS.

THERE is a peculiar fascination in Russian music that never fails to appeal to us, even though we may not always understand its strange harmonies and queer rhythms. The reason for this is that a deep melancholy and hopeless yearning has resulted from horrible oppression, and the music is, therefore, intensely expressive of the soul of the Russian people.

In Russia, music has always been closely connected with the lives of the people. In countries like America, where education has progressed, we can express ourselves by speech and writing, but in Russia, where the masses are illiterate, the only means of expression has been through song from the hearts of the people, and as a result of this, Russia is very rich in folk-songs.

There are songs of every description, songs celebrating weddings, births, deaths, the coming of spring, etc. Each and every song distinctly characteristic in suggesting either deep melancholy or rough humor makes one think of strong sinews and slow acting minds. Especially noticeable, too, are the strong accents and sudden changes of rhythm in the dance music.

In Southern Russia, where the people have come more closely in contact with the outside world, the music has taken on more of the western characteristics and has become somewhat modern, but in Northern Russia, the people have remained very conservative.

The Russian feeling for harmony is inborn, and in listening to the Russian peasants singing together one is astonished at the rich harmony. That is why all the orchestral selections are so full of warm, gorgeous coloring. The Russian composer instinctively uses the various instruments of the orchestra with such skill that the effect produced is wonderful.

There is, too, always a personal note in these compositions that cannot fail to appeal to every listener even though he be far removed from the Russian, and all are moved by the pictures conjured up, the intense patriotism and the dramatic appeal made by Russian music.

## The Snow Queen

Copyright 1916 Edith Guerrier

#### From Hans Anderson's Tale

With these plays no real scenery is used. Someone not visible to the audience describes the scene to be imagined. In fairyland it is quite proper for things to take place in the twinking of an eye.

#### Cast of Characters

#### A WICKED HOBGOBLIN

A PRINCE KAY A PRINCESS GERDA KAY'S GRANDMOTHER A ROBBER MOTHER A ROBBER CHILD GERDA'S GRANDMOTHER A ROBBER MAN SNOW QUEEN A REINDEER AN ENCHANTRESS A LAPP WOMAN Mr. JIM CROW THREE FAIRIES Miss Jennie Crow

(We see a very wicked Hobgoblin with a mirror in his hands.)

Hobgoblin: There was never such a wonderful mirror. It will reflect only bad things. Good things do not show. The most beautiful landscape looks like boiled spinach and the best people on earth either look hideous or seem to be upside down. Now I shall fly up to Heaven and reflect the angels. (He goes out and instantly a crash is heard. He comes back empty-handed.) It is broken into a million pieces. Never mind, they are all floating about the world and whoever gets a piece in his eye will see only bad things. As for the person who gets a piece in his heart, he will feel that heart become a lump of ice. Ha, ha, ha! (He goes out laughing.)

(We are now looking at the kitchen of little Kay's grandmother. Kay and Gerda come in with chairs

and a picture book.)

KAY: How glad we shall be when summer

comes again, dear little Gerda.

GERDA: Yes. Then we shall sit on the high roof where the roses bloom and the swallows build their nests.

KAY: Last summer the pea vines were like a great arch from your window to mine, do you remember?

GERDA: Yes, indeed.

KAY (getting up and looking out of the window): It is snowing. Grandmother will say the white bees are swarming.

GERDA: Have they a Queen Bee, too?

KAY: Grandmother says they have. Many a winter's night she flies through the streets and peeps in at the windows; then the ice freezes on the panes into wonderful patterns like flowers.

GERDA: Can she come in here?

KAY: I think not, but I have seen her outside the window. She dresses in a million stars and her eyes shine like diamonds—Oh, oh, a piece of glass has flown into my eye and my heart is as cold as ice. (He rubs his eye and puts his hand on his heart.)

GERDA (looking at his eye): There is nothing there, dear Kay. It must have been a little piece

of ice and now it has melted.

KAY: Why are you squinting? It makes you look so ugly. There's nothing the matter with me. (He throws the picture book on the floor and kicks it.) What a stupid old book that is. I'm going out of doors to play with the boys. What's the use of sitting with a girl all the time? (He goes out and leaves Gerda weeping.)

(Kay's old grandmother comes in.)

KAY'S GRANDMOTHER: What is the matter, little Gerda?

GERDA: Dear Kay is quite beside himself,

he has called me ugly and has kicked our picture book and run out to play with the rude boys in the square.

KAY'S GRANDMOTHER: Oh, dearie me, what has the child been eating that should make him so ill-natured. Never mind, Gerda, he will soon come back quite himself, I am sure. Now come into the kitchen with me and we will pop some corn. (They go out.)

(A great snow covered plain with no tree or house in sight. The snow queen comes in holding little Kay by the hand.)

QUEEN: So you are awake now, little Kay. Do you know where we are?

KAY: No, but I remember that I tied my sledge to your beautiful white sleigh and I couldn't unfasten it. We went through the town like the wind and outside the gate, then you took me into your sleigh.

QUEEN: I wrapped you in my bearskin robe and kissed you so that you would never be cold again and we flew over woods and mountains and seas and here we are at home, for this is the North Pole. Now we will go and see if Black Walrus has kept the Northern Lights cleaned and trimmed.

(Gerda's house. Gerda and her grandmother come in.)

GERDA'S GRANDMOTHER: Kay must be dead, else where can he be?

GERDA: The other boys say they saw him tie his sledge to a splendid big sleigh which drove outside the town gate.

GERDA'S GRANDMOTHER: He may have fallen into the river. I must go and speak to his poor grandmother. I hear her weeping. (She goes out.)

GERDA (going to the window and looking out): Kay is dead and gone. (She puts her ear against the window pane.) The sunshine does not believe it, neither do the swallows. I do not believe it myself. I will go to the river, and I will give it mynew red shoes if it will bring him back.

(This is the Garden of an Enchantress, and here comes the Enchantress herself.)

ENCHANTRESS: In my magic glass I saw little Gerda go to the river and climb into a boat and throw her red shoes in the water. The boat floated away and now she is nearly opposite my garden. I have wanted such a little girl for a long time. When I comb her hair with my gold comb she will forget everything that ever happened to her, only the roses could make her remember, and I have taken every rosebush from the garden. Here comes the boat. (She waves her wand.) Come to the shore, little boat, and stop.

GERDA (outside): Thank you, little boat. Per-

haps Kay is in the house with red and blue windows. (She comes in.)

ENCHANTRESS: You poor child, however were you driven out on the big, strong river into the wide world alone? Tell me who you are and how you got here, while I smooth your pretty hair with this comb.

GERDA: Why you see my playmate Kay was—
(The Enchantress draws the comb through her hair.)
What was I saying? Oh, yes, that I should like to be your little girl. I could play in the cherry orchard, and the beautiful flowers would tell me stories.

ENCHANTRESS: I have long wanted a little girl like you. You will see how well we shall get on together. To begin with, you shall help me get dinner by shelling the peas. You may wear my hat if you like, with all the beautiful flowers painted on the brim. (She goes out a moment and comes back with a pan of peas which she hands to Gerda, then goes out leaving Gerda alone.)

GERDA (beginning to shell the peas): What lovely flowers there are in this garden! I believe they are all painted on this hat, let me see. (She takes off the hat.) Here are lilies, morning-glories, and snow-drops, and these are—why these are roses. (She kisses them.) O dear roses, you bring back my memory. How did I lose it and how could I forget little Kay. I must not stay to say good-bye to the kind lady for fear I should forget again. (She sets the pan on the ground and tiptoes out.)

ENCHANTRESS (outside): Gerda, little Gerda, have you shelled the peas? (She comes in, sees the pan on the ground and her hat beside it.) How could I forget! The roses on my hat have brought back the poor child's memory and she has gone beyond the gate. Poor dear, I wish I might have kept her in my summer garden. It is bleak winter outside and since she has passed the gate I cannot go after her. (She picks up the hat and pan and goes in.)

(A lonely road, fields on either side, covered with ice and snow, Gerda comes in followed by a black crow.)

Crow: Caw, caw. Good day, little girl. Where are you going alone in the wide world?

GERDA: O kind crow, I am looking for my beautiful bright-eyed playmate Kay. Have you seen him?

CROW: Maybe I have, maybe I have. GERDA: Do you really think you have?

Crow: Gently, gently. I believe it may have been Kay, but he has forgotten you by this time for the Princess.

GERDA: Does he live with a Princess?

CROW: Yes, listen—it is very difficult to speak your language—if you understand crow's language I can tell you much better.

GERDA: I never learned it. Grandma knew it and used to speak it.

Crow: Never mind, I will tell you as well as I can, though I may do it rather badly. In this kingdom lives a Princess who is very clever. She has read all the newspapers in the world and forgotten them, she is so clever. One day she was sitting on her throne which is not such an amusing thing to do either, they say. She was very tired and so she began to sing, "Why should I not be married, O why," and "Why not indeed?" she said. Then she made up her mind to marry if she could get a husband who had an answer ready when a question was put to him.

GERDA: Kay would have his answer ready you may be sure.

Crow: The Princess advertised in all the daily papers, and young men and old men came crowding in. They could all talk well enough in the street, but when they entered the castle and saw the guards in silver uniforms and the lackeys in gold-embroidered liveries, they couldn't say a word, and when they stood before the Princess' throne they could think of nothing to say except to echo the Princess' last word, and of course that wasn't what she wanted.

GERDA: But Kay, little Kay, was he among the crowd?

CROW: Give me time. We are just coming to him. It was on the third day that a little person came marching along cheerfully without either carriage or horse; his eyes sparkled like yours and he had beautiful hair, but his clothes were very shabby.

GERDA: Oh, that was Kay. Then I have found him. (She claps her hands.)

Crow: He had a little knapsack on his back.

GERDA: It must have been his sledge.

Crow: Maybe. At any rate he was not abashed. He just nodded to the guards and lackeys and said, "It must be very tiresome to stand on the stairs. I'm going inside." His boots creaked fearfully.

GERDA: Oh, I'm sure that was Kay. He had a pair of new boots the very day he was lost.

Crow: He went directly to the Princess, who was sitting on a pearl as big as a spinning wheel.

GERDA: He must have been dreadfully frightened and yet you say he has won the Princess.

CROW: Yes, he was a picture of good looks in spite of his shabby clothes, and he said he had not come with any idea of wooing the Princess, but simply to hear her wisdom. He admired her as much as she admired him.

GERDA: That was surely Kay. He was so clever that he could do mental arithmetic up to

fractions. Will you take me to the palace? (A second Crow enters.)

Crow: Let me introduce my tame sweetheart, Miss Jennie.

GERDA: (Clasping her hands.) How do you do? O dear Miss Jennie, will you take me to the palace?

JENNIE: It is not possible for you to get into the palace. The guards in silver and the lackeys in gold would never let you pass, but don't cry, I know a litle back staircase that leads to the private sitting room, and I can get the key to the outer door, I am sure. (They go out.)

(The private sitting room. The Prince and Princess talking together.)

Prince: Are we quite safe from interruption here?

PRINCESS: Quite safe. Besides the door to the royal bedchamber there is only the little private stairway door and I alone have the key to that

PRINCE: I seem to hear footsteps. (He turns toward the door to the royal bedchamber. His back is toward the stain way. At that moment Gerda enters and runs to him.)

GERDA: O Kay, dear Kay! (The Prince turns his head.) Oh, it is not Kay. Dear Prince and Princess, forgive me.

PRINCESS: What is the meaning of all this, and where did you come from, little girl?

(The two Crows come in.)

JIM CROW: Please your royal Highness, it is entirely my fault. I found the little girl alone in the wide world searching for her lost playmate. When I told her about his Highness, the Prince, she thought his Highness must be Kay, because, your Highness, Kay is the cleverest and most beautiful boy in the world. My tame sweetheart borrowed the key from your royal Highness' pocket. (Both Crows bow low to the Prince and Princess and Jennie lays the key at the Princess' feet.)

PRINCESS: Rise, we forgive you, indeed we are not at all angry, only you must never do such a thing again. Now, poor little child, we shall give you at once a new silk dress, a pair of shiny shoes, a muff, and a golden chariot drawn by four milk-white horses. Then you shall ride safely to little Kay, wherever he may be. (Prince, Princess and Gerda go out.)

JIM: They have completely forgotten us.

JENNIE: Well, let us look out of the window and see dear little Gerda's good fortune.

JIM: There is the chariot. How it shines, to be sure, like the brightest sunshine. There, she sees us, she sees us.

Both Crows: Good-bye, good-bye, dear Gerda. GERDA (Outside): Good-bye, good-bye, dear Crows.

(A deep forest. An old Robber Woman comes in dragging Gerda by the arm. A little Robber Child follows them.)

WOMAN: Who are you to be riding in a golden carriage, dressed in a silk dress and shiny boots? My son shall have your horses and carriage and my daughter the dress and boots. As for you, when I have taken off your clothes I shall kill you.

CHILD: You shall not kill her; she shall play with me and sleep in my bed. I will bite you if you don't let me have her.

WOMAN: Well, take her then, but before she grows thin I shall kill her (She goes out.)

CHILD: (Putting her arm about Gerda..) They shall not kill you so long as I do not get angry with you. Come now, and see my wood pigeons, and tell me who you are and what you want. (They go out and the Robber Woman comes in.)

WOMAN: Where have those children gone? I shall certainly kill the little girl in a few days. (A Robber Man comes in.)

MAN: Your miserable little brat will kill her if she gets into one of her wicked tempers.

Woman: So much the better. Come on; let us break up the carriage and divide the gold. (They go out. Gerda and the Robber Child come in.)

CHILD: They shan't kill you, even if I do get angry with you.

GERDA: Your wood pigeons told me they had seen Kay. His sledge was drawn by a white chicken, and he was sitting in the Snow Queen's sleigh. Your reindeer said the Snow Queen had gone to the North Pole.

CHILD: Listen. I am sorry for you. While my robber mother and the men robbers are out, I will put you on my reindeer's back and he shall take you to the North Pole. Come at once. I will give you your boots, for it will be very chilly at the Pole. I shall keep your muff; it is too pretty to part with—still, you shan't be cold; here are my mother's mittens. They will reach up to your elbows. There! Your hands look just like my old mother's. Now, I will put you on the reindeer's back, and you shall ride and ride till you come to the old Lapp Woman's hut. (They go out.)

(The Lapp woman's hut. The Lapp Woman is sitting in a corner. Gerda comes in.)

LAPP WOMAN: Poor little girl. I have read all about you and little Kay in my magic board.

GERDA: The reindeer -

LAPP WOMAN: Yes, I know he is outside; it is too warm for him in here. I will open the door a crack and talk to him. Good day, Reindeer.

REINDEER: (Outside.) Good day, Lapp woman, will you please give little Gerda a drink that will make her as strong as ten men, so that she may conquer the Snow Queen and rescue Kay?

LAPP WOMAN: Little Kay is certainly with the Snow Queen, and he is delighted with everything in her palace. He thinks it is the best place in the world,—that is because he has a splinter of glass in his eye, and a piece of glass in his heart. These will have to come out first, or he will never be human again, and the Snow Queen will keep him.

REINDEER: Won't you give her the drink which will give her power to conquer it all?

LAPP Woman: I cannot give her greater power than she already has. Don't you see how both men and beasts serve her? That power is the trusting love in her heart which is so pure that nothing in the world can resist it; such love alone can melt the ice in Kay's heart and eye. The Snow Queen's garden is two miles from here. You can carry the little girl as far as the big bush covered with red berries. (She turns to Gerda.) Now, Gerda dear, good-bye, you will soon see little Kay. (Gerda kisses the Lapp Woman and goes out.)

LAPP WOMAN (stamping her foot, at which sign a little fairy comes in): Well, Fairy of the Red Berry Bush, what have you seen?

FAIRY: A reindeer and a little child. The child stood beside my bush. The reindeer kissed her and ran swiftly away. Big tears were falling from his eyes and the child cried, too.

LAPP WOMAN: Very good. You may go. (Stamps her foot and a second fairy comes in.) Have you seen anything unusual, Fairy Snowflake?

FAIRY: Yes, indeed, my sisters and I have seen a little child at the gateway of the Snow Queen's palace. When the Queen's snowflake guard saw her they changed themselves into big, horrid porcupines, knotted snakes, and fat, white bears with bristling hair. Then the child prayed to the good God. Her breath froze in the air and changed to bright little angels who made a circle about her and kept the winds from chilling her till she came to the gateway of the Snow Queen's palace.

LAPP WOMAN: Very good, Fairy Snowflake. You may go back to your sisters. (She stamps again and a third fairy comes in.) What is Kay doing, Fairy of the Frozen Lake?

FAIRY: He is working with the ice letters. The Snow Queen has told him that when he forms the right word he will be his own master and she will then give him the whole world and a pair of skates.

LAPP WOMAN: Yes. The word is "Eternity." FAIRY: Now the Snow Queen has flown far

away to the warm countries and Kav sits alone in the empty ice halls.

LAPP WOMAN: You need tell me no more. I will look at him myself. (Fairy goes out followed

by the Lapp Woman )

(The great hall of the Snow Queen's Palace. Little Kay sits there alone. Gerda enters, runs to Kay and puts her arms about him.)

GERDA: Kay, little Kay, have I found you at last? (Kav sits frozen and rigid, and Gerda sheds tears.)

KAY (looking up and shouting for jov): O Gerda, your tears have washed the splinter from my eve and my heart is warm again. Where have you been for such a long time? How cold it is here and how big and empty.

GERDA: Let us go home, dear little Kav.

KAY: I dare not go till I have spelled my

GERDA: Are these the letters?

KAY: Yes.

GERDA: But they are made into a word. KAY: They have spelled it by themselves.

GERDA (spelling): E-t-e-r-n-i-i-y, eternity.

KAY: Hurrah. Then I am Master of myself. The Snow Queen promised that when I spelled it she would give me the whole world and a new pair of skates, but Gerda dear, I would rather have you than the whole world.

GERDA: Let us go home. KAY: Yes, let us go home.

(They go out and the Lapp Woman comes in.)

LAPP WOMAN (stamps her foot and the Hobgoblin comes in): Ah, wicked Hobgoblin, you see the hardest, meanest pieces of your mirror can be melted by a little child's loving thoughts.

#### Resolve!

To keep my health!

To do my work!

To live!

To see to it that I grow and gain and give! Never to look behind me for an hour! To wait in weakness, and to walk in power: But always fronting onward to the light. Always and always facing toward the right. Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astrav-On, with what strength I have!

Back to the way!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

#### Civic Service House

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

THE CIVIC SERVICE HOUSE, at 112 Salem Street, is an unpretentious place on the outside. The only thing which distinguishes it from the other tenement deckers, are the many window boxes, gav with flowers in the summer time, and a large American Flag, which waves from a tall flag-pole.

Neither does the interior convey to a casual visitor the many important activities carried on, and vet, some of the most important improvements in social and civic welfare, have had their

The House was started in 1901, as a school for citizenship and a social center for newcomers and wage-earners, with Mr. Meyer Bloomfield director, and Mr. Philip associate worker. This is the only settlement in the North End which is open only to adults. The Civic Service House stands as a "center for civic education, recreation and organization for the common good." Most of the present clubs of the House are the outgrowth of the original classes in English and citizenship. The immigrant, who is anxious to become "Americanized," can here find both educational and vocational guidance. When he has learned to read and write, and knows a little of the history of his new country, he joins a club where he continues his study in English and civics, as well as public speaking and debating. Such clubs are called class-clubs. There are also more advanced courses in English literature and composition. Debates were recently carried on with Y. M. C. A., Prospect Union and Y. M. C. U. This year the House is developing dramatics as an important part of the work, and many of the clubs are preparing plays and entertainments for the year.

A very helpful part of the work is carried on at the summer camp at West Gloucester. The camp is open all summer for members of the House. There are three houses equipped with every convenience and about two hundred people have an opportunity to swim and row and "hike" during the summer. The director of the camp, Mr. William Locke, is assisted by volunteers from different colleges, who help make the vacation a joyful and beneficial one.

Those who are not so fortunate as to get away from the city during the hot months, use the Roofgarden. It is made attractive with many boxes of plants and creeping vines. Here the energetic immigrant who does not want to wait for the regular school in the fall, starts his study of the English language. Others who wish to skip classes, or make up a year's work, study during the summer, and so graduate a year sooner.

There are numerous picnics planned, and Sundays are looked forward to with great enthusiasm. Aside from the regular classes in citizenship, English and other activities, the Civic Service House has a Legal Aid Department, and an Educational and Vocational Guidance Bureau. Through Mr. Randolph Dodge it has made a thorough investigation of the housing conditions of the North End, and brought matters to the attention of public spirited citizens which resulted in some important changes, with plans for more in the future.

The present working force is as follows: Mr. Philip Davis, director; Mr. and Mrs. William W. Locke, House Residents; Mrs. Papazian, Neighborhood Secretary; Miss Mae Labovitz, House Sectetary. The immigration secretaries are Mr. Joseph Wallace, Mr. Loretto Tessicini and Mr. Stanislow Gutowiski. Mr. Felix Forte is president of the United Clubs.

We hope through the efforts of the Civic Service House, with the co-operation of the other neighborhood Houses, the North End Improvement Association and the Public Schools, and the School Centers, that the North End may become a more attractive, healthful and happier place to live in.

#### North End Items

SARAH BERMAN SOPHIE STEARNS

North Bennet Street Industrial School.

On December 20th, the Pageant "Christmas before Queen Bess," was given in the North Bennet Street Industrial School Hall under the auspices of the Red Stocking Committee. The Pageant was very well staged and proved a great success.

After much Christmas celebrating, all the clubs of the school have been closed for the Christmas holiday and will commence again early in January.

Civic Service House.

On December 28th, three one-act folk plays were given in the hall of the North Bennet Street Industrial School to a very appreciative audience. The amateur actors did splendid work and much

credit is due to Mrs. Papazian for her interest in the presentation of the plays. The plays represented folk tales of the Irish, English, and American people, and it is Mrs. Papazian's aim to encourage other settlement houses to present similar plays.

A two-act comedy (singing and dancing) will be given under the auspices of the Da Vinci Club of the Civic Service House, on Thursday, January 20, 1916, at the North Bennet Street Industrial School Hall, for the benefit of the war sufferers. Tickets are 35 cents, and are on sale at the Civic Service House Office.

Two very important meetings are to be held at this house during January. At the first meeting on January 9th, Mrs. Eva W. White, will speak on "The Relation of Social Centers to Settlement Houses." Social workers interested are invited to attend. The second meeting on Tuesday, January 11th, will be conducted by Mr. James A. Moyer, recently appointed head of the United Extension Department of the State Board of Education.

Classes for immigrants will be opened on Monday, January 3.

After a great deal of holiday celebrating the settlement houses in the district are closed for the mid year vacation. The indications are for an active and interesting year when the work reopens in January.

#### THE LIBRARY

## Book Review

CHILDREN OF STREET-LAND

Bootblacks, Peddlers, Newsies, Messengers and Their Handicaps

By PHILIP DAVIS

Many boys and girls loiter in the market places in search of food to supplement their meals. Chronic indigestion is the only price these children pay for this market food. But the cost to the community in wasted effort to educate such groups of children, labelled backward or indolent in school, while in reality half nourished, is greater than that of school luncheons now provided by some communities. These findings are the result

of the first organized attempt at supervising the life and labor of boys and girls in the streets.

The work was undertaken under the auspices of the Boston School Board, with the idea of discovering how seriously the labor of these street-traders interferes with their school work. It began with the appointment of a director to supervise the licensed minors of Boston—some three thousand newsboys, bootblacks, etc., who were found everywhere on the streets, too often during school hours. It led to visits to many cities in order to find out what the children of Street-Land were doing and what was being done for them.

Everywhere the investigation showed the same problem and the same results. While the children of Boston frequent the city dumps, those of Baltimore use the gutter as their playground. The East Side of New York is so crowded that a vacant lot is a luxury. Even in the famous Chicago loop, one of the most congested business districts in the world, children were found playing and working in the midst of danger.

And likewise, although each city may be singled out for some special phase of the street problem, the data proved that certain quarters in all cities develop the same street environment and the same street product. Every juvenile court proves the same contention regardless of the nationality of the child.

Other investigations, those of the tenementhouse commissions, immigration commissions, city surveys, and especially recreation surveys all point to one conclusion: The street though unfit for play, is, nevertheless, the playground of ninety-five per cent of the children of most American cities.

How to extract the good from street life and supress the evil; how to get the street to co-operate rather than compete with the home and school, are the great educational problems of the Twentieth Century.

There are two distinct movements, the first, an effort to take (and keep) children off the streets; the second, an attempt to improve the conditions for children who are on the street.

These movements are more fully discussed by Mr. Davis in "Street-Land," his new book which is the result of a great deal of special study on the subject.

# Interesting Articles in the January Magazines

Atlantic: "Labor and Capital."

Catholic World: "Manners and Religion."

Colliers: "Comment on Politics."

Delineator: "The King and Queen of Belgium."

Harpers: The Meaning of the Minimum Wage."

Ladies' Home Journal: "The Dishes that I make for ten cents."

Popular Mechanics: "City teaches Taxpayers paving values."

The Rosary: "The Personality of the Pope." Saint Nicholas: "A Little Boy's Friends."

Review of Reviews: "The Los Angeles example."

Scribners: "My Remembrances."

# Thursday Evening Girls

CURRENT EVENTS

Jan. 13, Mr. Ganse.

Jan. 20, Mr. Frank H. Chase.

Jan. 27, Mr. Lindsey Swift.

Feb. 3, Business Meeting.

Feb. 10, To be announced.

## Friday Evening Girls

Jan. 14, Mrs. Cummings, on her experiences in France.

Jan. 21, Mrs. Papazian on Henry George.

Jan. 28, To be announced.

Feb. 4, Business.

Feb. 11, Mrs. Stannard on Mrs. Garland.

### S. E. G. Announcements

Jan. 15, Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin, will speak about his experiences among the Indians.

Jan. 22, L. C. H. Children's Party at 39 No. Bennet St.

Jan. 29, Mr. Byron William Reed, Hawaiian songs with native instrument accompaniments.

Feb. 5, To be announced.

Feb. 12, Business Meeting.



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# S. E. G. News

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#### Editorial

#### FANNY GOLDSTEIN

The criticism that education and social work among the poor retard marriages is somewhat unfair, for the modern delay in marrying is not prevalent in the "slums" alone, but is rather common to-day in all walks of life. To the young man or woman, everywhere, trained by modern methods the old marriage customs lose their importance. Nowadays a person refuses to be led into matrimony as a horse is led to drink. The dictates of the elders in this respect count less than the inclinations of the individual. Marriage no longer means what it did of old, and the thought of a mere mate for society's sake alone to any girl of intellect and independence becomes obnoxious.

Living conditions have changed so much, that a single man is no longer helpless and to be pitied when left alone, for there are excellent landladies and bachelor apartments with service and absolute comfort to be had now that were undreamed of a generation ago; — neither does a single woman any longer fear to work out her own salvation. The present generation, therefore, owing perhaps to more complex living conditions, due to labor and time saving devices, plus prosaic living, sees marriage from a different point of view. Youth is to-day, possibly as a result of education, a little more worldly wise, and therefore circumspect and slow in choosing a life mate.

Instead, for example, of a girl marrying young, because her parents wish her to, or because her religion bids her to, or because of convenience, she learns to regard marriage as too holy a sacrament for meddlers, and prefers her own advice on the subject. Matrimony is a serious venture, a bond that cannot be easily broken, deserving of more serious consideration than such transitory and ceremonial gewgaws as orange blossoms and a wedding march.

The whole difficulty lies in the fact that the ideas of marriage are sadly unbalanced. Girls live more purely, and spiritually at least have far outstripped their suitors, who in sowing proverbial wild oats, and in the chase for more material joys have gradually lost their real treasures by the roadside.

Great men owe their greatness to their mothers. It is the mother who endows her child with love and mentality, and for that she must travel even into the "valley of the shadow of death," a long and perilous journey to win her child. The young woman, then, whom education has helped to be something more than a cat or a slave, realizes and faces these facts,— and men must at least be good men worth marrying when she undertakes the responsibilities incumbent upon marriage. If future children are to be considered with any parental pride, the true significance of the words, "love, honor, and obey" must be fully understood before, instead of after, marriage.

People constantly nag, however, and say that ideals are seldom realized; perfect marriages are few; girls must marry; and that it is selfish and contrary to nature to remain single. These remarks seem too trivial. We will answer that all normal girls would gladly give up freedom, comfort, and other economic advantages to marry Mr. Right, when love leads the way,—but that any matrimonial tie other than one based on high ideals and principles is self-debasing, harmful to society, and demoralizing to the future generation.

This is why so many splendid women who are by nature and acquirements best fitted for motherhood are without children of their own, devoting their lives instead to correcting mental, moral, and physical defects of children born of unworthy marriages.

Under such circumstances, it is not selfish to remain single, especially if a person serves mankind in any useful capacity; — and only so long as people adhere to the noblest principles of marriage will the highest moral standards be attained. It is oft-times both wise and sacrificial on the part of many women to remain single. Unmarried people of noble ideals and character are often of more advantage to the community at large, than ignorant or demoralized married people, — for life is after all is told, a doctrine of service through love.

#### Preparedness

Mrs. James J. Storrow

No one in this country wants war. We all long for peace with honor, and dread the possibility that war may be thrust upon us. The President says, "If there is one passion more deep seated in the hearts of our fellow country men than another, it is the passion for peace." The only difference of opinion is, how can we best ensure a lasting peace. General Wood says, "I love peace so much that I am willing to fight for it; the pacificists love it so much they are willing to run for it."

We insure our houses against fire and no one thinks that doing so increases the danger of fire, or feels that his money is wasted if they do not burn down. We insure our lives against accident, but that does not make us endanger our lives, and no one feels cheated who escapes accident.

Two years ago few people in our country felt that our country was or could be in any danger from without. We made many jokes about Captain Hobson and his prophecies of trouble with Japan. Since then, such impossible, such hideous things have happened in the world that over here we are still rubbing our eyes and asking if it is not a nightmare, and slowly, with great reluctance, we are asking ourselves, "Would it be possible for anything like this to happen to us?"

The thought that against our wills we might be drawn into war is abhorrent to us. So is the thought that our children might be burned in their beds or in schools for lack of adequate protection against fire. We have been criminally careless in this latter case; children have been burned in their schools. Are we going to be equally careless about this hideous possibility of war?

To be prepared does not mean to be aggressive. Certainly the present administration is not looking for that kind of trouble, and there is no sign that many of our citizens want a fire-eater in the White House; but to pay no attention to the signs of the times, to hide our heads in the sand and say there is no danger because we do not see it, is the very surest way to bring it to us. Whatever our policy is to be, and we must have a policy and prepare for it, and not find ourselves running about like bewildered children, blinded by smoke, not knowing where to go or what to do.

Let us consider whether, if challenged, we prefer to give up the Monroe Doctrine, accept dictation from the victor in the present war, or whether we prefer to take the chance of saying, "Hands off!" We believe in our own form of government, and we believe that others should have the same freedom of choice, and we shall protect our own rights and combine with our neighbors to protect theirs.

Our preparedness must be not merely a matter of guns and soldiers, but a carefully thought out policy that will strengthen our country through and through and make us one people.

That there is a living example in miniature should be a great help to us. With three distinct races and languages, two religions, and every variety of country and climate, Switzerland shows us a model of what close knit, industrious, successful, peaceful, patriotic and free people can be. She is prepared. She is never aggressive, but she is so strong that no nation in the present war has dared to cross her borders. She is a manufacturing country, she is an agricultural country, she is a country of pleasure resorts; her people are contented, well to do, and she is the opposite of the autocratic military aggressive country whose ruthless efficiency we cannot but admire with awe.

Switzerland is the answer to the pessimists who say we cannot be strong because we are a democracy, and Switzerland is the answer to the militarists who say we must bristle with guns and have a navy twice as large as any other country because we have a long coast line. Switzerland has no coast line, but if we try to think like a Swiss we can evolve a coast defence that will be a defence without ruining the country behind it.

Without going into details which you can get from the encyclopædia or many magazine articles, I will just say that the general idea of the Swiss system is that all boys have not military but good physical training beginning at an early age, at school; that at nineteen they have two months' intensive military training; after that they are subject to military duty two weeks of each year. That is all. There is no giving up the most productive years to solitary service. The duties bear heavily on no one, and there is no standing army eating its head off or ready to be aggressive, or retiring on pension. There is no reason why we should support a great standing army, and there is every reason why we should evolve a plan that would be democratic and efficient whereby the burden would be shared equally by all citizens.

President Wilson says, "We had a traditional prejudice against armies, which makes us stop thinking the minute we begin talking about them, and we suppose that all armies are alike, and that there can not be an American system in this instance, but that it must be the European system, and that is what I for one am trying to divest my mind of."

If the Swiss plan resulted only in military efficiency, there would still be excuse for the mother who did not raise her boy to be a soldier, but the best part is what it does to the boy. It increases his vigor by good wholesome exercise, teaches him team work, to use his mind instead of becoming a passive machine, which is the danger of even an active mind which has not the opportunities for natural growth, and above all, it teaches him to love his country and to feel his responsibility to her for her existence as a country.

If war comes, and our sons volunteer, we do not want to have raised them to be murdered for lack of any adequate preparation for defence. want my son to stand some small chance of coming out alive if we do have trouble. In speaking of the stupid waste of force, President Wilson savs, "Think of asking men who can be easily drawn to come into the field, crude, ignorant, inexperienced, and merely furnish the stuff for camp fever and the bullets of the enemy. The sanitary experience of our army in the Spanish war was merely an incident of America's indifference to the manifest lessons of experience in the matter of ordinary precaution. We have got the men to waste, but God forbid that we should waste them. Men who go as efficient instruments of national honor into the field afford a very handsome spectacle indeed, but men who go in, crude and ignorant boys, only indite those in authority for stupidity and neglect. And so it seems to me that it is our manifest duty to have a proper citizen reserve. Militarism consists in preparing a great machine whose only use is for war, and giving it no other use to which to apply itself."

General Wood compares this country to a ship at sea, receiving from all sides messages from ships below the horizon that storms are raging all about them. Even if our voyage has been calm and we are out of the storms at present, isn't it common prudence to get our life boats ready, have life belts ready and go through the boat drill?

The idea that the vanquished in this war is going to be left prostrate is a fallacy. An army surrenders, it is not annihilated. At the end of this war the beaten army will comprise 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 men with their arms, all mobilized. Great difficulty in demobilizing an army and sending the men back to civil life has always faced every nation at the end of a war. It is quite possible in this case that the fleets of both sides will remain practically intact.

We are growing rich out of the war; each side has grievances against us. The Monroe Doctrine has always been a source of friction. Threats against it from high authorities are scarcely veiled. Why should we not be made to pay the indemnity which none of the warring countries will have the money to pay? We shall be a very tempting prize, and at this moment we are absolutely helpiess. And who can say we shall not be attacked? How much bullying can we put up with without striking out from the shoulder? Are we going to give favored nations our ports as China has had to do? Of course we are not.

Can we be "The Terrible Meek," and looking the bully in the eye, say: "We will not fight; lay down your arms." If so, let us prepare for that, for that means complete control of our tempers. And is there any chance of carrying that through? We have had no training in being a submissive people.

From present account, at the end of the war we shall have no friends unless we have by that time overcome the suspicion in the minds of our Central and South American neighbors. It was natural for them to be suspicious of us until we had proved we had no designs on other nations by giving up Cuba and by refusing to take advantage of Mexico.

Let us, by all means, do all in our power to cement that budding friendship. That is a form of preparedness upon which we should all agree.

There is another form which we are not apt to think much about. This country is free because we control our government and elect our own representatives. What can we say for men who lightly neglect their responsibilities and allow politics to be controlled by men who seek their own gain first and the public good secondarily, if at all?

Most men have been very busy taking care of their families and earning a living in business, and have not cared for the uncertainties of public office; and the natural result has been that men seek public office who are willing to make what they can on the side, whose idea of what is honest is, "What is there in it for me?" without much regard for the public.

The immediate reason of providing for our families or doing a good turn for a friend is as far as most of us see. It takes a high grade of intellect to see that private gain at the public expense is an offence against their own children, for whom they are trying to provide.

When politicians are installed with a bulwark of patronage, it is impossible for the would-be reformer (who has now earned his pile and is willing to sacrifice a little time to the public good) to get elected, and the fault lies not with the honest grafter who has been earning a living according to his lights, but with the man who took his own business so seriously that he paid no attention to who was elected to do his country's business. He is amazed and shocked at conditions he has done nothing to keep right, he calls aloud, accuses the wicked grafter, who retaliates, and the fight is on.

Politicians are no worse than any other group of citizens naturally. They live according to their lights and opportunities. They bear no personal grudges, they maintain what might be called "Moral Neutrality."

Men hesitate to get into the dirty mess, and it is good men, devoted to their families and business and neglectful of their public duties, who allow politics to become a dirty mess, because they lack a feeling of patriotic responsibility.

And are we women blameless because we can not vote?

Who brings up the boys, who controls them all through the impressionable age? We mothers and teachers are responsible for the men and we share the blame of present conditions. If we had done our duty there would be no American citizens taking no interest in the government of their city, state and country, and no American citizens with divided allegiance.

Our boys and girls are not taught to understand our government and its ideals; they are not shown their direct responsibility for keeping it clean and fair; they are not even shown the economic reasons for having it run honestly,—that for every dollar of graft or extravagance in expending the public money they have to pay more for rent and food. This is part of our necessary preparedness, to show our boys and girls, and our grown-up boys, their responsibility to their country, and the reasons for our pride and belief in our form of government, though we may blush with shame

that the word politician has become a term of reproach, and that our government is run so extravagantly and inefficiently in many ways.

It rests with us all to change this. We are not deficient in patriotism, but we have failed to realize our responsibilities, and now, at this crucial time, we must wake up and accept them.

With all my heart and soul and mind, I believe in democracy, and in our form of government, and that the thoughtful opinion of the many is wisdom; but to make it a success we must all play our part and share the responsibilities. Now don't let us go about shouting our own particular opinions as if they were the only practical ones. This is not a time for prejudice and criticism that is not constructive.

Above all don't let us be content as a nation, to make all we can while other countries are in agony, and feel no further responsibility. We stand a fair chance of becoming more thoroughly hated than any nation has ever been, and we shall deserve what is coming to us if we pocket the gains and do nothing to deserve the friendship at all.

We are living through a tremendous crisis, that we realize; we are stirred to our depths. If we let our emotions master us, if we close our ears and our eyes to all but our own instinctive prejudices, we shall be at cross purposes, without strength, without influence, helpless victims of fate. Let us unite on those things on which we can all agree, our love for our own beautiful country, our willingness to serve her, our desire for a peace that shall be lasting and that will be just to all the world. Then let us hear all views, all opinions, discuss them freely, fully, openly; then let us take counsel and decide what our course should be, and then act; and our course will take us along the road to peace and justice for all mankind, and we shall deserve our share in the councils of the world.

To bring about this millennium there is some practical work we can all do now. A Society of women has been formed by a committee appointed by Governor Walsh, called the Special Aid Society for American Preparedness. The "Special Aid" part means readiness to act in such emergencies as the San Francisco fire and other great calamities. It aims to organize women in such a way that at any moment we can know on whom to call and what she can do. To put it even more graphically, to encourage each one to become proficient in some useful way.

We are still feeling our way and we want the help of all.

#### THE NORTH END

#### The Coming of the Settlement

JENNIE S. SWARTZMAN

THE NORTH END of Boston is less than half a mile in any of its dimensions, yet in this area alone there is a population of over 34,000, representing twenty-five nationalities. Let us review briefly the growth of this population. With the coming of the English governors in 1685, and their families and employees, a new life, far different from that of the Puritans, was introduced into the North End. Situated as it was, the governors were quick to see the advantages of such a sea port and the business opportunities which it offered, so that the North End soon became the center of population and business. This prosperity continued until the stirring days of 1776, when many of the wealthier and important English families left this part of the town. In the period of reconstruction after the Revolution, the North End, while continuing to be the most populous section of Boston, did not again attract people of means, for the streets were narrow and crooked, and the houses small and too thickly crowded to admit new buildings.

The changes in the North End, however, from 1775 to about 1845 were gradual. Hanover Street, though abounding in small stores, held up to 1840 a good many families of means and culture. On Sheafe Street, according to the district's historian, Lyman Beecher and his family made there home, and it is this street with its old gardens at the back which was the last to give way to the pressure of the immigrants. final surrender was dramatically sudden. families who ate Thanksgiving dinner on Sheafe Street one year were partaking of it the next at the South End."

Im nigration of Irish, English, British Americans, and Germans was fairly steady. With the Irish famine of 1846 came the first great flow of Irish immigrants. In ten years the growth of these people including their children born in this country was over one hundred per cent. By 1850, the Irish formed about one-half of the population of the 23,000 inhabitants in the North End, while the Americans numbered only 9200. Since that time, with the coming of other nationalities they have rapidly gone elsewhere, until in 1895, there were only 6,800 Irish in the North End. For the most part they have progressed in every way, and by their racial trait of adaptability quickly conformed to American ways.

It was not until 1880 that a decided change in the character of immigration took place. From 1,000 Italians in 1880 the number reached 7,700 in 1895, and from a few hundred Jews, 6,200 were recorded. Most of these Italians were the peasants from the mountain districts who were seeking a place where they might earn a living and also escape from the ever returning taxgatherer; while the Jews from Russia were seeking relief from government oppression.

Naturally, with such a large influx of different types of peoples all seeking to establish themselves under new conditions with old ideals and traditions, the problems of the city and especially of this district became serious, and it soon devolved upon the public and private philanthropies to impart

American ideas to these immigrants.

The two public schools in the North End, one for boys and one for girls, were taking care of the children from seven to fourteen years of age during the day, and in the evening they were offering classes in English to men and women. Since the law required that all children from seven to fourteen years must be in school, many new arrivals to this country nearing that age, and who could not speak any English, were started in the same classes with the very much younger ones. arrangement often discouraged them, which together with the fact that their parents needed or desired their support caused a great many of them to leave school as soon as the law allowed, thus leaving these children without adequate schooling and with no training for work.

All these conditions presented new problems, and since the public schools were not ready to meet them, it was left to a few public spirited individuals to seek means of adjustment through establishing such institutions as The North Bennet Street Industrial School. This School was founded in 1880 with the express idea of "training these unskilled masses and thus creating a demand for them and their labor." Thus classes in printing, woodworking, cobbling, sewing, dressmaking, and housekeeping were formed to give training to these boys and girls. These classes were also extended to the men and women who desired further training in the evening. Throughout its history of thirty-five years, the School has had the single aim — social betterment by means of such education as shall increase efficiency and respect for labor. The success of this experiment has not only been proved in the North End, but educators and social workers in Boston and all over

the country have adopted its methods. It is continually readjusting itself to the increasing professional methods.

In the School building of the North Bennet Street Industrial School the first Day Nursery was started where mothers might leave their children during the day. Here they are better taken care of than at home, and at the same time the mothers are given an opportunity to work or to recover from illness.

Added to the inability of the Public School system to cope with the industrial needs of the immigrant, was the lack of providing for their social life, through which method only these people could acquire American ways. This situation, was fully recognized, and also provided for in the program of the North Bennet Street Industrial School, and the other settlements which developed in the North End. Here clubs were formed for boys and girls, and men and women which would allow more opportunities for informal intercourse with American people of education and refinement.

To educate these newcomers to the North End in the civic life of the country, The Civic Service House on Salem Street was opened in 1901 as a center for civic education, recreation, and organization for the common good. Its purpose was to establish settlement work along civic lines, and proposed to reach a constituency approaching or within the privileges of citizenship.

The North End Union on Parmenter Street touched the life of the neighborhood through its gymnasium and baths, reading, and recreational rooms. It also established a School which aimed to supplement to workers already in the printing and plumbing trades, the practical knowledge gained by daily work.

The neighborhood of the North End is constantly changing as a result of the fact that a great many of these original foreigners have gone to live in much better quarters of the city. Without question, this desire to improve conditions is due to their higher standards of living and better economic conditions. That the settlements have had a large share in this change is true. It is largely due to the efforts of the settlements that the municipal government has established evening social centres, libraries, municipal gymnasiums, baths, and so forth. The day of the modern settlement is not passed, in fact it is just coming to realize that its greatest duty is working with the people of the neighborhood, and that it should stand in the community as a place where people may come for advice and counsel.

#### Good Books and Bad

ELIZABETH M. RICHARDSON Girls' High School, Boston

In this age when printing presses are pouring out newspapers, magazines and books by the millions, the question of what to read becomes a critical one. Some fifty years ago Ruskin, in his essay on "King's Treasuries," put the dilemma in a form well worth quoting: - "Whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book or his piece of art. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before: yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know if you read this, that you cannot read that: that what you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy, when you may talk with kings and queens?"

"If you read this, you cannot read that." We must believe this verdict, and we must therefore, if we are reasonable, so shape our course of reading that as the years go by we may have an increasing sense of time well husbanded for books that are good, not spent like the careless prodigal over those that are bad.

I shall confine my considerations almost entirely to fiction, since the question of good and bad is by no means so puzzling in respect to essays, biography, history, and travel.

But how shall we know the one from the other? Many a person is willing, perhaps eager, to economize time by giving it only when a good return may be expected. The trouble lies in knowing the good from the bad.

Perhaps the best way to attack the question is to bring up for refutation one or two typical misconceptions as to what makes a book undesirable or positively bad. Such negative treatment may bring up a positive idea as to the elements of health and permanence in books.

In the first place a book is not bad just because it brings in an evil character or deals with an evil situation. "Othello" is not a play of bad influence because Iago has not a single redeeming trait; "Romola" is not an immoral novel because Tito Melema betrays Tessa and deceives his wife; "The Inside of the Cup" is not bad because Eldon Parr ruthlessly destroys all his competitors. There are books that faithfully portray the life of vice, yet the fact that any book does this is no

proof, in itself, that the book is bad. The method of treatment is the true criterion. Are you, as you read, learning to love and condone evil or to nate it? As you answer the question, you register for that book condemnation or approval.

Neither is it necessarily a flaw in a book if vice goes externally unpunished and virtue similarly unrewarded. Indeed, our sense of fact is outraged by the type of story that without due reasonableness leaves the villain dead, the heroine rich and united to a smiling hero, to "live happy ever afterward." Such an ending displeases rather than pleases the logical adult mind.

Kipling, it is said, rewrote the end of "The Light that Failed," to please the public, by sending Maisie to Dick with repentant love, offering the devotion of her life to ease his blindness. To many this ending seems false and gives no satistion.

On the contrary, Scott's Ivanhoe, leaving as it does, its noblest character a sad and lonely exile, presents itself as a far finer close than the ending many a young high school student has devised—a marriage of Rebecca with Ivanhoe, or with some wealthy Spanish Jew—Ivanhoe comfortably forgotten.

Kipling's first ending to "The Light that Failed" is the logical outcome to the complete icy selfishness he has presented in Maisie's character. Such a nature does not undergo a sudden transformation into sweet self-sacrifice and repentant devotion; nor does it suffer unnecessarily any external punishment for its wrong doing.

In commenting on the outcome of Ivanhoe, Scott says: "A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. A glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of selfdenial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take awav."

It is, we feel, a juggling with moral values to portray an outcome that belies the possibilities of the case; and it is an equal juggling to present as the outcome of some situation that which is only apparently the logical outcome. Not many months ago two little boys were brought into court for

breaking windows and stealing some tools. The case was this. They had been at the "Movies" shortly before and had seen a picture play that showed a boy doing a similar thing. He went West, sent his first money back to pay for glass and tools, became rich, and returned to present his mother with all the comforts of life. How shall a child know that that ending is not in the least inevitable, hardly probable?

One of the great disadvantages of the motion pictures is that they can present crude plot only; and all the illuminating presentation of character changes that might conceivably come to the young thief above cited, producing in him a desire for reparation, must inevitably be left out.

If, then, it is not the presence of good or bad people, if it is not, in itself, the subject matter treated, and if it is not the happy or sorrowful outcome, what is the test by which we may answer the searching questions: Is the book good? Is it of value? May I with profit to myself and others spend the precious moments of my leisure upon it?

Fundamentally, as our illustrations have gone to show, the question is essentially one of truth. Not—observe the word—is the book dealing in facts? A story might do that and not be true in its real sense; and conversely a book may present a legend or myth and yet be profoundly true, as are all the great fairy tales.

The word truth demands further explanation. The photographer, versus the prophet—that is the antithesis. The photographer aims his camera at a bit of nature or of human life. A snap of the shutter and the moment is perpetuated. But the prophet must look with the seeds of time and say "which grain will grow and which will not." He, as Hawthorne tells us, must learn to "see the marble through the mud." He must not only see life; he must value it, and present it in such a form to his hearers that they too may get his values in proportion and learn to distinguish the things that are temporal from those that are eternal.

A recent English writer, Arnold Bennett, seems to many of us essentially a "fact" writer. He presents the life of Five Towns in all its pettiness and sordidness, its bigotry and lovelessness. He does not, in so many words, say that this is the whole of life, but he leaves one to suppose he thinks so. Surely it had a been truer presentation of what life is, if he had shown us glimpses of the self-sacrifice, the purity, the heaven-born courage, the idealism that we find existing in every community. He has shown the truth of fact, but not complete truth.

We cannot and do not expect to be fed on sweetmeats, to evade all the ugly things of life, to shut our eyes to what is sordid and base and horrible. We may, however, fairly demand that those who think themselves able to write should be wiser than their readers, and have some deeper understanding than they of the moral values of life.

One of the things that makes Shakespeare great is that he, especially in the great tragedies, shows us an act with its logical recoil. The root of evil desire in Macbeth brings forth sin after sin; and the sins bring forth death in its deepest sense—the loss of all that makes life noble and holy.

"That which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have."

Why should he? Treachery, cruelty—these must eventually isolate the soul. With this isolation (self-imposed) goes the philosophy one might expect:

"Out, out brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury. Signifying nothing."

What other theory of life could we expect from such conduct of life as Macbeth has shown? Forever does the evil will produce false doctrine to support it.

To our short-sighted vision it does seem true that any and every evil desire must ultimately bring forth a death. Nor is it the province of the novelist to bring every life story to its ultimate end. He should, however, know life deeply enough so that he does not leave on the minds of his readers the impression that one may sin without consequence. Somewhere he should show the uneasy hours, the fear of the precipice on which it stands which must come to the sinning soul; or that numbness of moral sense which is revolting to the onlookers.

Conversely he should make his readers feel that whereas it is an outrage to common sense to reward all virtue with a coach and six, still if the novelist leaves the upright man to die deserted in utmost poverty, we should yet know that there is an inward satisfaction in right doing that does not fail the one who can say:—

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.— Under the bludeonings of chance My head is bloody but unbowed.— I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.

Our satisfaction in a story, our sense that it is "good," must, then, come from our conviction that the causes presented in the tale would inevi-

tably bring about the results shown; from the assurance that the author has so truly mirrored human life with its logical outcome that we may say, "Yes, under such circumstances, all should act in this way, avoid that way of life." The writer has then universalized his reading, acted the part of a prophet to his age.

There is another phase of a book's influence that I must touch on briefly, its atmosphere. There is a danger in many modern books, which a young person scarcely recognizes, that the interest will lie over much in the allurements of the senses. If a novelist, like some very popular with the uprising generation, is lavish in his suggestion of a woman's physical beauty, if he seems to be constantly adverting to sensuous ideas, distrust his influence heartily. The sweet overpowering of the greenhouse atmosphere is no place for sane living. Let the pure cold northwest wind blow through the mind and purify it. Get the "sky into your landscape."

One more caution is in order. All that I have said of the traits a good book should have is true pre-eminently of the masters of the novel. Ruskin, in the essay referred to, distinguishes between the books good for an hour and those that are good for all time. We may with profit spend many leisure hours upon the former, but let us not give them the majority of our reading hours, at least until we know the masters and know them well. Jane Austen, Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, Thackeray, George Eliot, Kingsley, Reade, Howells, Stevenson, Meredith, — these should not beckon us into their company in vain. A recent writer says of Thackeray:—

"No intelligent girl can read 'The Newcomes' or 'Pendennis' or 'Henry Esmond' or 'Vanity Fair' without some share in the joys and sorrows and sympathies of that great mind and greater heart which conceived them all; without some inward sense, however rudimentary, of what it means to say things worth saying and to say them well; without some discrimination between gentle manners, in high life or in low, and vulgatity of peasant or of prince. To love Thackeray is almost a liberal education.—'He could not,' says a critic, 'have written "Vanity Fair,' as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye.'"

What is true of Thackeray may be affirmed of all the greater novelists. To them we turn with firm confidence that we shall find a healthful atmosphere, a sane presentation of life, a reverence for its sanctities, a deep sealed idealism.

"Choose well: your choice is Brief and yet endless."

#### **IMMIGRATION**

#### Our Attitude Towards the Immigrant

#### MAURICE M. SHORE

IT is calculated that over 200,000 Jewish immigrants will emigrate to the United States in the year following the close of the European War. Of this number, 25,000 will probably come to Boston and its vicinity.

After having lived through a life of wretchedness and poverty in blood-covered Europe, they will reach our shores as helpless as infants, to begin a new life in a new country against the greatest conceivable odds. The question naturally arises, What are we going to do for them? Are we justified in demanding unrestricted immigration, without being prepared to do our duty by the immigrant when he comes?

The American Jew has a big job before him. Upon its success or failure will depend all future legislation regarding immigration. Our foreign poor are to be informed, as clearly as possible, of the nature of our institutions. We must help them to relieve themselves of the embarrassment they are under, arising from foreign birth, as well as ignorance of the ways and manners of this country. The superior advantage of settling in the "Western Country" for most of them must be pointed out. Friendly aid and advice as to proper positions there should be given them.

They must be instructed in the value of cleanliness, and informed how essential it is to their comfort and happiness. As the poor immigrants have no money for either medicines, doctors, or nurses, health is of the least importance to them. The miseries inflicted upon them by disease arise from want of foresight and cleanliness, from unwholesome food, confined employment, and a total ignorance of the arts of health.

Every interesting and attractive fact as to the use of savings banks should be presented to them. They must be encouraged to get ahead. Their pride, their love for independence, their desire for education and ownership, should be appealed to. In all our efforts in behalf of the immigrant, we must remember that the reformation of society can only proceed from sincere, ardent, and long-continued efforts. When the immigrants see that we come to them with kind intentions to make them happier and wiser, we can rest assured that our work will be appreciated.

But all this must be done without any parade of our importance. The immigrants as a class are full of pride. It is the spirit of independence, the germ that is most valuable among us. We must therefore approach them in a friendly way, with kind words and smiling faces. Nothing else will do.

We are no doubt dependent upon the services of various societies, composed of people who have the interests of the immigrant at heart, because all of us have neither the time nor money to devote to this cause, worthy as it may be. But most of us have, though, some knowledge, some acquirements, and are in a position to give some valuable hint or useful advice by which we can do our humble share in this very important work. The poor immigrant is like the rest of mankind, whose virtues, to be rendered attractive, must be proved useful. We must teach immigrants that their duties and interests are one.

The thing they will want most in a big city like Boston is the kind, personal influence of those that have come here before them. Personal intercourse is the most desirable thing which will help to promote their moral and intellectual ideals. A deep responsibility therefore lies upon every member of our race, according to the measure of his or her leisure, ability, and opportunity.

Volunteer to give private lessons to young "green" friends or cousins. A personal lesson of that kind is equivalent to attending Evening School a week. It is astonishing to see how rapidly the immigrant learns the English language, and adapts himself to the ways of this country.

Such instruction would not only be useful to the immigrant, but also aid our moral and intellectual development and responsibility; for out of the performance of such duty arises a delightful and profitable satisfaction.

Nothing is proposed which would require anything beyond our means, only the inclination to do that which is in the limits of our ability. We must remember that our obligation to the immigrants does not end with our bringing them to this country, often to be sneered at and ridiculed. We must be ready to help them.

We must bravely face the clamoring of the immigrant to make his home here. Every individual must help,—all together—the old, the young, the rich, and the poor. The barrier between the immigrant and the American must be broken, and we American Jews must foresee, provide, mix with them, and stand by them as fast as they come; for then only can our duty towards the immigrant be properly fulfilled.

### Traveling Westward from Boston

Frances Rocchi

IT is hard to remember now just what the greatest excitement was the first time I went to Oregon. I left the business of getting there in the hands of a very brisk ticket agent, who, when he knew that I wanted to travel "tourist," or second class, arranged my trip to Chicago via the Wabash Line. The name sounded attractive to me, partly because it was associated in my mind with an old tune which was popular years ago,-"On the Banks of the Wabash far away,"-but I have yet to know why the line was named Wabash, for instead of the winding stream and poetic country of my imagination, I found myself crawling instead through endless stretches of Canadian wheat fields, just miles and miles of flat country interrupted at intervals by a farmhouse. I had a dismal feeling that I should never reach Chicago at the rate we were going, for I had seen freight trains which went at a greater speed. In one place I was greatly amused to see the porter picking flowers in a nearby field, while I watched him from the train window and felt as forlorn as I have felt at any time in my life, even the picture of the porter gathering flowers was funny. We arrived at Chicago the next morning, hours late. The journey from Chicago to Portland was more interesting and enjoyable in every way. More people were traveling west from Chicago, and in a short time, I became acquainted with many very nice people, who were in the same car. If the "Tourist" on a long trip goes through there usually is a big range which is kept burning all day for the convenience of the passengers, and it is great fun to prepare one's own meals on a trip of any length, for hours go by very slowly otherwise.

The dressing rooms on a tourist car are much smaller than those in the Pullman cars, and instead of plush, the seats are usually either rattan or leather. Otherwise, everything is the same as in the Pullman, with the exception of the privilege of

useing the observation car, which is extended only to those who travel first-class.

From Chicago west to Portland, Oregon, the country changes greatly in character with each day's journey. Through Iowa and Nebraska, are rolling hills and fertile, well-kept farms, always interesting to watch, and picturesque. It is while riding over the level prairie country that the first feeling comes of the bigness of the West. The plains are wonderful sweeps of almost barren lands, reaching away as far as the eye can see for miles and miles, and are dotted over with small, scraggly sagebrush,—the only thing which grows there, for the land has so much alkali in it, that nothing of any value will flourish.

It is in Montana that the Rocky Mountains first appear in the distance. All through the state, are many interesting rock formations, which might have been the deposits left by some of the glaciers ages ago, as they melted and came South from the cold North. The mountains are magnificent. Most of them are partly snow-covered through the year. Moving over some of the passes and through the tunnels, one realizes how marvellous has been the work of our engineers who have made it possible to cross this almost impenetrable wall of mountains. Leaving them behind, the country changes again, and as the train winds round on the banks of the Columbia River in Oregon, everything looks green and big with a wildness about it which cannot be explained. The Columbia River is beautiful beyond discription, with great cliffs seemingly rising out of the river almost perpendicularly. The River itself is almost terrible in its strength, but fascinating to watch. With the first sight of snow-covered Mt. Hood, the knowledge comes that the trip is almost at an end and excitement runs high. Everyone has packed, and is dressed hours before the train pulls into Portland, and there is much handshaking and regret at parting as each one says "Goodbye" and "Good Luck to you," and is swallowed up in the rush of a big railroad station, which is alive with all kinds of thrilling possibilities, but only a small part of life.

### **EDUCATIONAL**

# The Boston Continuation School for Mothers

ETHEL EPSTEIN

Never before in the history of education has there been a school entirely devoted to the education of foreign mothers. There have been and are for the most part night schools where men and women are taught to read, write, and speak our language. There also exists a compulsory continuation school for employed boys and girls who have not reached the age of sixteen. This school is held for the purpose of helping children in acquiring knowledge and skill to be used in their daily work. Other continuation schools have been formed for similar reasons, but a school for mothers is entirely a new experiment and is waiting to prove itself both important and profitable.

The school which is held at 38 Chambers St., or what was once known as the St. Andrews Church, has already a membership of one hundred and fifty-one foreign mothers. So many new people have wished to join that it has been necessary since the Christmas vacation to install another teacher for the advanced class.

These foreign mothers attend school two days a week, the advanced classes coming Monday and Wednesday, and the non-English classes Tuesday and Thursday. There is no school Friday, as the Jewish mothers who attend must prepare for the Sabbath.

It is remarkably interesting to see women ranging in age from twenty-four to fifty, with books under their arms, waiting for the opening of school. There are hardly any cases of tardiness; on the contrary half the members come too early, eager to begin work before half past one.

It is made possible for every mother who is anxious to learn to come, as the babies are taken care of by four trained kindergarteners, and the school hours are from one to half past three, giving them enough time to be home before the other school children are dismissed.

Wonderful progress has been made since the opening of the school on November tenth. Some who have never had a day of schooling can now read and write quite well. The most difficult part is speaking the language, for they insist on answering with one word instead of sentences.

A very funny incident occurred recently, when one of the teachers in teaching "is not" asked, "Mrs. B——is your husband a tailor?" "No," the woman answered indignantly, for to her a tailor represented something far beneath her husband's work.

Much tact must be used in teaching these women, as they must and will have their way about certain matters. It is useless to even try to make them understand that it is necessary to know the alphabet in order to read. They are bored by phonics, and by oral work, but they are perfectly happy and contented with reading and writing. One of my pupils, a certain Mrs. J——,told me one day that spelling was beyond her "old head," and that she intended to drop it, because she was sure she could not "learn spelling."

Inspite of all this, they are most sincere and enthusiastic in their work. One woman said "I would rather miss anything than school. I look forward to it every day." This is the spirit of the majority of mother students, and with such a spirit this project must meet with success.

Love
Imagination
Brotherhood
Reason
Amity
Romance
Youth

Courtesy Loyalty Uplift Breadth

Happiness
Obedience
Understanding
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#### North End Items

SARAH BERMAN SOPHIE STEARNS

North Bennet St. Industrial School and Social Service House.

Plans are being made for the annual entertainment given by the Young Men's Club of the Social Service House for the benefit of the Camp Fund. This year the play will be "The Sacrament of Judas." An original arrangement of a Southern Plantation scene will also be given. The date set is the first week in March.

Skates are loaned at Social Service House for two cents a day, and the boys and girls are appreciating this opportunity to enjoy the sport. Every day there is more demand for skates than there are skates to fill it.

The House Committee at Social Service has been reorganized for the year with representatives from all the evening clubs. Mr. Genaro Mirabello is Chairman, and Elizabeth Badaracco, Secretary.

The Mothers' and Young Women's Club of Social Service House cordially invite all girls and women who are at work during the day to join their class in the Public Gymnasium on North Bennet St. on Thursday nights. Rival athletic teams are being formed and much excitement prevails.

An exhibition of paintings of pencil sketches made by the Director and Supervisors of Art and art teachers of the City of Boston was held at the North Bennet St. Industrial School for the two weeks ending February 7th.

Civic Service House.

A Valentine Party with a delightful program is to be held for the various clubs and friends on February 14th.

The Campers, a club at the Civic Service House, are going to have a dance at the Elizabeth Peabody House.

There are to be concerts on Sunday nights open to the public. On Sunday night, February 13th, Mrs. Eleanor Salandri will give a concert for the Columbus Educational Club and their friends. On the third Sunday the Possimist Club celebrates Washington's Birthday. On the last Sunday of the month the Music School Settlement will give a concert for the people of the neighborhood.

LITTLE JOURNEYS THROUGH THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Sunday afternoons, I to 6 P.M. Lectures at 3 P.M. Admission Free.

This course of lectures for pupils of the Evening Schools presents a general view of Art as illustrated by the architecture, sculpture and paintings of many countries. After each lecture, groups will be conducted through the galleries to see various collections of the Museum.

SUBJECTS OF LECTURES

Feb. 13. Grecian Temples—"The Lincoln Memorial" Greece
Mr. Frank Chouteau

Feb. 20. The Portrait Gallery —

"Washington" America

Mr. J. C. L. Andrew

Feb. 27. From Pompeii to Milan Italy
Dr. A. D. Dentamavo

Mar. 5. National Life in Art and Music Poland Mr. G. W. Tupper

Mar. 12. The Industrial Arts Germany
Prof. Marshall L. Perrin

Mar. 19. English Landscapes—
"Castles and Cottages" England
Mr. W. W. Locke

Mar. 26. Mountain Scenery
Norway and Sweden
Prof. Marshall L. Perrin

Children's House.

A special new feature at the Children's House is story-telling. Every Thursday there is a social held for the mothers of the girls who attend the clubs, with very interesting and entertaining programs. Every Wednesday night Miss Braddock teaches the boys and girls of the House modern dancing. The Jewish High School Club of the House are preparing a play for Easter called "A Case for Sherlock Holmes."

#### S. E. G. Announcements

Feb. 12. Mrs. Annie P. L. Field will talk on the Mutual Welfare League.

Feb. 19. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Gideon will give an evening of Folk-Songs.

Feb. 26. Mrs. James J. Storrow will talk on "Preparedness."

Mar. 4. To be announced. Mar. 11. Business meeting.

## Friday Evening Girls

Feb. 11. Mrs. Margaret Stannard will talk on Mrs. Garland.

Feb. 18. Party Night.

Feb. 25. Miss Martha Randall will talk on Jane Addams.

Mar. 3. Business Meeting.

Mar. 10. Mrs. Bertha Papazian will speak on Henry George.

### Thursday Evening Girls

CURRENT EVENTS

Feb. 10. Miss Bertha Schoff.

Feb. 16. Party Night.

Feb. 24. Miss Flora Corwin.

Mar. 2. Business Meeting.

Mar. 9. Miss Marion Brackett.

S. E. G's! Ask for Vol. I, No. 1, "T. E. G."
News.

Congratulations to the Thursday Evening Girls on the successful and live Newspaper.

#### THE LIBRARY

#### Book Review

G. GOLDSTEIN

It was only twenty-five years ago that the United States had but twenty "visiting nurses." Now there are one hundred such nurses in New York City alone, and comparatively as many in every large city.

How this philanthropic movement was developed is told most interestingly by Lillian D. Wald in her new book "The House on Henry Street."

"Two decades ago the words 'East Side' called up a vague and alarming picture of something strange and alien: a vast crowded area, a foreign city within our own, for whose conditions we had no concern. Aside from exploiters, political and economic, few people had any definite knowledge of it, and its literary 'discovery' had but just

"The lower east side then reflected the popular indifference — it almost seemed contempt — for the living conditions of a huge population. And the possibility of improvement seemed, when my experience was startled into thought, the more remote because of the dumb acceptance of the conditions by the East Side itself."

The work was first started in an old building on Henry Street where Miss Wold gave a course on nursing, adapted to the needs of the East Side. But she was not satisfied with giving the course alone, for she gave herself too, and frequented the homes of the needy where she saw suffering and poverty. This visiting opened her eyes to the need of more nurses to visit the homes and bring a ray of hope and sunshine to them.

With the generosity of a great philanthropist and the assistance of Miss Mary Brewster, Miss Wold was helped to carry her great desire into execution.

The staff which then consisted of only two nurses is now large enough to answer calls from the sick anywhere in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx.

The Settlement not only takes care of the sick and needy, but it also provides organized activities for the healthy members of the community. How

it takes a personal interest in the welfare of its neighbors, and tries to better their conditions, -What it does with its boys and girls in the summer, - and how they are made happy in the winter is fascinatingly told in the book.

"Out of the enthusiasms and out of the sympathies of those who come to the house though they be sometimes crude and formless, a force is created that makes for progress. For these, as well as for the helpless and ignorant who seek aid and counsel, the settlement performs a function.

"The visitors who come from all parts of the world and exchange views and experiences prove how absurd are frontiers between honest thinking men and women of different nationalities or different classes. Human interest and passion for human progress break down barriers centuries old. They form a tie that binds closer than any conventional relationship." -

# Interesting Articles in the February Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Our divided country." Catholic World: "Saloniki: where Paul preached."

Delineator: "Julia Ward Howe."

Good Housekeeping: "A little lesson on silks."

Harper's Monthly: "London recollections of Lowell."

Ladies' Home Journal: "What I do with four common vegetables."

Popular Mechanics: "Music from the Audion lamp."

Review of Reviews: "Americanizing Nicaragua."
St. Nicholas: "When Washington went

travelling."

Scribner's Magazine: "Motoring through Porto Rico."



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# S. K. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

MARCH, 1916

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The Library Book Review

North End Items

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#### **Editorial**

THE Editors have been requested to play the clown. "Lay aside the serious vein and write something funny," was the request. Impossible! We can easily "be funny, or "look funny," because these are natural characteristics, - "Extempore," so to say, but to deliberately "write fun" in the face of grim reality and serious thoughts is a pseudo joke.

"Wit," says a wise man, "is useful for every-

thing, but sufficient for nothing."

"Fun" is the product of mirth, drollery, sport. But "humor" is desirable in interpreting of life.

Given a chance between wit, fun, and humor, humor is decidedly the most enviable asset. It avoids complex liabilities, and redeems awkward But it must always be natural humor, never deliberate, for the essence of all humor lies in its naturalness and spontaneity. Deliberate humor is not only awkward, but ofttimes offensive.

Humor in itself is a very subtle thing, and most elusive in its definition. The term too often is only understood to mean "an appreciation of the ludicrous." A thing in order to be humorous must border on comedy, and create a laugh. To be sure, laughing is good, it is stimulating. The wrinkles it causes are not disfiguring, but to laugh and be merry does not always mean to be "comical."

Pepys might have said, it is my "humor" to have beef for dinner," and an American might laugh very heartily over this innocent humor. Yet this is neither comical, nor even a joke. An Irishman might even see a joke in both, and yet a German might see no humor even in "Boston Baked Beans," without "Beer."

"And so the world wags." There are then many humors. There may be a hungry humor, an artistic humor, a Socialistic humor, or a penniless humor. But it always must be real humor, and stir the emotions, not from a sense of the comic alone. Humor may even sometimes be tragic, aud evoke pathos as well as laughter. The nations smile at American politics, and yet there is no joke in the situation for Americans.

People in general expect a thing to be funny, if it is at all humorous. It must be a joke. It must make us laugh. It must be deliberate comedy. It must in American slang "make a hit," and therefore jokes and funny stories are deliberately dressed in such choice slang, that they soon border on the vulgar, and finally create a sensation.

With so many busy people, so many 'ologys and 'isms, such frenzied finance, and serious "preparedness," humor too often takes wings, until those of us who treasure an appreciation of humor, fly away to the Heights on the back of the North Wind, -to think.

#### THE NORTH END IN HISTORY IN PROGRESS

#### Churches of the North End

Rose Cassassa

IT is indeed rather surprising, on coming into the North End, to find so many churches of ever so many denominations in such a small quarter of the city. One might exclaim, "Dear me! why so many places of worship!" It seems possible for everyone to have his own individual corner in which to render thanks to God in his own way. It is also amazing to find out how much each and every church is trying to do for the people.

One of the first I visited was the Seamen's Bethel (or the First Mariners' Baptist Church) which stands on the corner of Hanover and North Bennet Streets. One would hardly recognize it as a church, for there is nothing outside that even suggests its being a place of worship, excepting a white paper poster announcing some service. This church was organized about seventy years ago by the Baptist Society of Boston, and Mr. Phineas Stowe was the first pastor, and has been known ever since as one of the pioneers of the organization. The building was purchased from the Universalists for about \$30,000 and its purpose was then, as it is to-day, "to give the Merchant Marines and Landsmen, and sailors of the Baptist faith especially, a home and a church when they were 'a-shore." In those days the North End was by far the best residential part of the city. The aristocrats had very beautiful homes there and Prince Street was then the Park section with beautiful old-fashioned wells.

In connection with the church there was the "Mariners' Exchange," which still exists. The exchange is a reading room where the men are privileged to come, free of charge, and read the daily papers, magazines, write letters, etc. work of the church has been going on ever since the beginning, in addition to its religious ser-

One of the obstacles which the church is trying to fight is to induce seamen to "take the pledge," which means giving up alcoholic beverages and become strictly temperate. This temptation is one of the most difficult things for seamen to fight. Having been away from home or land for such a long period, the men upon their arrival congregate in some well-known saloon, and the consequences are they become intoxicated.

A Temperance Organization was organized in 1844, and up to the present day there have been 38,150 names placed on the temperance roll. The roll will now extend from the Bethel to the Boston Common four times in each direction, or cover in all a distance of about eight miles.

In connection with the church there is a Sailors' Home called the Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home. It is supported partly by the Ladies' Bethel Society of Massachusetts and partly by the sailors thenselves. The men come here when they have no home, or come temporarily to stay until they have found other suitable quarters.

There are ever so many relics in the church which have been donated by the seamen who have come from all parts of the world. One of the finest, I think, is a marble leg of Christopher Columbus, bearing the following inscription on a brass plate: "This Colossal leg of Christopher Columbus, broken by Bonaparte's Army, was presented to Phineas Stowe, Seamen's Chaplin, Boston, July 25th, 1849, by the following gentlemen ... 'Crew of U.S. Steamer Princeton' and other men. Leg was procured by them from the Navigator's House in Genoa."

We come next to St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church. Up to very recent years the church was maintained by the Irish people. It makes one feel "old" when one looks backward and thinks of the great work which was done for the Irish people by this church. It not only supported itself, but it maintained a very large parochial school, where thousands of children received splendid education which was given them by the "Sisters of Notre Dame" Academy. The Irish gradually moved out of the North End, and within the last few years the clergymen have devoted their time to the people of other nationalities.

Let us walk up Tileston Street which almost faces the church I have just had reference to. This brings us to Salem Street, less than a minute's walk from Christ's Church, better known historically as the "Old North Church."

An account of the history of this church was given in the November issue of the S. E. G. News, so I will not again refer to the things which one loves to remember in connection with it. We, of course, associate it with the early history of Boston, the Revolution, the Ride of Paul Revere, etc. This church is under the jurisdiction of the Episcopal church, and religious services and meetings are being held there on Sundays for the people of the neighborhood who desire to attend them. The Rev. Henry Sartorio is the minister in charge.

The Roman Catholic Church of St. Leonard's of Port Maurice was founded in January, 1876,

by Rev. Loachin Guerini, O. S. F. For the past forty years services have been held there very regularly, weekly and daily. The one chief feature which makes this church so well known, not only in the North End, but all through Boston and its suburbs, is that it has been customary ever since it was founded to have special services there in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. It is certainly very edifying to see the thousands of people attend the services and afterwards go to the main altar in order to kiss the relic of St. Anthony. It is said that actual miracles have been performed before the Shrine of the Saint where the devotee has spent a great deal of time in prayer, asking for a special favor of grace from the saint. This Church to-day maintains a large parochial school with about six hundred pupils, and a Sunday School with an average attendance of about a thousand children. It is needless to say that there are many religious Societies connected with the Church, and that each and every one takes an active interest in its affairs and works for its welfare.

It has been more or less difficult to get authentic information with regard to the Orthodox Synagogues, owing to the fact that within the past ten years the Jewish people have moved from the North End. What is more, the younger generation has flocked to the reformed Jewish Temple on Commonwealth Avenue.

There are three individual Orthodox Synagogues all within a stone's throw of each other. Perhaps the best known is the one on Baldwin Place. Each one of these three churches is independent of Central authority, and they can almost be compared to little republics. The people of the community get together, buy the property, elect their own officers and rabbis, and then proceed with their own work. To-day the Synagogues of the North End are barely active. One of the most interesting activities carried on by the Baldwin Place Synagogue is the School of Hebrew Language and Religion, free of charge. It has also maintained a house on Cooper Street, very near the Synagogue, for the past thirty-five years. It's object is to extend a home to the "newcomers or strangers" until relatives or friends of the person are located, or until suitable quarters are found. I am also informed that inside of the Synagogue some of the older Jewish men congregate almost daily in order to read or discuss "The Talmud," the Jewish book of laws, or to discuss sciences, or weights and measures, purely for their own satisfaction, or to while away their time. various discussions, my informant says, are the very things that have helped to sharpen the minds of the Jewish people. In the Synagogue, men and

women are always segregated, men are given the floor, preferably, and women the balcony.

The next Church to write about is St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, which is perhaps the oldest and largest one in the North End. This Church was first erected on four lots of land, in 1834, on Pond Street, now called Endicott Street, Rev. Wm. Riley being its first pastor. In 1847 St. Mary's was given over to the "Fathers of the Society of Jesus," who still have charge of the Church. In 1860 a Parochial School for boys was established and then known as Fr. Wiget's Institute, and in 1862 a girls' Parochial School was erected. Both have been condensed into one large school, and are now, as they were in the beginning, under the supervision of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Religious Societies for the old and young people have always been maintained. In 1874 foundations for a much larger and more beautiful edifice were laid.

Services have been held every morning and evening, and catechism classes, with an average attendance of about seven hundred children, have been conducted on Sunday mornings. To-day, in addition to that, the Church has an attendance of over four hundred Italian children. St. Mary's also supports a large clubhouse where millinery, sewing, embroidery, typewriting, etc., are taught. In connection with this there is St. Mary's Hall, where all the dramas, operettas, and concerts are held, mostly given by the parishioners, either for the support of the church or for some charitable purpose.

I am now coming to one of the most interesting churches in the North End, that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is Roman Catholic. The reason that this church appeals to so many people is that ever since its beginning it has preserved its Italian customs, and in no way has it become Americanized. About thirty-five or forty years ago, when the first Italians began to settle here, they felt the need of a place for devotional services. The best they could afford in those days was "a little workshop" on Beverly Street. Here the people assembled and carried on their own services. Later on, in 1888, a fund was raised and a building, then widely known as "Fr. Taylor's Church for Mariners," on the corner of Sun Court and North Square, was purchased. Missionary Fathers of the Congregation of St. Charles Borromeo came from Italy to establish a parish, and are still in charge of it. Their mission is to come to America and care for the Italian immigrants and their families, and that is why it has been possible to keep up the Italian customs.

It would take a great deal of time to tell of the

work which this parish has done for the people. Somehow or other, it seems to belong in the North End because it has such an Italian atmosphere about it. In the past, it supported a parochial school and clubhouse, which was under the supervision of Italian nuns. This gave the people who frequented it the opportunity to learn or preserve the Italian language. Connected with it was a kindergarten, where over two hundred children were cared for daily so that the mothers could go to work. Besides, a very fine hospital was supported in Orient Heights, where children were treated for weeks at a time when ill, and also kept there during the summer to convalesce. In the clubhouse an orchestra and band was organized amongst the Italian boys, under the direction of Professor Cericola, and music was furnished for all kinds of occasions. Dramatic Clubs were giving Italian performances frequently. clubhouse work was abandoned several years ago because the nuns were called to South America, where they were perhaps needed much more, and no competent person remained to carry on the work. To-day the church supports a parochial school. Needless to say that there are many religious societies connected with it for the young and old. It has a Sunday School with an average attendance of 1,000 children.

· It is on Sundays that a stranger ought to visit this church. From early morn till late at night there is a continual procession of carriages coming to it; either for a christening, a wedding, or a funeral service to be performed. There is no church in Boston that christens as many children, the average number being about 1,200 a year. Barely a Sunday passes but that a number of people, all coming from the same little town or city in Italy, gather here and have special services in honor of the patron Saint or Madonna of that Another truly Italian custom preserved here is the congregational singing, which takes place every evening during the services. It is most inspiring to see some dear old lady kneeling beside a child, both singing praises to God. One of the most important societies connected with the church is that of St. Vincent de Paul. takes care of all the poor and needy of the Parish, and here again the church stands out as having the largest number of applicants. We must remember that the population of this church is not stationary. The immigrants come and go, and the church has no fixed donation with which it can carry on its vast work, but can only depend upon the penny cheerfully given.

There are several other meeting places in the North End where religious services are carried on,

but they are of minor importance. A visit to any of the above churches would demonstrate what part has been and is played by the churches in the history of the North End.

#### West End House

JOSEPH BLUMENTHAL

THERE is no word in our English language, nor group of words, nor any combination of groups, which can better explain the West End House,—what it is and what it does, than just the single word "life." Many a member, ex-member, and intend-to-be member has rid his system of his personal opinion in regards to the club verbally, and many a one has given his opinions in writing, through the columns of our "Bulletin," but no two have ever held the same opinion, and the same is also true of "life."

In the first place, the West End House does not offer to give you anything. It merely offers to take from you whatever you are willing to give. It is not a question of "What can I get from the West End House," but a question of "What can you give to the West End House" and the proverb "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," applies to this House in exactly the same degree as it applies to the whole game of "Life." Life offers many opportunities for good sowing—the West End House does as much, and the reaping in both cases strictly depends upon the sowing.

The West End House is, in this respect, entirely different from a settlement house. Each member is given as much freedom as the nation gives to each citizen. Each member, therefore, works out his own destiny and for this reason there are as many different characters as there are members.

At this point the following question will probably arise:

"If each member is so free to work out his own destiny, is it not just as likely for him to work out a bad destiny as a good one?"

The answer is "No,"—and for proof we point with pride to our graduate membership which consists of men successful in every walk of life;—from men who have received their degrees of "Doctor of Philosophy" down through to men making good in every line of business and profession. It is only about two years ago that some twenty of the older graduates; men who belonged to the first club this House has ever sheltered, organized themselves into a Trust. This Trust already has thousands of dollars under its control, and there is no telling how soon the other zeroes

will have to be tacked on. And not one of these men were in any better circumstances when they first joined the West End House than the members at the present time. When the West End House is asked what it is doing for its members, it can proudly say, "We can always do as much as we have done before, and look at what we have done."

How do we do it? The following may help to explain.

This House was first organized about nine years ago through the generosity of Mr. James J. Storrow. Each member pays a small fee which is used for children's outings in the summer. This fee entitles a member to as much freedom as his own home does. There is no teacher to say that he must not do this and that it is wrong to do that — but if he doesn't do the right thing at all times, there is always the entire membership to act the part of the judge, and indirectly the wrong-doer learns that the concensus of opinion is against the wrong which he did. "Experience" alone is thus his teacher, and it is not long before he learns that there is nothing to gain, but much to lose in not doing the fair and square thing at all times.

One big factor which helps to mould West End House characters is the competition which the House offers its members, and this competition does more than anything else to prepare the boys for the competition of "Life." We have our competitions in athletics and literature, and we have also our socials to give us a polishing for polite society.

Athletics offers the keenest competition and its results are the most distinct. In summer we have baseball and every year we have at least six teams in this House. Almost every club is represented by its own baseball team, besides the "Big Team" which represents the House itself. The ages of the players range from the kid of ten to the fellow in his twenties. These teams get out into the open air at least once a week to compete with other teams and the same obstacles which one business man has to overcome in order to beat his fellow competitor, for this world is only for the survival of the fittest.

Then again we have the annual competitive fifteen mile walk every Christmas. This does not only mean that one has to buck against Gibraltars during the race, but he also has to keep himself in perfect condition during the whole year,—and this requires clean living.

In literature the competition is almost as keen. There are contests in argumentation, declamation, and composition, and valuable prizes are awarded in these contests.

Then we have our socials in the way of dances, entertainments, lectures, playlets, orchestras, and

glee clubs. These are all bound to develop our personalities and characters.

Another vital factor is our club life. Any group of boys are always allowed the use of a room for club purposes, and they are given an able man for director. The various clubs go through their business in their own way, but because of the size of the whole, every member takes an active part in everything that may be going on.

This is only my personal opinion of the West End House, but with some deep thought on these conditions,—and now I firmly believe that all our members have been inspired, through their connection with the West End House, to sow a much better seed than they would have done otherwise, and they are now therefore nearly all reaping a splendid harvest.

#### The Librarian as a Public Hostess

ELLEN O. WALKLEY

Custodian, East Boston Branch, Boston Public Library.

THE Librarian, like any other hostess, invites, welcomes, feeds and speeds. In September inviting engrosses one. By November speeding seems the most imperative duty.

Although it is open house all the year round at the Public Library, the legend over the door, "Free to All" is not enough in the cosmos of the modern city to make every one feel that the invitation is personal. Invitations also take the form of placards in public places, newspaper notices, book-lists, visits to schools, talks before mothers' clubs, illustrated by books and pictures, or before societies or associations of any kind,—in short, anything which will make the people know that the Library has something for each of them.

The invitation gives a point of contact when it is accepted. You know it takes so much courage to go to a strange house. A shy mother hesitatingly enters the Library, but her face brightens as she sees a not altogether unfamiliar face and she says, "I saw you at the mothers' meeting. I got a card there, but I did not have time to come before. May I have that book of children's songs you showed us?"

The welcome is quite as much in atmosphere and attitude as in action. Open shelves and open-minded, pleasant-faced, sympathetic, alert, but not obtrusive attendants (all of them, large and small), make the welcome. If the shelves are plainly and pithily labled and the guest knows what he wants, there need be little action. If, as

so often happens, he knows only vaguely or even incorrectly, it takes skill and ingenuity to find out. The shelves are laden with substantials and dainties to suit every taste if one can only find out the taste.

Perhaps the earliest comer is one of the former day-laborers who shuffles in to pour for hours over the newspapers. A quiet nook and the less attention the better for his comfort! Now comes a young woman with a foreign accent who asks for a book on crocheting. At length she shows a newspaper clipping of directions for making a pattern, saying, "I don't know what it means when it says, 'single crochet,' 'double crochet!" A book with pictures illustrating the stitches sends her away happy.

A clergyman drops in to dip into the periodicals for recreation, or to get the life of Booker Washington or other material for use or inspiration. One of them — a Unitarian — said one day, "Part of my interest in the Library would be gone if I could not find the Catholic and Jewish Encyclopedias there to use."

By the score, at all hours, come the requests, "A good novel, please," and "Is there anything good in to-day?" which means "Is the latest novel on the shelf? The latest fiction, alas! is usually conspicuous for its absence and the attendant scours the shelves to offer an acceptable substitute.

Sometimes it is a newcomer from Russia or Italy who has heard at the evening school that he can get books to help him learn English. Books for him would be together, plainly marked, but he needs help to find them, and perhaps to select.

The interned German sailors who have been learning English at the evening school easily find and quietly help themselves to the books in German, and for beginners in English.

Again, some young men asking for something on electricity, or accounting, or practical printing, or municipal ownership, or sea stories, or "Jack London's books." One even asked where to get a marriage license.

The afternoon brings throngs of High Schoolpupils, of course, each wanting "A good book to report on for English," or reference work on countless topics. Almost every copy of standard English fiction and many others have been placed on special shelves for them, but they still ask for more.

In the children's room hospitality is accepted promptly and as long as offered. In rush hours the room resembles a free lunch at the end of a meal, with shelves as bare as Mother Hubbard's Cupboard. Here speeding sometimes precedes or supersedes a welcome, as when a gang of lively

boys rushes up the steps, one crying, "Let's go up to the Library and have some fun." There is no room for them while that mood lasts, just as there is no room for a whistle or a shriek, or constant talking.

It is not only the irresponsible youth who needs to be sped. Sometimes a garrulous, perhaps interesting lady or even gentleman lingers long for confidence, discussion, or flow of soul. How much or how little to respond requires infinite tact and wisdom to decide. To speed the parting guest is indeed one of the most delicate and difficult of the fine arts of life.

The hospitality of the Library includes not only newspapers, magazines and books to be read, but also exhibitions of pictures, story hours for boys and girls, and lectures and readings sometimes illustrated by stereopticon or reflectoscope. These are meant partly as bait to lead to books, and partly as feasts in themselves. When the attendance at the story hour for boys leaps from thirty-five to two hundred and the boys clamor for the books to which they have been introduced in the story hour, we see they have taken the bait. When the doors of the lecture room are closed before the hour of the lecture because the seats are filled, we know the feast is enjoyed.

The long lines of guests from every class and almost every nation come and go. The Library is one of the few places where all classes and races meet on common ground and with common interest. To help them enjoy and appreciate their common heritage and realize their common brotherhood is one of the cherished hopes of the Librarian as a public hostess.

# Italy and Emigration Laws

ELIZABETH M. ANTHONY

The laws of Italy governing emigrants, are numerous and drastic. Every ship touching an Italian port, whether registered under another country, or carrying the Italian Flag, must have on board a royal commissioner appointed by the Government. It is this commissioner's duty to make an extended inspection of every part of the ship twice a day, to inspect the food furnished the emigrants, and to examine the water supply both as to quality and quantity. The commissioner must personally see that the quarters and bedding in the steerage are cleansed and fumigated on every steamer when it reaches its port, and he may cause the arrest of a captain who fails to co-operate.

The Italian Government requires that emigrants refused admission into other countries shall be returned to the initial point of journey,—not merely to the point of embarkation.

Immigration stations are maintained by the Italian Government at the principal ports, and no government department is better supported or considered of more importance. This importance is reflected in the private associations, and agencies which have for their object the care of emigrants. These societies are numerous, and are supported by the Church and private subscription. There is not only much work for these societies to do in protecting trans-Atlantic emigrants alone, but Italy is also supplying a large percentage of

the labor employed in the constantly increasing manufacturing interests of Switzerland.

The train loads of women and girl emigrants to that country are accompanied by women agents of the societies, who remain with them until they are assured of their being suitably placed after reaching their destination.

Every effort is being made by the Government to influence young Italians to remain at home, and to encourage those who left to return. The most intelligent efforts have also been made to encourage Italians from Southern Italy who were not dissatisfied with the prevailing living conditions to move to Northern Italy, where most excellent opportunities exist for all.

#### **EDUCATIONAL**

#### Home and School Visiting

MARTHA H. DAVIS

Home and School Visitor for the Eliot and Hancock Schools, Boston

WHAT is a home and school visitor? Some think she is a sort of nurse, while others call her a truant officer. Although she works very closely with both, it is her duty to do the work which belongs to neither of them.

The nurse cares for the health of the children, and the attendance officer makes them come to school, but there are many times when the teacher wishes to connect with the home for neither of the above reasons. She may wish to know the conditions at home, or she may wish to have something explained to a parent. Here is the work of the home and school visitor, the link between school and home.

A few examples may give an idea of her work. A little boy was continually naughty in school and did his lessons badly. In such cases it has been found that the parent's knowledge of the conditions and interest in the school work are of great help. The teacher there tried, through the boy, to get one of the parents to come to see her. They would not come, so, finally, she asked the school visitor to call. The parents felt very sad when they heard about his bad work, for he had been telling them that he was doing finely. The next day, the mother visited the teacher, and the hoped-for good effect on the boy was soon noticed.

Quite different was the case of a twelve-year old girl, whose teacher called the visitor to her room one day. The child was absent because her mother had gone to Italy and the father had just been sent to jail, leaving her to care for two younger children, one a three months' old baby. The visitor found the three children living with their three unmarried uncles and both parents away, as the teacher had understood. Through the visitor's efforts, within a few days the children were sent where they would be properly cared for.

One by one the three children of one family were referred to the visitor because of poor school attendance, dirt and insufficient clothing. Many friendly calls and many scolding calls were made on the family, sometimes in the evening when the father was in, sometimes at meal times to see what sort of food the children were getting. Once a boy was taken home during school to have his clothes mended, and more than once the visitor went to the house before school to see that the children started in proper condition. The teachers talked cleanliness and neatness to the children, while the visitor did the same at home. After a year of work, the results are encouraging, though not striking.

In still another class are what may be called the poverty and the begging cases — a child comes to school not properly clothed, appears not well fed, or comes to the teacher with a tale of woe. Last year we had a great many of these cases. Although the visitor has no means of giving relief, she can, and always does, get some other society to give it, if it is necessary.

Lack of boots is one of our common troubles and one which is especially difficult to handle, when we feel that the family should provide them and yet they refuse to do so. In such cases some method can always be found of proving to the parents that shoes must be provided, even if the visitor has to show the mother how the old ones can be mended.

Once in the home the visitor often finds that she cannot really learn there enough about the child's out-of-school life. His mother does not really know what he does afternoons and evenings, so she must follow him to his club in a settlement house or to the public library and, perhaps, she can take a father or mother with her to see what the child is doing. Thus she may help the parents to know the agencies which are trying to help the children.

The examples mentioned do not pretend to cover the many reasons for which a visitor may go to a home. Her purpose is always to be a link between the home and the school, to explain to the parents the rules of our schools, and many things which they do not understand about our American life, and to give the teachers a truer idea of the home life of the children, whose home they seldom see.

The possibilities for a home and school visitor or visiting teacher, as she is often called, are unlimited, and each visitor carries on her work in her own way and as she can best supply the needs of her district. In some cities she is supported by private organizations, in some she is a part of the public school system, which she should be. This is only an attempt to describe how it is done in the North End, under the Boston Home and School Association.

#### Heidi

Characters

Grandfather Firson

KLARA'S GRANDMOTHER
THE BLIND GRANDFATHER
PETER'S MOTHER
MR. SESEMAN
DR. KINDMAN
PASTOR
MISS NOPEACE
KLARA
HEIDI
PETER
PETER
BARBEL
GRETCHEN
ORGAN BOY
MR. LONGWORDS

With these plays no real scenery is used. Someone not visible to the audience describes the scene to be imagined. In playland it is quite proper for things to take place in the twinkling of an eye.

We see the grandfather's hut on the high mountains; a tall fir tree grows beside the door, beautiful flowers blossom all about, and in the distance are to be seen snow-covered mountain peaks.

Heidi comes in. She takes off her dress, folds it, lays it on the bench, and begins to dance and sing.

HEIDI: The columbines dance and dance in the wind. They have no heavy shoes on their feet. I will take off my shoes. (She sits down and unlaces them, singing meanwhile.) The goats leaping up the rocks do not wear stockings. Come off stockings. (Takes off stockings.) The

goatherd could not run up the rocks with a heavy shawl like this tied about his neck. This is my Sunday frock and Aunt Gretchen can give it to the new little girl who is to stay with Ursula. I don't ever need a dress again. There are only flowers and trees and grass and goats here, and they don't wear dresses. (In hec little white underfrock she begins to dance.) Come, columbines, come and dance. (Four little children with columbine hats run out and dance the columbine dance. As the dance ends Heidi pauses and says), Sisters, my Aunt Gretchen is coming. (The columbines run out, Heidi kneels on the ground, and begins to put her things in a neat bundle. Gretchen enters with another young woman.)

Gretchen: Heidi, what have you been doing? Where is your best dress, your everyday dress, your handkerchief, and where are your brand new shoes? Where are the beautiful stockings I knitted for you? Heidi, where have you put all these things?

HEIDI: I folded them very neatly, aunt.

BARBEL: It is really very warm, Gretchen. Let the child play as she likes. The grandfather will not be back for some time. He passed our house going down the mountain before I saw you and the child.

GRETCHEN: I wonder why we didn't meet him.

BARBEL: He never follows the main road but goes down the mountains like a goat. I have never been up to his hut before.

GRETCHEN: It looks comfortable enough.

BARBEL: Surely, Gretchen, you will not leave the child here alone with him. No one in the village dares to speak to him.

GRETCHEN: He's her grandfather, and it is time for him to look after her. I have had her till now, but I cannot let her hinder me from taking the place just offered me.

BARBEL: That's very well if he were like other men, but you know what he is. What will he do with a child, especially with such a young one?

GRETCHEN: It's his business to look after the child and he won't do her any harm.

BARBEL: I should really like to know what the old man has on his conscience that makes him live up here all alone. People tell queer things about him.

GRETCHEN: Well I'll tell you the truth about him as the people may make him out worse than he really is. His father had the finest farm in the village, but the grandfather who was the oldest son was very wild and gambled away all his father's money.

BARBEL: I have heard that the father and mother died of sorrow because of his wild ways.

GRETCHEN: So I have heard, but they may have been sorry because the brothers ran away no one knows where. After his parents' death the grandfather, who was then about eighteen, went into the army and nothing was heard of him for eighteen years. Then he suddenly appeared with his little son, for he had been married in Italy, and his wife had died.

BARBEL: They say none of his relatives would give him houseroom.

GRETCHEN: That is true. It made him very sad because they would not believe he was sorry and had been trying to make up for his evil deeds.

BARBEL: I think I see him coming far below by the short path. I must go by the road to avoid him.

GRETCHEN: Well, the story is nearly finished. When his son grew up he married my sister. Now they are both dead. He may not be so dreadful after all.

BARBEL: I quite agree with you, still I pity the child. Good-bye, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN: Good-bye, Barbel. (Barbel goes out.) Heidi, Heidi, where is the child? Why, there she is far up the mountain with the boy and the goats. (She goes out calling.) Heidi! (This song is heard outside.)

Fir trees four
Leave your roots,
Mortals no more
Prevent our pursuits.
Spruce. don't wait
Hurry, pine,
Hemlock straight,
Larch-tree fine.

(Four little children in green and brown run in and dance the "Dance of the Evergreen Bough," and run out. Enter the Grandfather. He sits on the bench.)

Grandfather: Seems to me sometimes as if the trees were alive. I'm sure they understand what I say. (He sees the bundle of clothes.) What is this? A child's dress! The trees have been talking to me of children, but I should frighten the little things. Even the village children, who often pass my hut, run like goats if I speak to them.

HEIDI: (Outside). I see my grandfather. I see my grandfather. Aunt Gretchen, I see my grandfather. (She runs in.) How do you do, Grandfather?

GRANDFATHER: Well, well, what does this mean? (Gretchen comes in.)

GRETCHEN: I wish you good morning, sir. I have brought your son's child to you. You will hardly know her for you haven't seen her since she was a year old.

GRANDFATHER: Well, what can the child do here with me?

GRETCHEN: She must stay with you, sir, I am sure I have done my duty by her these four years, and now it is your turn to do what you can for her.

GRANDFATHER: Indeed? Suppose the child begins to fret and whine for you. What shall I do with her?

GRETCHEN: That is your business. I am sure no one told me what to do with the little one when it was given into my hands only a year old. Now I must look after myself, and you are next of kin to the child. If you can't keep her do what you please with her. Good-bye to you and good-bye to you, Heidi. When I have a lot of money I shall come and get you. (She goes out.)

GRANDFATHER: (Sits down on the bench and looks at the ground. Heidi stands in front of him with folded hands. Finally he looks up.) What do you want to do?

HEIDI: I want to see what you have in the hut.

GRANDFATHER: Come along, bring your bundle of clothes.

HEIDI: I shan't want them any more.

GRANDFATHER: Why won't you need them any more?

Heidi: I'd rather go like the goats with their swift little legs.

GRANDFATHER: So you shall, but bring the things along. They can be put in the closet. They go in. Peter the goat boy comes in and dances a clog dance. Heidi comes back.)

HEIDI: Are you the boy I saw with the goats on the mountain?

PETER: Yes, I am Peter the Goatherd.

HEIDI: I am Heidi. I have come to live with my grandfather in this lovely place. Have you been in his hut?

PETER: Yes.

Heidi: O Peter, I am going to sleep in the loft. My bed is made of hay all covered with a linen sheet, and there is a great pillow to keep me warm. We have made the bed neatly, Grandfather and I.

PETER: Shall you go with the goats and me to the pasture?

Heidi: I don't know. I will ask my grandfather. (Grandfather comes out.)

GRANDFATHER: Run along with your goats, Peter.

PETER: Good-bye, Heidi. Heidi: Good-bye, Peter.

GRANDFATHER: I think we might have something to eat. What do you say?

HEIDI: I say yes.

GRANDFATHER: Well since we are agreed I will go in and toast some bread and cheese.

HEIDI: I will set the table. You eat out of

doors, don't you grandfather?

GRANDFATHER: Yes, that is the best dining room. (Heidi humming to herself, runs about setting the table. Grandfather comes out.) Very good. You know how to help, but what are you going to sit on? There is only one chair.

HEIDI: I will sit on the ground.

Grandfather: Very good, you shall have the chair for a table, and I will sit on the bench.

Heidi: (Sits down on the ground and begins.) Grandfather, this is the loveliest place in the world. See the sun is going down, the grass and the cliffs are turning into gold. The big snow field is on fire. The high cliff is all burning. Oh, the beautiful, fiery snow! Grandfather what is it?

Grandfather: You see the sun does it. When he says good-night to the mountains he sends them his most beautiful rays so they may not forget him till he comes back in the morning.

HEIDI: It is rose-colored.

GRANDFATHER: In a few moments it will be pale, but while the rosy light is still in the sky climb to your little bed in the hayloft.

Heidi: Good-night, dear grandfather. I am

glad I came.

GRANDFATHER: And I am glad you came too,

little grandchild.

(It is winter now, and you must imagine you see Peter's but wedged in between two rocks on the mountain side. We are looking at the kitchen. There is only one other room, besides the loft where Peter sleeps. In a corner you will see the old grandmother. Barbel, Peter's mother, is also in the room.)

GRANDMOTHER: Barbel, the cold winter wind whistles through the cottage as though it were made of paper. Since my good son, your husband, died, things have gone from bad to worse. I am afraid some day the cottage will blow down the mountain.

BARBEL: No mother, it will not, for you know it is wedged very firmly between two rocks.

GRANDMOTHER: Yes, child, but when everything creaks and rattles I feel as though it might fall apart. Oh, what is that dreadful bang!

BARBEL: It is Peterkin kicking the snow from his boots.

PETER comes in: I have been up to the grand-father's hut.

GRANDMOTHER: Is the child Heidi well?

Peter: Yes, she is well.

BARBEL: Peterkin tell me once more about the summer and the good times in the pasture.

PETER: Heidi will tell you about that.

GRANDMOTHER: Heidi! Ah, but I shall not hear her till the bright davs come again.

PETER: Yes you will, for she is coming to-day. The Uncle is bringing her on his sled.

GRANDMOTHER: Do you hear that, Barbel? The Uncle is bringing Heidi on his sled to see us.

BARBEL: To think that she has been up there on the mountain so many months and we have never yet seen her.

PETER: I told her how lonesome Grandmother was in the winter and how she always wanted me to tell her stories, and Heidi said, "I will tell her stories. Dear Grandmother, please take me to her." And at last the Grandfather said he would.

GRANDMOTHER: Ah, that is good. Now Peterkin, tell us once more about the good times in the pasture.

PETER: You know how the pastures look, grandmother, all covered with golden roses and blue harebells. Then there are the cliffs behind and the valley in front, and beyond the great snow-field, and on the right and left, higher and higher Alps—

GRANDMOTHER: The child would pick the

flowers?"

PETER: Yes, the first day she picked her apronfull, and then tied it up and laid it under a tree to take to the Grandfather. Nice hay it was by evening.

GRANDMOTHER: And she learned the names

of the goats?

PETER: Indeed she did. The big Turk, the brave Distalfinck, the little white Schneehopli, and Schwanli and Barli all knew her so well at the end of a week that they almost knocked her over trying to walk beside her.

GRANDMOTHER: Tell me again about the time

Distalfinck nearly fell over the precipice.

PETER: You see, he was leaping up the rocks and he did not know that there was a hole a hundred feet deep ahead of him. I caught him by the hind legs just as he was going over, but he pulled me down and I could not get up. Then Heidi came like the wind and pulled sweet grass that the goats love and offered it to him. At that he turned around, and while he ate the grass I got hold of his cord and pulled him up.

BARBEL: A good beating you gave him, I'll

warrant.

PETER: I was going to beat him when Heidi cried, "No, Peter, you shall not beat him. See how frightened he is. You will hurt him. I will give you my cheese every day for your dinner if you will not beat him."

GRANDMOTHER: And did you take the child's

cheese, you greedy boy?

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

#### North End Items

SARAH BERMAN SOPHIE STEARNS

North Bennet St. Industrial School and Social Service House.

A County Fair for the benefit of the Camp Fund will be held in the North Bennet Street Industrial School Hall on the evenings of March 28 and 29. Every club in the House is assisting in making the affair a success.

The Caddy Boys of the Social Service House have organized a Track Team, with William Camusso as Captain.

The boys of Social Service House have organized a Social Service City, which has a population of seventy-four boys. At its first meeting the following officers were elected:

Mayor, Emmet Kelley.

Chairman of Council, Patsy Markio.

Chairman of Finance Committee, Nunzio Mancinelli.

City Clerk, Fred Crovo.

It is the plan of the City to run its winter activities as well as summer camp in the White Mountains in the same way that our own City of Boston is managed. The boys feel that when they are old enough to cast votes they will be good citizens and will know how to vote on laws that will be of benefit to the people.

All the boys in the "Collectors' Club" are trying to see who will write the best composition on "Fish." The one who wins will have the privilege of taking home for a week the large globe of gold-fish, pollywogs, and lizards now at Social Service House.

Civic Service House.

The Civic Service House is hoping and planning for a new house in the North End, corner of Salem and Cooper Streets.

The director of the Civic Service House is giving much of his time to the furtherance of the bill to establish a State Immigration commission for the education and protection of Immigrants. An Inter-Settlement banquet will be held at Parker Memorial Hall in March. Delegates from each settlement of the city are invited to come and exchange ideas and plans for the betterment of the work. There will be a very fine musical program. The admission will be 75 cents.

The annual ball of the Civic Service House will be held on May 5, at Copley Hall, for the benefit of the Agassiz Camp. The most interesting feature of the evening will be a Shakespearian Ballet under the direction of Mrs. Papazian and students of the Posse Gymnasium.

North End Union.

The Clubs of the North End Union are going on as usual. There has been a new house committee formed and extensive repairs will be made. There have been classes formed in cooking, drawing and story-telling. Dr. Stowe is very much interested in this, and his volunteers are from the Philips Brooks House.

Service Efficiency Growth

E. M. Anthony.

"The marked differences of working power among men are due chiefly to the differences in the power of concentration. A retentive and accurate memory is conditioned upon close attention. If one gives entire attention to what is passing before him, he is not likely to forget it or to confuse persons or incidents. . . . Attention is the simplest form of concentration, and its value illustrates the supreme importance of that focussing of all the powers upon the thing in hand which may be called the sustained attention of the whole nature."

H. W. MABIE. "Essays on Work and Culture."

"Truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotion — that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy."

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

#### THE LIBRARY

#### Book Review

In place of our "Book Review" we are printing two poems, sent us by a Canadian friend. The first, which had no title given, typifies the spirit of Canadian mothers:

Never of us be said That we reluctant stood As sullen children, and refused to dance To the keen pipe that blows across the fields of France. Though shrill the note and wild. Though hard the steps and slow. The dancing floor defiled, The measure full of woe. And dread
The figure that the dancers tread, We faltered not. Of us, this word shall not be said. Never of us be said We had no war to wage, Because our womanhood. Because the weight of age Held us in servitude. None sees us fight, Yet we in the long night Battle to give release
To all whom we must send to seek and die for peace. When they have gone, we in a twilit place Meet Terror face to face. And strive With him, that we may save our fortitude alive. Theirs be the hard, but ours the lonely bed. Nought were we spared — of us, this word shall not be said. Never of us be said
We failed to give Godspeed to our adventurous dead.
Not in self-pitying mood We saw them go, When they set forth on those spread wings of pain, So glad, so young: As birds whose fairest lays are yet unsung Dart to the height And thence pour down their passion of delight, Their passing into melody was turned. So were our hearts uplifted from the low. Our griefs to rapture burned: And, mounting with the music of that throng, Cutting a path athwart infinity.
Our puzzled eyes
Achieved the healing skies
To find again Each winged spirit as a speck of song Embosomed in Thy deep eternity. Though from our homely fields that feathered joy has fled. We murmur not. Of us, this word shall not be said. EVELYN UNDERHILL.

These lines were found on the body of a dead Australian in the Dardanelles:

Jesus, Whose lot with us was cast.
Who saw it out from first to last:
Patient and fearless, tender, true.
Carpenter, vagabond, felon, Jew —
Whose humorous eyes took in each phase
Of full rich life this world displays:
Yet evermore kept full in view
The far-off goal it leads us to:
Who, as your hours neared, did not fail —
The world's fate trembling in the scale —
With your half-hearted band to dine.
And speak across the bread and wine:
Then went out firm to face the end,
Alone, without a single friend:

Who felt, as your last words confessed — Wrung from a proud. unflinching breast. By hours of dull, ignoble pain— Your whole life's fight was fought in vain. Would I could win and keep and feel That heart of love, that spirit of steel:
I would not to Thy bosom fly
To shirk off till the storms go by:
If you are like the man you were. You'd turn in scorn from such a prayer. Unless from some poor workhouse crone Too toilworn to do ought but moan. Flog me and spur me, set me straight At some vile job I fear and hate: Some sickening round of long endeavor, No light, no rest, no outlet ever: All at a pace that must not slack, Though heart would burst and sinews crack: Fog in one's eyes, the brain aswim.

A weight like lead in every limb.

And a raw pit that hurts like hell

Where the light breath once rose and fell; Do vou but keep me, hope or none. Cheery and staunch till all is done. And at the last gasp quick to lend One effort more to serve a friend. And when, for so I sometimes dream. I've swum the dark, the silent stream — So cold it takes the breath away —
That parts the dead world from the day,
And sees upon the farther strand
The lazy, listless angels stand: And, with their frank and fearless eyes. The comrades whom I most did prize: Then clear, unburdened, careless, cool, I'll saunter down from the grim pool
And join my friends. Then you'll come by.
The Captain of our company. Call me out look me up and down. And pass me through without a frown. With half a smile, but never a word: And so — I shall have met my Lord.

\* \*

# Interesting Articles in the March Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "The Still Small Voice." Burroughs.

Catholic World: "National Preparedness as Illustrated by American History."

Delineator: "Policewomen and Their Work."
Good Housekeeping: "The Girl of To-day."
Harper's Monthly: "A Yankee in Switzerland."
Ladies' Home Journal: "My New York.
The Prodigality of the Lower East Side."

Review of Reviews: "The Aeroplane of To-day."

Rosary: "A Memorial to the Lost Cause."
St. Nicholas: "The Wonder-Child of Warsaw."

Scribner's Magazine: "The Serbian People in War Time."

American Hebrew: "The Jew in America."

# Thursday Evening Girls' Announcements

March 16. Miss Kenney. Current Events. March 23. Miss Rocchi's dancing exhibition.

March 30. Mr. Duart. Current Events.

April 6. Vacation.

April 13. Business meeting.

#### F. E. G. Announcements

March 17. Miss Guerrier. Rabindranath Tagore.

March 24. Miss Guerrier. Gilbert Chesterton.

March 31. Business meeting.

April 7. Vacation.

April 14. Miss Chevalier (To be announced).

#### COOPER-GORDON.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Gordon to Mr. Maurice Cooper.

#### S. E. G. Announcements

March 18. Mr. William F. Kenney will talk on "The making of a newspaper."

March 25. To be announced.

April 1. Mrs. George W. Coleman will talk on "Our City and ourselves."

April 8. Business meeting.

On Sunday, March 12th, Miss Annie Krop will be married to Mr. Maurice Adelson in Congregation Adath Jeshuran. Mr. and Mrs. Adelson will live at 134 Humboldt Ave., Roxbury.

On Thursday evening, March 23d, at 8 P. M., Miss Frances Rocchi's Normal class will give an exhibition of Folk-dancing, in costume, in the Hall of the North Bennet Street Industrial School. Tickets, 50 cents. Address, S. E. G. News, Box 15, Hanover St. Station, Boston.

On Saturday afternoon, March 25th, at 4 P. M., the Library Clubhouse children of the afternoon groups will present three plays for children, "Puss in Boots," "Three Bears," and "Proserpina."



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## S. K. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

APRIL, 1916

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### Editorial

An editorial on the subject of co-operation has been requested. It is safe to say that there isn't a reader of this little paper who couldn't write on the subject profitably to himself, for there is nothing like writing to make one think, and there is a reasonably safe chance that some of the thought will be translated into action. The moral of that is "sit down and write this editorial for yourself and till you've finished, don't read another word of what is written here."

"Co-operation of individuals through mutual understanding" is a remark frequently appearing in current periodicals. "Mutual understanding of what is the question writers leave unanswered, as with them it evidently goes without saying that everyone knows."

"You never can understand me" is a common remark. When I hear it I am inclined to reply, I don't know that I care to — mutual understanding is a bigger, broader thing than curious listening

with attentive ear to a rehearsal of petty trials which grow large in telling. It rather means that you know that your brother has ideals and that if you concern yourself with holding aloft your own candle with unshaken confidence, your candle and mine and those of all the others together will make light.

The Bishop did not cause Jean Valjean to win back his manhood by pitying the poor convict and bewailing his iong years of unrewarded labor, nor did he help the man by anarchistic railing against a government that made such abuses of human liberty possible, — rather he ignored all this and spoke to the divine in the man, the pure and good. And as the magnet draws the nail, the pureness and goodness in the bishop drew forth the quality he sought in the convict — but in order to draw it HE HAD TO KNOW IT WAS THERE. It was not a case of praying all night for a sand pile to be removed and then saying, upon looking out of the window and seeing it, "I knew it would be there just the same."

Hans Anderson brings out this point of mutual understanding in his fairy tale for grown-ups and children. Little Kay came back to his own and the whole world helped to bring him back. Gerda was not a reformer who thought she had a mission to save a soul. Kay was her playmate and she loved him and wanted him and she knew she could not find him alone, but she knew also that the whole world, if need be, would help her find him.

"I don't see that you've said very much about co-operation," I seem to hear some one remark. "Co operation is a big, big word and a big, big thing, not a little matter of whose turn it is to fill the coal hod or wipe the dishes." Yet that one — I know would agree that through a very little hole we see "the whole heaven with its marching stars," and if I showed her the following prayer made by an unlearned negro, she would affirm that the humblest person may happily understand what the Kings and statesmen of Europe are too proud to know, because they are accustomed to think of individuals only as atoms which form a mass large or small according to the number of the atoms.

"O God of all races, will you please, Sir, come in and take charge of de min's of all dese vere white people and fix dem so dat dev'll know and understan' dat all of us colored folks is not lazy, dirty, dishones', an' no'count, an' help dem, Lord, to see dat most of us is prayin', workin', and strivin', to get some land, some houses, and some

ed'cation for ourselves an' our chillun, an' get true 'ligion, an' dat most every negro in Northampton County is doin' his lebel bes' to make frien's an' get along wid de white folks. Help dese yere white folks, O Lord, to understan' dis t'ing. Lord, while you is takin' charge of de min's of dese white people, don' pass by de colored folks, for dey is not perfec'—dey needs you as much as de white folks does. Open de negro's blin' eyes

dat he may see dat all of de white folks is not mean an' dishones' an' prejudice' ag'inst de colored folks, dat dere is hones', hard-workin', jus', and God-fearin' white folks in dis yere community who is tryin' de bes' dey know how, wid de circumstances ag'inst dem, to be fair in dere dealin's wid de colored folks, an' help dem to be 'spectable men an' women. Help us, Lord, black an' white, to understan' each other more eve'y day. Amen."

## THE NORTH END IN HISTORY IN PROGRESS

## The North Bennet Street Industrial School

JENNIE SWARTZMAN

THE North Bennet Street Industrial School is a unique institution. Visitors always ask, "What kind of school is it?" and after they have seen the work usually ask, "Is the building ever closed?"

The School is a private institution and serves as an "educational laboratory" trying out various activities which will be of benefit both educationally and socially, not only to the people of the neighborhood, but to the country at large. Thus it has tried out and proved the worth of kindergartens, social clubs, vacation schools, sewing, cooking, children's libraries, manual training and prevocational classes which have been incorporated into the public school system and are now being adopted by other cities.

The School may be divided into three distinct schools; the day school, the "after-school" school, and the evening school.

In the day school, from nine until three-thirty, besides the boys' classes, which come from the Eliot School for the manual work in clay modeling and printing, are the interesting prevocational classes. The boys and girls in these classes are placed with the school by the public school authorities, and the classes were formed especially for those who must leave school early to go to work, or who fall behind in their academic work. The objects of the classes are:

To put into operation, before the age of fourteen, influences which may lead girls and boys to desire to stay in school until after they are fourteen.

To awaken more interest in school through manual and industrial work.

To afford to the girls and boys who find that they must go to work some definite means of trade selection and trade preparation.

Another experiment which was started this year in the Day School is the Power Machine Operating Class. This class was formed in order to give a definite trade training to capable girls between fourteen and sixteen years of age, who would otherwise leave school and might drift into unskilled occupations. There are fifteen girls in this class, who work one-half of each day under regular shop conditions, making products to be sold in the open market for which they receive compensation to meet their immediate needs. The other half of the day is devoted to academic studies as closely related as seems advisable to the industrial machine work. The object is to keep the girls in school and under school influence as long as possible, and at the same time assist them to learn a skilled trade and later earn a better wage than would be possible if they had not had the benefit of the class. This meets an industrial demand for more trained workers in garment A committee composed of educators and manufacturers guides the work.

There is also a Vocational Guidance and Placement Bureau in the School for boys and girls in the schools and young men and women in industry who are in the clubs and classes. This secures to girls and boys in greater or less degree the full value of their educational training by helping them to continue that training or to get a proper start in industry.

In the "after-school" which comes from four to six and to which children from six to sixteen may come, there are dancing classes, knitting classes, games, clubs, dolls' sewing clubs, little housekeepers' groups, cooking classes, sewing classes, toymaking classes, elementary woodworking classes, clay modeling classes and various clubs.

In the evening school which is for young women and adults, there are also classes in printing, woodworking, clay modeling, pottery, cement work, sign painting, sewing, cooking, box-making and dancing. There are also dramatic clubs, lectures, and so on.

The North Bennet Street Industrial School also conducts a Caddy Camp, a Legal Aid Bureau, Mothers' Club, North End Garden Association, a Skate and Game Lending Bureau, a Summer School, and "The North End Lantern" (a small newspaper). There is also a neighborhood visitor and a visiting housekeeper connected with the school.

In addition to this regular work, the School houses, the Home and School Visitors, Italian Red Cross Workroom, the Probation Officer for the North End, the Animal Rescue League, Continuation Classes for the City of Boston, and special classes from the Hancock School.

There are in all eighty-one clubs and classes, and there are 1,485 different pupils registered.

The aim of the school is the improvement of the individual, the family, the neighborhood, and the normal development of body, mind, and character.

## "Just a Hundred Years Ago"

CHARLES K. BOLTON

Just a hundred years ago, in the days when Boston was in form very much like the oval mirror which adorns a lady's dressing table, with its handle lving along the present Washington Street near the corner of Dover, there was a great awakening in the life of its people. Some said that this was due to the influence of the French Revolution. However that may be, the dominating note of the time was fraternity. People who were interested in science, literature, art or mechanics formed little groups or societies in which they could meet for instruction and for social intercourse. Boston was then what we should call a small town of pleasant shaded trees, with houses of wood or red brick everywhere. A popular man could walk down Common Street, which is now Tremont Street, and bow to everyone whom he met.

It was a time of literary awakening, and among those who helped in this was a farmer's lad from Lexington, David Phineas Adams. In 1803 he began to publish a little magazine called "The Monthly Anthology." Two years later the magazine was taken over by a group of interesting Boston gentlemen who called themselves the Anthology Society; and because this little group was the source of almost all our intellectual and literary life of the present day, I want to say a word about it. The President was Rev. John Sylvester Gardiner, rector of Trinity Church. His

nne face may be seen, as portrayed by Stuart, in the American Room at the Museum of Fine Arts. The first Secretary, Mr. Walter, was followed by Mr. James Savage, later better known as the President of the Provident Institution for Savings on Temple Place, and he was succeeded by George Ticknor, the famous author of a "History of Spanish Literature," and one of the chief founders of the Boston Public Library. The Rev. William Emerson, famous as the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, author of the essavs, was editor of the magazine during most of its life.

While this little group were dining together each week and were discussing articles submitted for publication in "The Monthly Anthology," they decided to have a reading room to which each member was to bring his books. Out of this reading room, which was first opened in 1807 in a brick block on Congress Street, grew the Boston Athenæum Library. Mr. William S. Shaw, Treasurer of the Society, became Secretary and Librarian of the new Athenæum. He was a cousin of President Adams, and a learned clerk of the United States District Court. So devoted was he to the new library that he soon became known as "Athenæum Shaw," and from his influence small libraries were soon started all along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia. He and another member of the Society, Mr. William Tudor, founded the "North American Review," a magazine which has had a great reputation.

As the Athenæum grew in prosperity "The Monthly Anthology "began to show signs of old age, and on June 25, 1811, the Secretary records, "The session this evening was protracted to an uncommon hour and the members seemed by their hilarity to have forgotten the feeble and perishing state of the Anthology. The Secretary, however, admonished them of its approaching dissolution and it was determined that its obsequies should be noticed by a general call of the club." On the second of July the final meeting of this little circle was held. Its influence, however, had been carried on by the Athenæum which soon absorbed many other institutions,—the Society for Cultivating Philosophical Knowledge, the collections of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the library of King's Chapel, the Theological Library, the Boston Medical Library, and the Massachusetts Scientific Library Association. The Athenæum also started an art gallery which later became the Museum of Fine Arts, and a lecture course which later developed into the Lowell Institute. Thus its influence has spread throughout our great city.

The present building of the Athenæum on Beacon Street was finished in 1849, and in 1913 two stories were added to give greater space. While not as large in number of books as many other libraries, it is accounted perhaps the third or fourth best library in the United States in the general subjects of literature, history and art. Although its shares are held from father to son in many families, it is in reality very democratic, for anyone may purchase a share, and any scholar from a distance may have access to its treasures. We have always been willing to lend to Miss Guerrier of the North Bennet Street Branch of the Public Library anything which she thinks will interest the people of the North End.

The records of the Anthology Society have recently been printed, and anyone who is interested in such a paper as the S. E. G. News will like to see how our little group of gentlemen a hundred years ago conducted a similar enterprise. The members read aloud and discussed the articles which were submitted for publication. On one occasion the Secretary writes, "A long communication from our friend R. in his usual diffuse manner, of which the club endured more than half, was accepted and referred to Mr. Savage." On another occasion Mr. Savage says that Mr. Shaw read an article "on Addison and Johnson, which seemed rather below our standard, but which was received owing to some unknown sympathy exhibited by Mr. Shaw, who declared that the writer had often given him communications for the Anthology that he would not even offer."

They also had a long discussion about the advantages of one or two columns to a page, and the Secretary writes that when the vote for one column was carried, Mr. Shaw dissented and grew gloomy at the change. The Secretary also records that the members were very punctual at supper, but very unwilling to prepare contributions to be printed. This brought up the question of a fine, which was vigorously discussed. The whole matter was laid over, and the Secretary writes, "I told you so,' said Mr. Shaw . . . whereupon it was moved, seconded and passed that Mr. Shaw is the wisest man in the Club." At one time an unpleasing letter from Switzerland was brought up for discussion and "it was also said, that we had our fits of good humour and ill humor and that we had grown too proud to subsist if we should reject such communications."

Every editor has had his experiences with a run of unsatisfactory communications, and on one occasion the Secretary writes in dispair, "In our misfortunes every ass seems to kick at us." Toward the end of the Society's career, after reading two very stupid pieces, the Secretary writes, "It is really a grievous thing, that these blockheads

will not suffer us to die in peace. In our better estate we could endure it, but, to be kicked by every ass in our weakness and decrepitude is heaping insult upon injury."

In those days they dined at Mr. Sanger's on Marlboro Street (now Washington). On one occasion they had woodcock, on another dough-birds, and on a third a "mongrel goose of surpassing beauty." There was much merriment, to which the odd contributions offered their share. Among the amusing articles was one which contained "something terribly smoky against Calvinism," also a "Disquisition on the Purring of Cats," one on "A Fly Saved from Drowning," another on "The Consumption of Cranberry Sauce and Toast." The learned Mr. Ticknor wrote an "Ode to a Hand Organ," which must have been a curious composition. On another occasion Mr. Buckminster wrote an acrostic on Miss Hannah Adams, "which," the Secretary says, "I believe was rejected, for we were in such a roar of laughter, that no vote could easily be taken or remembered."

All this I have put down because I think that it is well for all of us, and particularly for young people, to realise that good scholarship is not alien to good fellowship. Out of the French Revolution came the watchword fraternity, and in Boston one hundred years ago it was no idle watchword. It awakened in our little community people of all classes to tolerant and kindly intercourse. Is it too much to hope that after the present terrible war is over, there may be something equally good and enduring as a result? Certainly no part of the country is more generous and more sympathetic in an endeavor to help those in the trenches across the water, and few cities have done as much as has been done in Boston. Perhaps we can learn something from the Boston of one hundred years ago that may be applied to our life to-day.

## The Greek Immigrant

One of the most difficult situations which the father of a Greek family faces arises when one of his sons approaches him and says, "Father, I want to go to America." At this declaration father begins to consider the situation with more serious attention, for when his son soberly assumes such an attitude it is worth while to study the problem. Certainly his son never allows him to forget, because he constantly reminds him of his intentions. The idea of departing for America is strongly fastened in his mind and is deepened every day by many factors—by departures of friends, by en-

couraging letters from acquaintances already in America, by the desire to make money and lastly, but not least in importance, by his adventurous disposition.

All the above mentioned factors impel the son to bring repeatedly the proposition before his father; and sooner or later a decision is made. In some cases, the decision is favorable to the son's expectations; in others it is quite unfavorable. It depends, of course, upon the attitude which his father takes. It may be that he yields and allows the son to depart. Or it may be that he is unwilling to entertain the "wild" idea of granting his son's wish to depart for America. At any rate, if the father favors the proposition, he provides his son with the requisite funds, and soon the ambitious youth arrives in the much longed-for land. If his father refuses to yield, the son is left to his own resources. He is bound to land in America and must therefore make every effort to succeed. He must use some means of escape—a secret escape, of course.

Various methods are used in order to land in America, but those cited above serve to explain two of the different ways of reaching America. I am well convinced that an interesting sort of reading would be an account of the manifold ways used by foreigners to land in this country.

Let us now see what the Greek does upon his arrival in this country. Having allowed himself a few days' rest, during which time he forgets the unpleasant odor of the boat, accustoms himself to the strange and wonderful surroundings of the new land and consumes what "drachmes" he reserved to show to the Custom House officers before being permitted to leave — he manages to secure a low paying position.

What sort of work he gets depends upon the place where he settles. For if he settles in a New England state, as Massachusetts, especially in a manufacturing community, the probabilities are that he will get a position in a mill factory; if he settles in a large state, as New York, he will don a bus bov's uniform and make his appearance in some brilliant New York dining-room; if he settles in the West, the chances are that he will apply his labor to mines or to railroad extension.

It is clear, then, that his place of settlement determines his first job. But it is a conspicuous fact that most of the young Greek immigrants sooner or later make their way to large cities or to places where opportunities for a better position and greater gains are best. This explains why a Greek, working in a mill factory, soon goes to that city where hotel work promises better pay and position and a more refined environment. It also

explains why a Greek boot-black soon becomes soda clerk or a cigar salesman. Such movements among Greeks are quite common at first. The impulse for such a movement is traceable.

The Greek is from birth endowed with a sense of discrimination. He has a critical mind, weighing carefully the possibilities of the environment. He exploits the opportunities for advancement and soon commands a position highly salaried. The Greek has a certain motive for such an early advancement. He is ever mindful of a heavy responsibility, one which embraces the strongest of Greek traditions, that of providing a dowry for his sister. Not until he has raised a dowry and has given his sister in marriage does a Greek consider himself free,—that is free to provide for a home of his own.

Certainly the responsibility of raising a dowry would not be so far-reaching if there were but one girl in a family. But where there are three or four and sometimes more the responsibility is tremendous. Obviously, the Greek immigrant must be constantly at work, nay, he must send almost all of his earnings to his family.

From the American standpoint, one may say that this responsibility which the Greek carries is unreasonable, perhaps absurd. Why should not the girl herself go to work and raise her own dowry? the innocent American might ask. The explanation is very simple. It is in a long-established Greek tradition. Bound by the force of custom, the Greek will always furnish his sister's dowry. Furthermore, he does not allow his sister to work for other persons, as is the prevalent custom among many nations. Indeed it is the universal Greek belief that a woman's place is at home, hence the strong opposition of the Greek to woman suffrage.

Whatever money the Greek sends to his family, it is used in providing a girl's dowry, in keeping the little ones in school, and in bettering the general condition of the whole family.

This, however, is not all. Some Greeks in this country bring their families also. But more commonly the sons come first to this land. These are sent to school and learn to work their way through school. They establish some form of industry, a fruit store, or a bootblack parlor and work together. They make money, they learn a very useful language, they receive broad education and soon lift themselves to a comfortable level.

It is of course understood that most of the Greeks who come to this country have no idea of establishing any business concerns or of attaining high business repute; yet after a few years' residence they become leading business men. Some

connect themselves with banking institutions; others become managers of hotels, proprietors of leading restaurants, owners of brilliant ice cream parlors and handsome fruit stores; still others engage themselves in the direction and leadership of other industrial undertakings.

Finally, we consider their achievements in the field of scholarship. After devoting several years to intellectual pursuits, they become graduates of American universities, thus acquiring education. Some pursue their studies further, they receive diplomas from professional schools; law, medical, scientific. Still others look forward to a professorship.

We see, therefore, that the Greek mind broadens speedily. It is ever on the watch for advancement. Education now seems to be its chief concern. Greeks all over the United States take advantage of the splendid opportunities which wonderful America offers in the fields of education, industry, and science.

## Some Interesting Societies of the North End

SOPHIE LARGER

The North End may indeed take pride in the humane work that is being conducted in its midst by the many charitable organizations which exist in that section of the City. While the scope of the work of the different societies varies, they yet remain as one great "Brotherhood" which adapts itself closely to human needs, "a helping hand" that reaches and casts sunshine in many a dark nook and corner of the busy district, and brings warmth and cheer to all who feel its benevolent touch.

My first visit was to the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, known as the Seamen's Rest. The brightly illumined anchor above the entrance, casting its beams across the threshold, bids welcome to the man of the sea. The Society was organized in 1827 by a group of Congregational Church members who, realizing sailors' needs and temptations, banded themselves together under the name of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, to give to the seamen a place of recreation as well as worship. They built a seamen's Bethel on Purchase Street in 1829 and a boarding house for seamen in 1835. In 1893 the Society moved to its present quarters at 287 Hanover Street, then known as the Cocherell Church. It conducted its work on the second floor of the building, renting the first and third floors until the year 1910. In that year, thanks to contributions from the

Congregational Churches and legacies received, the place was remodelled and now the entire building, with the exception of the basement and first floor which are still used for store purposes, is given up to the "boys." The second floor is devoted entirely to the social life of the sailors and the third with its auditorium, to religious services and Bible classes. The rooms are open every day and games and entertainments are planned almost every week-day evening. There are meetings with religious services two or three evenings a week and a large Bible class and preaching on Sundays. I was very much impressed with the good cheer and homelike atmosphere as I looked at the large assembly hall with reading and pool rooms adjoining. I noticed some of the "boys" writing, others reading, and some enjoying a game of pool, all feeling very much at home. Mrs. Roulston, the interne missionary, is known among the men as "Mother Roulston." She binds up their wounds, mends their torn clothes, talks to them about their mothers and home life and encourages them to save their money. There is a savings department conducted by the Society, and thrift among them is encouraged. What is known to-day as the Suffolk Savings Bank for Seamen and Others was founded under the auspices of both the Boston Seamen's Friend Society and Boston Port Society about forty-three years ago. Mrs. Roulston says that as many as forty thousand seamen visit the rooms yearly. I was very much interested in what she had to say about a club she has formed among the "boys" known as "The Alliance." During the seventeen months of its existence the membership has grown to 808 men, representing different ships of every type from battleships to fishing schooners. These men represent nearly every European nation, besides the United States and many Canadian provinces. Their ages range from seventeen to eighty. Each man has signed a pledge that he will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, that he promises to be true to his mother's training and ideals and to live a good and upright life. Upon their return to sea, the men are provided with good reading matter and what is known as a comfort bag, made like an ordinary workbag, about nine or ten inches long. In each one is a Bible, assorted cotton and wool, bandages, needle, thread, buttons, soap, and other little necessaries Thousands of vessels are visited annually and the sailors on board are met by the outside missionary and invited to come to the Seamen's Rest.

That the North End is the mecca and centre for seamen was assured me by visits to the Mariners' House and Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home. The Mariners' House on North Square, a large and spacious home for sailors conducted by the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society, was built by the Boston Port Society, in 1828. This Society was formed by a few members of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the moral and religious instruction of the seamen and in order to enable Rev. Edward Thompson Taylor, known as "Father Taylor" to carry on his work among them. Father Taylor was made pastor of the little Bethel built by the Society in order to carry out its project. It might be interesting to note just here that the religious instruction at the Bethel was in no degree of a sectarian character. Father Taylor found himself addressing men of all creeds. The first seamen's boarding house was started by Father Taylor as a result of the paralyzing effects of the rum-selling boarding houses upon the seaman. Through the untiring efforts of Father Taylor and the generous response by the merchants of Boston to an appeal made for contributions, the Mariners' House was built and Father Taylor secured the co-operation of the Seamen's Aid Society (composed exclusively of women) to help him in management of the Mariners' House. Both Societies were incorporated in 1867 under the name of the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society to give a home to the sailor and aid the sick, poor and disabled seamen and their fam-The rooms in the Mariners' home are very comfortably furnished and steam-heated. Those among the men who can afford it pay a nominal sum for their board and lodging. As many as forty-five are housed each night. The Reading room on the first floor filled with periodicals and magazines is enjoyed by the men. Social gatherings, lectures and entertainments are given three and four times each week, and the Society seeks to get in close touch with the seamen through

these socials. Services are held in the Chapel each morning by Rev. Leonard Small for those who care to come.

It was at a rather unconventional hour that in very timid fashion I rang the bell of the Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home. The hallway suggested a degree of privacy that made me swallow twice before I gathered courage to gain admittance. I was greeted most cordially and ushered into the dearest and most homelike living-room. glance at the open bible, at the neatly set dining table, comforable chairs, couch, and painstaking arrangement of books, pictures, etc., made one feel the homelike atmosphere. I imagined myself in the home of some large happy family as suggested by the many chairs about the table. The Boston Ladies' Bethel Society, whose special work is that of carrying on the Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home, was organized in April 1846 for the purpose of aiding Rev. Phineas Stowe in his work among the seamen. Rev. Mr. Stowe saw the need of a temperance home where the seamen would be surrounded by good and helpful influences and in 1886, the present building was purchased. The Society is represented by women of the Baptist Churches of Boston and is being supported partly by the sailors but largely by donations from the Baptist Churches. Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, who have been placed in charge of the home, are both ideal people, and I am sure make the seamen feel perfectly at home. The house accommodates eighteen each night and those among the men who can afford it pay a nominal sum. The large recreation room on the second floor keeps many of the "boys" at home for good wholesome fun. Mrs. Welsh tells me that as many as 88 free meals and 44 night lodging were given during February.

### **EDUCATIONAL**

## The Motion Picture in the School

#### SADIE GUTTENTAG

"WITHIN the next decade the moving picture will be the indispensable adjunct of every teacher and educational lecturer. As the attention and interest of educators are more and more drawn to its merits the future usefulness of the educational cinematograph bids fare to surpass the predictions of its most sanguine advocates."

So prophesies the United States Department of Education and the fulfillment of this prophecy is near, as is indicated by the recent activities of educators throughout the United States and England.

In Boston not much has been accomplished in this direction, however, some schools have a machine and films bought with private funds. Many obstacles hinder a more rapid progress of this movement. The chief obstacle is the difficulty of obtaining proper educational films. The manufacturers produce such films in very small quantities, because of the lack of financial returns. The educational department of the University of Wisconsin has overcome this difficulty somewhat, by organizing a circulating library of films for the whole state. This obstacle of scarcity of proper films promises to be removed because of the present endeavors of Mr. Thomas Edison to produce a suffi-

cient number of useful films. Thus far he has made films of the various pumps; of the dangers of the fly, formation of crystals and many similar educational subjects. All the experiments are being carried on at West Orange, N. J., and Mr. Edison is sparing neither time nor money to make this work successful.

His interest in the educational moving picture was aroused by his son's questions and experiments after having studied his lessons. Also his own deafness has made him realize how readily the brain grasps that which the eye sees. It is interesting to note how he has planned the preparation of such films; very definite steps being taken. He first made a list of from 700 to 1,000 suitable subjects for scenarios. Only 50 or 60 of these are in scenario form as yet. He assigns one of these subjects to a specialist who is instructed to prepare a scenario for classroom use. Thus the habits and activities of the fly to one versed in entomology and the manufacture of Bessemer steel to one knowing that process. The first draft of the scenario is submitted to the chief engineer of the laboratory for correction and criticism. It then goes to Mr. Edison's assistant. After which it is turned over to an expert who works up the film. When the film is ready the pictures are projected upon the screen for Mr. Edison's criticism and changes are made if necessary. Then various audiences are called in to view the pictures, among them a group of children, who state what impresses them, thus enabling the producers to obtain more clearly an idea of the weaker parts of the picture. After all this the scenario will probably be re-written and a new film made. This thorough process is continued until a satisfactory film is made. Mr. Edison now employs specialists in the various sciences and has photographers taking films all over the world. His hopes soar high as to the benefits to be derived from moral lessons thus taught as well as the intellectual advantages of motion pictures.

Thus one obstacle, namely, lack of films, will soon be overcome. However, we find many objections raised regarding the real educational value of the pictures. One great objection is that there is too much appeal to the eye alone. Of course this may be true, so that the motion picture must be used with extreme care and there must be a connection with the oral teaching. On the other hand, it is a well established principle of education that the interest of the child must be aroused and it is certain that the moving picture will arouse that interest. We must reiterate that the greatest care should be exercised in the use of these pictures.

Another objection is that the moving picture will be simply a new means of pouring in information without stimulating thought or self-activity. If after a picture of the development and dangers of the fly is shown, the child is stimulated to "swat the fly" and remove garbage, is not this self-activity? Here, again, the main remedy is the care in the use of the moving picture. In some cases it will be used for giving added information, such as making processes once invisible now visible; for example, giving the life history of the butterfly as a continuous process without waiting any great length of time between each stage of development. Or as the pictures may be used as a means of summarizing a subject already taught. We endeavor in teaching to vary the presentation of a teaching lesson, therefore will not the subject be more firmly impressed by the new sense experience? In almost all cases the showing of the pictures will go hand in hand with the oral teaching. To-day we endeavor to broaden the experience of the child in a certain subject by the use of all concrete material available, thus giving him a clearer and more complete conception than by oral teaching alone. The motion picture should serve the same purpose, for it seems to be the closest thing to the actual experience yet discovered. "It is as much more than a picture as actual doing is more than observation. It is the picture quickened into life and set to work."

Objections are raised also because of the added eye-strain where it is already severe. This may be answered by the same thought of care in the use of the pictures, for when properly projected and when shown for a reasonable length of time only, there will be no added strain. It does not stunt the imagination, as some claim, for it aids in visualizing more accurately and thus increases the scope of visualization.

Great stress must be laid on the need of care in the use of the moving pictures. It may be classified with chalk and blackboard or pictures which are merely aids to the teacher in her effort towards clear presentation to the child. It should not be used unless it aids to clearer conception of helps to clinch a point. For instance: if a certain period in history has just been studied or discussed, the motion picture may be used to give an idea of dress and customs of that period. The moving picture may be used most effectively in geography, especially of countries where the subject is not within the child's experience, as a lesson in our own prairies where one must get an idea of the great level stretches of country. Also in science, where processes once invisible will become visible, as the inner working of a pump. Or in history where incidents are to be shown or development from one period to another.

Dr. David Snedden of the Massachusetts Commission of Education said recently "The time has arrived when all educators should recognize in the motion picture an agency of great importance, providing it is used to proper ends."

### Heidi

(Continued from the March number)

PETER: She did not want it.

BARBEL: Here they come now. They left the sled by the big boulder up yonder. The child is coming in alone. The Uncle has turned back up the mountain. Run and open the door, Peter.

HEIDI: How do you do, Peter and Peter's mother, and are you glad to see me, Peter's Grandmother? Did you think it was a long time before I came?

GRANDMOTHER: Are you Heidi?

HEIDI: Yes, yes, I have just come down with my grandfather on the sled.

GRANDMOTHER: You were not cold?

HEIDI: No, my Grandfather wrapped me up in a nice warm blanket,—but are you glad to see me, Grandmother?

Grandmother: Child, I cannot tell you how glad I am.

HEIDI: Your hut is not warm as ours. See, Grandmother, there is a shutter that keeps swaying back and forth. My Grandfather would drive a nail at once and hold it fast. It will break a

pane of glass, see, see.

GRANDMOTHER: Oh, you good child, I cannot see it, but I can hear it and much beside the shutter. Everything creaks and rattles when the wind blows and it comes in everywhere. Everything is loose and often in the night when both the others are asleep I am so anxious and afraid lest the whole house should tumble down over our heads and kill all three of us. There is no man to mend anything about the hut, for Peter doesn't know how.

HEIDI: My Grandfather will make it all right. My Grandfather can do everything. He makes benches and stools, and bowls and spoons, and water tubs. O, Grandmother, just see how the shutter swings.

GRANDMOTHER: Ah, child, I can see nothing,

nothing at all.

HEIDI: But if I go out and open the shutter wide, so that it will be quite light, can you see then, grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER: No, no, not even then.

HEIDI: But if you go out in the white snow it

will surely be light for you. Just come with me, Grandmother, I will show you.

GRANDMOTHER: Let me sit still, you good child. It would be dark to me even in the snow, and in the light my eyes cannot see.

HEIDI: But then in the summer time, Grandmother, you know when the sun comes down quite hot and then says good-night to the mountains, and they shine fiery red and all the yellow flowers glisten.

GRANDMOTHER: Dear Heidi, I want to tell vou something. It is just as if I saw while you tell me about these lovely things. Come now, tell me what you do up there, and what your grandfather does and while you talk I shall see very well.

HEIDI: Dear Grandmother, I will tell you everything. (A knock at the door. Barbel goes.)

BARBEL: Ah, Pastor, how good of you to come to see us this cold winter day.

PASTOR: It is a beautiful day. The snow sparkles like crystal and the air is like the fresh breath of the firs. Good-day, Grandmother, and who is this?

GRANDMOTHER: This is little Heidi, who lives with her Grandfather on the Alps.

PASTOR: How do you do, Heidi?

HEIDI: How do you do, Sir?

PASTOR: Do you go to school?

Heidi: No.

PASTOR: Barbel, has your Peter learned to read vet?

BARBEL: Alas no, Pastor, and I fear he never will.

PASTOR: Oh, I am sure he will. As for this little one, I must certainly see the Grandfather about her. She should not be allowed to grow up perfectly ignorant.

HEIDI: My Grandfather can do everything.

He will teach me to read.

PASTOR: Wouldn't you like to go back to Frankfort with your aunt? I think I saw her in the village to-day.

Heidi: No, I would rather stay with my dear Grandfather on the mountain. (A knock is heard.

Enter Gretchen.)

GRETCHEN: How do you do, Barbel? How do you do, Pastor, and how do you do, Grandmother? How do you happen to be here, Heidi?

Heidi: I came to see the Grandmother.

GRETCHEN: This is lucky for me. It will save me a tramp to the Grandfather's hut. Listen, friends, you shall hear of something which will be of wonderful good for Heidi. You will hardly believe it. Not one in a hundred thousand is so fortunate as Heidi. PASTOR: Are you going to take her away?

GRETCHEN: Indeed I am. Some very wealthy relatives of my mistress, who live in almost the finest house in all Frankfort, have a daughter who can walk only with crutches. She is always alone and obliged to study alone with a teacher, which is very dull for her, and besides she would like to have a playmate in the house.

Pastor: And you will take Heidi to be the

child's companion?

HEIDI: But my Grandfather will not want me

GRANDMOTHER: Her Grandfather is very good

to her, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN: Oh, bah! she will soon forget about him. I only took her to him because at that time I didn't know where else to take her. But come along, Heidi, we must get the train back to Frankfort to-night.

HEIDI: I will not go.

GRETCHEN: Come, Heidi, you do not know what you are saying. The Grandfather wants you to go. Don't be foolish and stubborn like the goats. You haven't the least idea how lovely it is in Frankfort, and if you don't like it you can come back to the Grandfather.

HEIDI: Can I turn right around and come back

tonight?

GRETCHEN: Oh, come along. I tell you you can come home if you want to. We will get into the train. The train is like flying and you can bring the poor old Grandmother some nice, soft, white rolls so she will not have to eat the hard black bread.

HEIDI: That will be lovely. Come, Aunt Gretchen, let us hurry, then perhaps we can get to Frankfort and back to-night, and I can give the grandmother rolls for breakfast. Come, Aunt Gretchen. Good-bye, everybody, I shall soon be back. (She puts on her hat and runs to the door calling) Come, Aunt Gretchen.

GRETCHEN: It is a good thing she is pleased to

go. You will tell the grandfather.

Pastor: Yes, I will tell him. (Gretchen and Heidi go out.)

GRANDMOTHER: The poor grandfather!

PASTOR: Rather say, the poor child, to have lived such a wild life for so long, but now she will have a chance to grow up a lady. (A knock at the door.)

BARBEL: It is the Grandfather. (She opens the door.)

(3-

GRANDFATHER: Where is the child?

PASTOR: The child has gone to a good home in Frankfort with her aunt.

GRANDFATHER: And you let her go.

GRANDMOTHER: Would you not have let her go when you understood that she had great prospects?

GRANDFATHER: What greater prospects could she have than the eternal snows on the high Alps shining in the clear air and teaching her purity morning, noon and night? Those who live in cities have their eyes on the ground. They think of nothing but eating and drinking, when God's sunshine is free to every one, when the wind in the tree-tops sings a finer song than the grandest opera singer, and a bowl of fresh milk to the unspoiled taste is better than the most wonderful dessert. Good-bye and may you never be sorry for what you have allowed to happen. (He goes out.)

PASTOR: I will follow him. Perhaps outside he may listen to reason. (He goes out. Peter follows him.)

BARBEL: Ah, mother, this is a sad ending to our happy afternoon.

GRANDMOTHER: Lead me to bed, my child. I have no strength for knitting, now. (They go out. Enter four children in red and yellow dresses with gray searves. They sing and dance—the Dance of the Curling Smoke.)

We are the spirits of the fire on the hearth.

CHILDREN:

Flames have turned to dresses, Smoke's transformed to tresses, Fire spirits free and gay, Now's the hour for play.

(All shut your eyes and see the Seseman's house. It is a very beautiful house, and we are looking at the library. Bookcases are all around the walls. A table with beautiful cloth in the center of the room. Open your eyes and you will see Klara and Miss Nopeace sitting in the beautiful room. Gretchen and Heidi come in.)

GRETCHEN: Miss Nopeace, this is the child.

MISS NOPEACE: Very well. (To the child.)
What is your name?

HEIDI: Heidi.

Miss Nopeace: What, what, that isn't your real name, the one given you when you were christened.

HEIDI: That I do not know.

Miss Nopeace: What an answer! Gretchen, is the child foolish?

GRETCHEN: No, but this is the first time she has ever been in a gentleman's house. She is willing and quick to learn. Her real name is Adelheid.

Miss Nopeace: Well, that is more of a name,

but I told you that she must be as old as Miss Klara, and she does not look as old as that. Miss Klara is twelve.

GRETCHEN: I can't quite remember how old Adelheid is, about ten perhaps.

HEIDI: I am eight years old.

Miss Nopeace: What, what, only eight. Have you read many books? What have you studied?

HEIDI: Nothing.

MISS NOPEACE: Have you learned to read?

HEIDI: No.

MISS NOPEACE: Gretchen, how could you

bring me this creature?

GRETCHEN: If the lady will allow me to speak, the child is exactly what I thought the lady wanted. The lady explained to me that she must be quite different, not like other children, so I brought her, but I must be going. My mistress is expecting me. I will come again and see how she gets on. (Gretchen goes out with Miss Nopeace.)

KLARA: Come here, please. Would you rather be called Heidi or Adelheid?

HEIDI: My name is Heidi.

KLARA: Then I will always call you that. Did you wish to come to Frankfort?

HEIDI: No, but to-morrow I am going home to carry the b.ind grandmother some white rolls.

KLARA: You are a strange child. They have brought you to Frankfort expressly to stay with me and to study with me, and you will see it will now be very funny because you don't know how to read at all. You see Mr. Longwords will soon be here. He often puts his book close to his face as if he had suddenly grown very near-sighted, but he is only yawning behind it, and Miss Nopeace takes out her big handkerchief now and then as if she were very much affected by our reading, but I know perfectly well that she is only yawning terribly.

HEIDI: I cannot learn to read.

KLARA: Oh, yes, you can. Here comes Mr. Longwords now. Good morning, Mr. Longwords, this is my little friend Heidi, who is going to stay with us.

Mr. Longwords: How do you do, Heidi?

HEIDI: I am very well, thank you.

KLARA: She will have to begin with the A B Cs, for she has not learned to read.

MR. LONGWORDS: Very well, Heidi, sit down and take this book. (Heidi sits down, book in hand near the table, but hardly has she seated herself when she jumps up, pulling off the table cover and everything on the table in her haste. She runs out of the door. Miss Nopeace hearing the noise comes in.)

MISS NOPEACE: Just look at this table, cover,

books, and work-basket all in the ink, such a thing never happened before. There's no doubt about it, it is that wretched creature.

KLARA: Yes, Heidi did it, but not on purpose. She really must not be blamed. She was in such a fearful hurry to get away that she pulled the cover with her, and so everything fell to the floor. Several carriages went by, one after another, and perhaps she has never seen a carriage before.

Miss Nopeace: The creature has no idea about anything. Not a suspicion what a lesson hour is, and that she ought to sit still. Where can the unlucky child have gone? If she has run away, what will Mr. Seseman say to me?

KLARA: Why not send Sebastian after her? If she goes into the street she will be lost, for she does not even know my father's name, and how would any one know what house she came from? (Sebastian enters.)

Sebastian, go and look for the child Heidi. I fear she has run out into the street. (Sebastian goes out.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

### North End Items

SARAH BERMAN SOPHIE STEARNS

North Bennet Street Industrial School and Social Service House.

A most successful "Country Fair" was held at the Industrial School on the afternoon and evening of March 29th. Many of Boston's largest firms contributed useful and beautiful articles. Among other things I noted hats, shoes, dress-goods, jackknives, china-ware, candy, toilet articles, etc.

Civic Service House.

Plans are already being made for summer classes

in English Language and Literature.

The United Clubs of the Civic Service House invite all interested in Shakespeare or Camp Agassiz to a Shakespearean Ballet and Ball to be given at Copley Hall, May 5th, at 8 P. M. Admission, 50 cents.

Medical Mission.

Dr. Ingraham is giving lectures once each month on hygiene to the Evening Groups.

Several Clubs are working on plays to be presented before the house closes for vacation.

Library Club House.

The Thursday Afternoon girls of the L. C. H. were asked to write a paper on "How a Girl can be Helpful in the Home." It was voted by the group that the following one was the best:

## How a Girl Can Be Most Helpful at Home

The most important thing in the home is obedience. If a girl's mother asks her to do something, she should do it instantly, without being nagged or sulky. Mothers do not enjoy things done for them in a grouchy way, though they do not show it. It would be a very good idea if a girl would put herself in her mother's place once and see how she would feel if her daughter were sulky whenever asked to do anything. I am sure that if every girl would try this experiment, she would improve a great deal in this respect. For instance, every girl knows that she must do something at home to relieve her mother from all the housework. She knows her duty is to clean a certain room, and if her mother has to keep on asking her to clean it, I don't think that either the mother or daughter enjoys it.

A girl should never be ashamed of her home or surroundings. I do not live in the country or own a house, but live in a tenement house. Although it is not expensively furnished, it is neat and clean, and I am never ashamed of inviting my friends to my home, as it is always ready to receive guests. I know a great many girls who don't want to invite any of their friends to their homes because they are not expensively furnished. They do not realize

that a neat, clean home can be just as hospitable as any other. These girls are doing an injustice both to themselves and their parents. A girl of this type is probably not helpful at home, and it would be better for her if she put such notions out of her head.

In my house we have two boarders. Of course, I do some housework, and outside of this I do some extra work for a man keeping a store. If I were to grumble and say I had no time for housework on account of the extra work, it would make it very unpleasant for my mother. A girl should always think of her parents first, and consider how it would affect them if she were not useful at home.

The most useful way a girl can be at home is not merely by doing the housework, or by running errands for mother or father, this is only a part of it; the greater part is by being as cheerful as possible, and also as pleasant as she can be. A great many people do good deeds outside of the home, and if asked if they do any at home, they most always reply, "There are no kind deeds to be done at home." But they are greatly mistaken, for a great number of good deeds can be done at home.

To be helpful at home does not always mean to do work. Work in a home is certainly important, but more important than that is the spirit in which the work is done. Do not do things merely because you have to, but do it because you like to.

### THE LIBRARY

### Book Review

A very interesting book written in a fascinating style is "The Crimes of England," by Gilbert K. Chesterton.

He introduces his subject in a letter, with some words to Professor Whirlwind.

"Your name in the original German is too much for me; and this is the nearest I propose to get to it. . . . If anything were really to be made of your moral campaign against the English nation, it is clearly necessary that somebody, if it were only an Englishman, should show you how to leave off professing philosophy and begin to practice it."

The author packs the letter of twenty-five pages full of England's feeling towards Germany very cleverly, perhaps cynically, ending with a catalogue of the real crimes of England.

"We were very wrong indeed when we praised the soulless Prussian education and copied the soulless Prussian laws."

Chesterton does not justify himself in condemning Germany. He recognizes the faults of his own country too, and each chapter, from "The Protestant Hero" to "The Battle on the Marne," reveals the part that England played in the history of Europe.

Permit me to quote the following from the chapter headed "The Enigma of Waterloo."

"The French Revolution has a quality which all men feel; and which may be called a sudden antiquity. Its classicalism was not altogether a When it happened it seemed to have happened thousands of years ago. It spoke in parables; in the hammering of spears and the awful cap of Phrygia. To some it seemed to pass like a vision; and yet it seemed eternal as a group of statuary. It is always with a shock of comicality that we remember that its date was so recent that umbrellas were fashionable and top hats were beginning to be tried. And it is a curious fact, giving a kind of completeness to this sense of the thing as something that happened outside the world, that its first great act of arms and also its last were both primarily symbols; and but for this visionary character, were in a manner vain."

Under Hamlet and the Danes he writes: "The phrase of Hamlet about holding the mirror up to nature" is always quoted by such earnest critics as meaning that art is nothing if not realistic. But it really means (or at least its author really thought) that art is nothing if not artificial. Realists, like other barbarians, really believe the mirror; and therefore break the mirror. Also they leave out the phrase "as t'were," which must be read into every remark of Shakespere, and especially every remark of Hamlet. What I mean by believing the mirror, and breaking it, can be recorded in one case I remember; in which a realistic critic quoted German authorities to prove that Hamlet had a particular psycho-pathological abnormality, which is admittedly nowhere mentioned in the play. The critic was bewitched; he was thinking of Hamlet as a real man, with a background behind him three dimensions deep-which does not exist in a lookingglass. "The best in this kind are but shadows." No German commentator has ever made an adequate note on that. Nevertheless, Shakespeare was an Englishman; he was nowhere more English than in his blunders; but he was nowhere more successful than in the description of English types

"This book is a study, not of a disease but rather of a weekness."

## Interesting Articles in April Magazines

Atlantic: "Oriental Manner of Speech." Harper's: "Hunting for Birds'-nests."

Catholic World: The Shakespeare Tercente-

Review of Reviews: "The Swiss and Australian Military Systems."

Scribner's: The Holy Mountain of Thrace."

Ladies' Home Journal: Why I Raise My Boy
to be a soldier."

Delineator: "The Return of Pan."
Rosary: Siena's Virgin Saint."

St. Nicholas: "Will Shakespeare, Star of Poets."

## Thursday Evening Girls' Announcements

April 27. Miss Ethel Johnson. Current Events.

May 4. Business Meeting.

May 11. Miss Cufflin. Current Events.

May 18. "As You Like It." 39 North Bennet Street.

May 25. "A Midsummer Night's Dream. 39
North Bennet Street.
Vacation.

## F. E. G. Announcement

Miss Guerrier will be with the Friday Evening Girls this month.

## S. E. G. Announcements

April 15. 3 to 5 P. M. Party at S. E. G. Potterv.

6 P. M. Picnic Supper.

8 P. M. Mr. Ralph Adams Cram will talk on Gothic Architecture.

April 22. Miss Mary McSkimmon will talk on Wordsworth.

April 29. Dr. S. M. Crothers will talk on "The Gentle Reader."

May 6. "The National Flower" at the Winsor School, at 3 P. M.

May 13. Business Meeting.

On Thursday, April 13, at 8 p. m., the "L. C. H." afternoon groups will present three plays for children; "Theseus," "The Snow Queen," and "The Swineherd."



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## S. K. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

MAY, 1916

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### **Editorial**

## Spring Lyrics

ADA E. CHEVALIER

For ever and ever so many years I have had a tryst to keep on the morning of the first day of March. And for all the many years my partner has awaited my coming, his joy at our reunion bursting from him in joyous melody, while mine is felt in my quickened pulse. Rain or snow, or blustering wind, March, the leonine, or March, the lamb-like, he never failed to be at the rendezvous, nor have I. I hurry along the winding parkway path, in the heart of the city's morning tumult, looking here and there for his brownish jacket, his grey waistcoat with the black spots. And often have I said —"This time he has failed me! A southern storm detains him!" Half turning away with disappointment, I have been suddenly recalled by his joyful warble of greeting after his seven months' absence. He has seen me, apparently, and lifts his head and swells his throat for the most gracious

greeting of early spring — the morning carol of the song sparrow.

This experience is the first sign for me of the incoming tide. Little by little, on its flood, return all the members of spring's full chorus. The cedar-birds, in flocks, lisp their gentle message as they preen their shining plumage and erect their proud crests. Now the starling, silent in earlier days, whistles his glad notes. The junco, trim, tidy and brisk, soon adds his busy call to the awakened melody. Side by side, with him, sits that wonderful bird of heaven's own hue, singing his "tru-a-ly, tru-a-ly." Does one ever get too old, or too sad, or too grim, or too jovless to thrill at the sight of that messenger of summer's gladness? The bluebird for happiness! Well did Maeterlink make his selection! Now the robins carol, the grackles cluck, the English sparrows hob-nob with the departing chicadees and put on very important airs. The earliest of our warblers are winging near, and the sparrow speeds the parting neighbor that he may be ready to enjoy, without confusion, the approaching myrtle warbler with his four yellow spots, and the pine warbler who comes early also, and sings like the aristocrat he is, high in the pines, hidden away from sight. And so, each giving with his presence his own wave of added joy, the flood tide of spring's awakened chorus is reached early in May.

Would you not like to join me some early morning in May? I shall not take you far, only a five-cent car ride to the most beauteous gem in all our encircling chain of parks. There we will be almost alone with the birds. A world where there is no sound save only birds singing is much more lovely even than a silent world. Here they will sing and show themselves to us without fear. Here the towhee, the tanager, the indigo bird, the warblers too numerous to name, each one a joy to see, can be really seen by eyes that look

aright.

I say to myself, with Emerson, as each hour gives its special bird-delight.

> "I know the trusty almanac Of the punctual coming back On their due days of the birds!"

And again I say with him as satisfaction beggars expression—

"Have you named all the birds without a gun? O, be my friend, and teach me to be yours!'

Do you accept my invitation? Or do I make too bold to think that you are interested?

### THE NORTH END

## Three Candy Factories of the North End

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

THE most superficial observer cannot fail to notice that the factories of the North End are largely devoted to candy making. Not because there is more candy eaten in the North End than anywhere else, but because the candy makers are for the most part Italians, who refuse to go beyond the walking limits of the district in which they live.

We find listed in the business directory under confectioners, twenty-eight firms doing business in Ward 6. We have chosen to write about three factories which welcome inspection as a means of proving to the five senses that their products may be eaten by any healthy person, not only with pleasure, but with absolute confidence in the methods used in producing their wares.

Schrafft's plant, nine stories high with 300,000 feet of floor space, is pleasantly located on the bank of the Charles River. The maximum amount of light was planned for this factory and all the processes, from breaking up of the cocoa bean to shipping the finished article, are planned for the highest efficiency of production.

Fifty-four years ago when Mr. W. F. Schrafft started candy making at Brattle Square, he had only two assistants. It was therefore necessary for each one of the three to be familiar with the whole process. Now, with one thousand employees beside the office force, each employee is acquainted with but one process.

The process of preparing the chocolate is the only one we shall have space to describe. On arriving at the factory from South America, the beans are first roasted, then the shells are removed by machinery, and the beans are cracked into small pieces (nibs). The various blends are next ground very fine in large mills. The friction caused by the grinding produces sufficient heat to melt the natural oil (cocoa butter) in the beans which runs from the mills in a liquid stream, called chocolate liquor.

The next step is to add sugar to the liquor till a paste is formed. The paste then runs many times between steel rolls till the mass is reduced to a very fine texture. It is then still further refined in finishing machines, where it is rubbed for from twenty-four to seventy-two hours. This last process gives to the chocolate a velvety smoothness, which adds greatly to its quality.

The employees have good reason to remain with this firm for many years. The minimum wage when an employee is learning his trade is \$5.00, and business is so flourishing that employees are almost never "laid off."

The dining room overlooking the Charles River has tables which seat 800 persons. The centre floor space is large and well waxed and the girls have jolly times at noon, dancing to the tunes of an electric piano which is always ready for use.

Two days each week a competent physician is on hand and all day and every day a trained nurse is ready to give advice and assistance, thus saving many a lost day for both employers and employees. Twice a week for two hour periods, thirty girls attend a Household Art Course, in which they study cooking and general housekeeping under the admirable supervision of Mrs. Mary B. Drown. This course is under the auspices of the Continuation School, and the girls are given time to attend without loss of pay.

Candy lovers in the east know the "Quality Chocolates" but they may not know that these delectable sweets are made at Foss's factory on Canal Street. Beyond the Mississippi, Foss's butter scotch has a well deserved reputation because it is made with the purest butter, a product of eastern dairies which usually far surpass those of the west.

As we went through this modern, up-to-date plant, which is open to inspection from top to bottom, I asked if the war had made much difference in the candy business. "In every department," was the reply. "The European countries have bought up such large supplies of chocolate that they have almost cornered the market." "The Ammunition Factories have all the rags, thus necessitating the use of substitutes in production of paper for layers between the candies and for padding." The finely designed papers formerly had from Germany we no longer get and now we are making our own designs, and the increased price of sugar and other basic products has materially increased the cost of candy making." When we reached the office my guide remarked that he had just eaten a chocolate that he had kept in his desk for two years and found it "not bad at all." He told me that chocolate candy kept at the right temperature, 65 degrees, would keep well for a year. Boston, I learned was "the home for good chocolates," and that may account for the orders that are sent to Australia and China, though candies sent abroad are generally for the consumption of resident or travelling Americans. Candies

for the Christmas Sale are started in August in order to meet the demands.

The F. H. Roberts Factory, on Cross Street, has an indescribable air of good comradeship. Mr. F. H. Roberts, himself, is in the factory by 7 A. M., every morning. He knows his girls by their first names, and the fact that his foreladies have been with him for from twelve to twenty years, tells in one sentence all that it is necessary to say about his treatment of the employees.

The fact upon which this firm most prides itself is that no albumen, other than that furnished by the whites of the purest eggs, or any impure material whatsoever, is used in Apollo chocolates, and that the ingredients are only handled by workers whose hands and nails have been duly inspected and passed. "Efficiency without tenseness," which means that the human machine is not sacrificed for the sake of the highest degree of production, regardless of the effect on the worker, was what impressed me above all else in this factory.

The reason the products of the three factories described are so excellent is because the men in charge are enthusiasts, who realize that good principles are an asset of good business, and that eventually the quantity sold will be in proportion to the quality of the goods.

### THE NEW EMIGRATION

## Letters from Somewhere

We are so satiated with the picturesque, dramatic and always harrowing accounts, written by soldiers and civilians, "on the way," to "Somewhere," that a few letters written by a real eighteen year old Canadian, "on the way," (just because he and his mother think any, "man," ought to be ashamed not to be "on the way," and eventually, "somewhere") will, by their very simplicity, strike the contrasting note which always make a human document interesting.

MID-OCEAN,
March 21, '16.

DEAR MOTHER:

We have been on our way five days now and the weather couldn't be better, I haven't been sick yet and it is sure a great life. The sea has been smooth all the way, except, of course, the swell which is always on the job. Until to-day the weather has been fine, but rather chilly. To-day, though, it was just like summer and we were all lving out on deck in the sun. To-morrow is Sports Day and lately we have been practising for them. Curly has been sick ever since we left Halifax. He insists on staying in his bunk and we all try to get him outside because that is the only way to get over seasickness. We sailed on Friday morning the 17th, about seven o'clock. There is another troop ship with us and the cruiser X or Y or Z, I'm not sure which, as escort. To-day we were met by the cruiser W and the X, Y or Z went back. We expect to reach . . . Saturday or Sunday, providing we don't hit a mine or a German sub. I won't be able to mail this until we are in England for ten days I think. Well, I guess I'll go to bed now, but I'll write some more another

March 24th.

Well, mother, we are right in the danger zone now, and going at full speed. This morning we were travelling a zig-zag course so that the subs cannot locate us so easily. We have to wear life belts now even when sleeping and eating, and believe me, they aren't very comfortable. Just a few minutes ago we were met by three torpedo boat destrovers and it surprised me to see how small they were. They don't seem much bigger than launches. They can sure travel though. When I first saw one, it seemed as if it just came out of a big wave. We'll probably see land tomorrow, but nobody knows where we will land vet. We have heard here by wireless that there is a rumor in . . . that our ship has been sunk and all on board lost. I certainly hope this is not true as I know that you and many others will be awfully worried. So far we have not had a single day of bad weather or seen a single sub. Yesterday was the only day there was anything like rough weather, the waves were breaking over the bow of the ship, but I enjoyed it. Curly is still in his bunk.

The Sports were pulled off yesterday and the day before. There was some pretty good boxing and wrestling, and I think our Co. came out one of the best.

I think I'll go up on deck now and see if I can see any German subs. Good bye for now.

March 25, 1916.

Yesterday when I went up on deck I didn't see any German subs but I did see land which was even better. We sighted land about four o'clock Friday afternoon and there was some rejoicing on board then. We may get off the boat to-night or we may wait till morning. We haven't been told yet where we are going.

I can't seem to think of anything to say so I'll have to quit. I will mail this as soon as I can.

JACK.

March 27.

We have arrived safely and are now in our new barracks. I had a dandy long letter written describing everything that happened during the voyage but the other day we were told that we couldn't tell a thing about the voyage or give any dates. We are at a place called . . . which is a pretty good sized military camp. It is about six miles from where Hugh is. Well, mother, I must close now as the mail will soon be taken up.

Good by, mother. JACK.

Sorry I can't say more but perhaps in other letters soon I can.

March 29, 1916.

We have at last reached our destination, and so far it is all right, but there are no cities around. We arrived about 6 o'clock, Saturday, 26, evening. We got off the boat that night about two and started on our way after some hours' delay. They have the dinkiest little engines and cars I ever saw but they travel right along, all the same. This is certainly a beautiful country and very different from our country. The houses are all built of tile or brick and look very neat and clean. The country is all divided up by hedges instead of wire fences.

We arrived here about noon on Sunday after having a rather uncomfortable trip. We are in fairly comfortable barracks and the country around is very beautiful. We went for a short route march to-day and the roads seem to be cut right out of the ground. The banks on each side are from 5 to 20 feet high and then there is usually a hedge on top of that so you don't see much of the country.

We haven't been paid yet and haven't heard when we will get leave. I expect tho' we will find out in a few days.

Well, mother, I will say good-by now as it is getting rather late and I haven't had a decent sleep since we left the boat. Good-by, mother, and I expect some mail from home soon.

W CAMP,

April 4, 1916.

I have sent four letters and numerous post cards to Z, but as yet, have not received any mail at all.

It may not be your fault, however, as I think there is some mistake over here in our companies.

I am room orderly to-day, which means that I have to stay in the bunk-house, and keep it swept and clean, and the fire going. This is a very easy job, and as I have quite a lot of time to myself I thought I would write you. I sent a letter last week that I started on the boat, describing our voyage. Did you get it, and was it censored? If it was, I am afraid there was not much in it to read.

We have had great weather ever since we landed and I have had some fine walks in the country. Sunday, Curly and I walked over to X which is about six or seven miles from here. I found out that Hugh had left for B about two weeks ago. He is not at the front yet, but at the Base. He is a Lance Jack, now, so I guess the army has done him some good, all right.

On the way over to X we tried to take a short cut, instead of following the main road all the way. We got some instructions from a fellow we met on the road, which sounded simple enough. But when we came to follow them out, we got all tangled up. There are so many cross roads and lanes and things, that you get all turned around. And then the hedges on each side of the road are so high, you can't see where you're at. After wandering round for three or four hours, we finally arrived there. It was a beautiful day and the country here is all so different from Canada that we had a very pleasant walk. The flowers are just beginning to come up now, and there are a great many birds. I heard a sky lark the other day and it has a very lovely song. I don't think we have anything at home quite like it, unless the bobolink.

Curly has gone to Ireland to visit his people there. I expected to get leave this week, too, but I didn't. I will probably get mine next week and then I go to C.

Well, mother, I think I will have to stop writing now, or I will have to use two envelopes. Goodby, mother. Your affectionate son,

JACK.

P. S. I am feeling fine.

## **EDUCATIONAL**

## The Kindergarten

LILLIAN CHERRY

WHEN the uninitiated hear the kindergarten mentioned, they immediately think of a place very much like a day-nursery, where children a little older than the day-nursery age are kept busy and happy playing games, et cetera, and the vagueness

of the *et cetera* here corresponds very much to the vagueness in their minds as to what happens in the kindergarten when the children get tired of playing games.

And so for the benefit of those who haven't the opportunity and good fortune of getting their information first hand by a *real* visit to a kindergarten, I should like to take as many of you as care to come on an imaginary visit to a real kindergarten.

Now without any further interruptions or digressions let us enter the kindergarten where, unlike the Montessori schools, we are certain of a welcome, for it takes more than a casual visitor to upset a kindergarten teacher or child. Let us sit down in some out-of-the-way corner and watch proceedings.

We have arrived at a little before nine o'clock, and the "last bell" has not yet rung, and so we find the children having what is called "free play." They are playing with dolls, wagons, fire-engines, trains, blocks, balls, and toys of every description, and if the hubbub and wagging of tongues bears any testimony, then these children are having a very happy time.

Suddenly the teacher claps her hands, the noise subsides sufficiently so that she can be heard when she says, "Now bring the toys," and the toys are returned whence they came.

The children go to their chairs which are arranged in a circle, and then the "last bell" fings. Miss H. goes to the piano, and Miss P. takes her seat in the circle with the children. (You know, of course, that there are always two teachers in a kindergarten known as the first assistant and the second assistant. The former takes the children from five to six years of age, while the latter has those from four to five years old. In the morning circle, however, all the children are together.)

While Miss H. plays some very soft music and the children sit quietly with folded hands, let us glance about the room. Everywhere there are pictures. Pictures of mothers and babies, of children, of birds, cats, dogs, rabbits, and there is a large picture of some gorgeous knights. these splendid beings, hangs a picture of a humble blacksmith in his shop; farther on we see a picture of carpenters building a house; then one of children playing with kites. There are pictures of flowers, too, and there are some very pretty daffodils drawn in a border on the blackboards. Not only are there pictures of flowers, but there is a vase full of daffodils and pussy-willows, and on the piano we see a pot of beautiful red and vellow tulips. On a small table stands a bowl of goldfishes, which was a center of attraction for the children during the "free play" period.

On one side of the room, pinned to the wall, is a row of papers with some daffodils painted on them; and on the other side is a corresponding row of bluebirds in crayon. These were done the previous day by the children.

Just at this point we hear Miss P. saying, "Now we'll close our eyes," and after all the children

have closed their eyes and reverently bowed their heads, we hear them repeat a little prayer, which is followed by a simple hymn. After this there comes a song of greeting and this concludes the formal opening exercises. Now the children choose any songs they want to sing, and we hear about a dozen songs which include some of the following: The family; The pigeon-house; Peter, Peter, quickly go to the fields the grass to mow; Pretty little bluebird; The carpenter; the weathervane; The pendulum is swinging; and last but not least, for it generally comes first of all, Miss P. tells us, is "Bah, bah, Black Sheep!" There are one or two exercises in scale singing, but instead of "Doo, re, mi," etc., the children sing, "I have a doll that goes to sleep, Bye low, Bye low, Bye low."

By this time the children have finished singing and are ready to go to their tables. After picking up their chairs, they march to the tables, keeping step to the music which has a very marked rhythm.

Now comes the work at the tables, and while Miss P. is giving her children a lesson in triangles, let us watch Miss H's. class which is about to have a lesson with sticks. In front of each child is a box containing four 3 inch sticks, and after the children are perfectly quiet, and everyone is looking at her, Miss H. asks them to take their sticks and make a square, fitting the lines of the table (we notice that the tops of the tables are marked offinto one inch squares.) When all have made the square, they fold their hands again, and then Miss H. says that she is going to give them four more sticks, and they are to put one stick on each side touching the square. This, of course, gives the children a certain amount of freedom in placing their sticks. Now Miss H: says, "I am going to give you four more sticks and I want you to put these too, around the square," and as we watch we see some very interesting "beauty forms."

Miss H. then calls the attention of the children to the blackboard, where she draws the different forms and says, "See, Antoinetta made this picture, and Romeo made this," etc. Then she says, "Now make anything you want," and while the children are inventing pictures of tables, chairs, railroad tracks, etc., we say to Miss H., in order to make it clear in our own minds, "Of what benefit has this lesson been to the children?" She tells us that it has helped them first to gain a clearer idea of a square, they have gained in accuracy, perception, in the power to concentrate their attention, and they have learned to interpret commands into actions.

This is just one specimen of many such lessons

in which similar points are emphasized, and we begin to see the value of the kindergarten.

Now comes what is perhaps the most interesting part of the morning, to the casual visitor, the game period—because it is in the games, in skipping, running, and flying that the children appear most attractive. But before they begin their games, the children march about the room for about five or ten minutes, and now we see that the broad lines and circles which are painted on the floor, and which at first we thought were merely of doubtful decorative value, are really of practical use, for it is on these lines and circles that the children are We are somewhat surprised, too, to find that the children follow so well along these lines, because sometimes the marching becomes rather complicated and confusing, with children marching up and down the lines and passing each other, but Miss P. tells us that the children have learned to follow the child in front of them, and so all goes well. The music, too, that Miss H. is playing at the piano, is a simple march, with a marked rhythm which she emphasizes very strongly and this helps to give the children greater sense of rhythm. Later we see more rhythmic exercises introduced by the clapping and shaking of hands, nodding the heads, swinging the arms, and stamping the feet to music.

All the children are now on the large ring and are singing their "ring-song." After which a child runs into the center of the ring, to choose a game while the children sing "Little playmate standing in the ring we are ready now to play."

The child selects the "Blacksmith," and the game proceeds after this fashion:—One child is chosen for the blacksmith, another for a driver, and the driver chooses his horse. From the way the horse is limping, we gather that something must be wrong with his feet, and sure enough, it is a new shoe that the horse is in need of, for the driver takes the horse to the blacksmith, who examines the horse's hoofs, and puts on the new shoe, while the children on the ring are singing:—"The blacksmith hammers the whole day long."

Before the driver takes his horse away he does not forget to pay the blacksmith 25 cents for his labor. Now the horse is able to trot off briskly, and after running a few times around the ring, he is driven back to his place on the ring, and a new blacksmith, horse, and driver are chosen, and the game is repeated.

The game period lasts for a half hour, so there is time for about six or eight games, and after the blacksmith game follow: The Knights, Kitty in the basket (a sense game), Travelers, The Caterpillar and Butterfly, The Star Game (similar to

"Going to Jerusalem") and one or two simplified folk-dances.

At the conclusion of the games the children march to the tables once more, and after a simple luncheon of milk and crackers comes the talk or the story. The children put their chairs around Miss P's chair, and then begins a delightful time for the children, for it is at this time that they have an opportunity to talk intimately with their teacher, who understands and is interested in all the incidents that children so love to tell about. After the children have had their chance to talk comes Miss P's turn, and this morning, she talks with them about the changes in Nature that are taking place during the spring. Of course these children living in the city haven't very much of an opportunity to see changes in Nature, so Miss P. has brought pussy-willows, twigs of forsythia and red maple which she shows to the children, and they talk about buds and blossonis, and the return of the birds from the South. She shows them pictures of robins and bluebirds, because these, too, the children cannot see in their environment. This talk lasts for about ten or fifteen minutes, and is followed by the occupation period at the tables.

This morning Miss P's children are drawing pussy-willows, and after watching Miss P. draw some pussy-willows on the blackboard, they are given paper, brown crayons, and white chalk. The first attempts are rather crude, but Miss P. goes about from one child to another showing how to join the "pussies" to the twig, how to make the little brown "houses" on the "pussies," etc., and after two and in some cases three attempts, there are some very presentable and effective drawings. The children are overjoyed with the results and on all sides we hear "Teacher, kin I take it home?" "Teacher, kin I take it home?" And Miss P. says "Yes, you may take all the good ones home." Then she goes about from child to child, and selects the best drawings, and some which are not quite so good, belonging to children who need a little encouragement, as the ones to be taken home. To the others Miss P. says, "Too bad, next time you'll try a little harder, then you may take your papers home."

Now the time has arrived for dismissal, and after putting on their hats and coats the children sing their "Good-bye" song, march out, and kindergarten is over for that day.

We have seen only one day of one kindergarten, and so, perhaps, although even that one glimpse can give us a faint idea of what the kindergartner accomplishes, yet for a fuller comprehension of the aims of the kindergarten let me quote to you

a list of the "practical things that help the kindergarten teacher to measure a child's progress in the formation of important habits and attitudes toward work and play, that lay the foundation for character and efficiency" as given in a letter issued to kindergartners by the Bureau of Education at Washington.

A. Attitude toward handwork which responds to his love of doing, and develops power of initiative and habits of application to the task in hand.

Attentive attitude toward teachers' directions.

- Readiness to attempt new work. Neatness and carefulness in handling materials.
- 4. Ability to handle crayons and brush with lightness of touch.
- Ability to do some definite, drawing, cutting, modeling, and constructive work with a fair degree of self-
- Ability to work at an assigned task for a short period.
- Ability to so some self-directed work for a short period.
- B. Attitude toward play, in group games, fostering power of social co-operation and control of movement.

- Habits of playing in a considerate manner
- Alertness and interest in playing group games. Readiness to respond to suggestions of playmates and
- teachers. Ability to toss and bound a big rubber ball with ease.
- Ability to follow directions in games and rhythmic ex-
- ercises.
- Ability of group to form line for march, and ring for games in response to signal, or music of piano.
- Ability of group to play some circle games without help other than music of the piano.
- Readiness in oral expression, in singing, conversation, and story-telling.
- Clear enunciation in speaking and singing.
- Ability to sing in unison with other children.

Readiness to attempt to sing alone.

- 4. Habits of courteous greeting to teachers and play-
- Ability to give name and address in clear voice.
- 6. Readiness to tell of interesting experiences or observations.
- Ability to re-tell concisely some short stories.

With such aims as these constantly in the minds of the kindergartner and conscientiously adhered to, how can the kindergarten be other than a valuable asset in any educational system?

#### SOCIAL SERVICE

### Some Societies of the North End

(Continued from April number)

#### SOPHIE LAGER

ONE can hardly realize the vast and extensive work carried on by the Associated Charities of Boston through its eighteen branch offices. Society was organized in 1879 by a group of American citizens who felt that municipal relief among the poor was not sufficient and ought to be supplemented by charity of a private nature. They incorporated themselves in that year with an appeal to the people of Boston for their co-operation in the way of contributions and donations. main object of the Society is not only to come to the relief of the needy, but to help them to selfdependence and encourage industry through friendly advice and sympathy. The Society has secured the co-operation of all charitable organizations in its work as well as the help of numbers of charitable women who have volunteered their services without any remuneration.

I interviewed Miss Hull in charge of the North End Branch, 342 Hanover Street. The North End being an Italian district, the largest percentage of cases that come to the attention of the office are Italian. I was glad to learn that as many as forty volunteer workers are connected with the office, who help investigate all cases, keep in touch with those who have been assisted, accompany the sick to the dispensary when in need of medical

attention, obtain employment for a great many, very often through personal relationship or acquaintance with contracting firms. The Italian is very proud and will accept charity only when in acute distress and only when in such destitute condition will the relief offered him by the workers of the branch, usually in the way of coal, rent, clothing, etc., be accepted. Miss Hull says they are a most appreciative people and to come to the aid of the Italian laborer is to make a life-long friend. The outstanding adverse conditions which reduce the Italian to want are unemployment and sickness. Most of the men are laborers, and owing to the lack of construction, particularly during the period since the war started, the laborer has been unable to lay aside the accustomed little sum during the summer season to tide him over until the next spring, and the winter finds him hard pressed and in need of assistance. The workers and volunteers meet every Wednesday afternoon at the North Bennet Street Industrial School to discuss all problems that arise during the week.

I next sought the Benoth Israel Sheltering Home only to find that it had given up its present building and was about to move to new quarters in the The Society was organized some West End. thirty-five years ago for the purpose of sheltering all homeless and destitute Jews. It is supported largely by contributions and has a membership of some four thousand people. At the present time, the poor man or woman is lodged with a private family and given a ticket which entitles him to

meals in some Salem Street restaurant. Circumstances in each case are carefully studied and every effort extended towards finding employment or

locating relatives and friends.

The Ausonia Council, through its Charitable Bureau, has within the past two or three years, grown to be considered a ministering angel amongst the sick and poor Italians of the North End. The Ausonia Council is an Italian Society affiliated with the Knights of Columbus. In 1912, the Society organized a Charitable Bureau for the purpose of helping and relieving the poverty-stricken Italian families of the North End. The Bureau is made up of a committee of five or six members of the Council, who are appointed by the Grand Knight for a period of one year. The committee thoroughly investigates all cases coming to its attention. In pressing cases, where the family is in distress and needs immediate assistance, the member of the investigating committee answers the demand out of his own pocket. In most cases weekly allowances are made to the family.

In connection with the good work carried on by the parishes of the churches of the North End, we find the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, organized in 1847, in the parish of St. Mary's Church. The Society is made up of a committee of men appointed from the parish by the priest of St. Mary's Church. St. Vincent was a great priest, known as an "Apostle of Charity," who had devoted all his life to succoring the poor and needy. A great deal is done by the Society in coming to the relief of the poor of the parish in the way of groceries, fuel, clothing, rents, etc. As in all cases, the committee keeps in touch with the poor, stricken family until some provision is made for its selfsupport.

We come now to workers among the immigrants. We can understand what it means to come to a strange land, poor and helpless, and not able to speak the language. It seems almost impossible to describe the service extended by both the Hebrew Immigrant Society and Italian Immigrant Society towards the immigrant. The Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, with offices at 104 Salem

Street, was organized in 1904 by Jewish citizens of the North End, and to-day is supported by subscriptions, contributions, and donations from a membership of three thousand people. The immigrants are met at the docks by two agents of the Society, and assisted in locating their friends and relatives. The baggage of the immigrants, often lost en route, is traced by the Society. In cases where delay arises in locating friends or relatives, the immigrant is housed, fed, and often clothed, sometimes for periods of two weeks or Nor does the relationship between the Society and the immigrant end after he is directed The Society keeps in close to his destination. touch with him, and encourages and advises him in all directions. Lectures are given at the headquarters, No. 104 Salem Street, for the purpose of teaching the immigrant the value of good citizenship and the necessity of becoming a citizen. The Society conducts classes in English three or four nights a week, and preparatory courses for immigrants desiring to take out citizen papers, which not only prepares a man to take the examination, but give him confidence to pass the test when he comes before the examiner. In a great many cases the immigrant is rejected because he lacks confidence in himself, and leaves the questions unanswered. When immigration is at its height, the Society helps directly from six thousand to seven thousand immigrants per year.

The Boston Italian Immigrant Society, organized in 1901, and located at 357 Hanover Street, works along the same lines as the Hebrew Immigrant Society. It supervises the interests of all Italian immigrants and investigates all cases of detention. A woman agent accompanies to the church the immigrant girl who comes to this country to be married, witnesses the marriage ceremony, and to legalize the marriage sends one copy of the certificate to her native village and files the other with the United States Commissioner of Immigration. The Society works in cooperation with the Boston Juvenile Court in the interest of Italian girls, and cooperates with various private and public organizations in the interest of Italians.

#### THE LIBRARY

## A Library for Citizens

DREW B. HALL, Librarian

THE Somerville Public Library is for the purpose of placing freely before all citizens, young and old, books, music, and pictures. Nearly fifty years ago, the few inhabitants of the town which had been set off from Charlestown, began to think and to say that they should have, as a part of their municipal life, a library. About this time they also incorporated the town into a city, and the public library was almost the first new department organized after the change of government.

The first librarian, for a short time, was an elderly gentleman, Mr. Isaac Pitman, who was soon succeeded by Miss Adams, his assistant, because more time was required by the citizens than Mr. Pitman could give. The use of the library continued to increase, and about as the library reached its majority and twenty-first birthday, Mr. John S. Hayes became librarian. He was previously a master of grammar schools, and in the five years before his death classified and catalogued the library, and began a greater development of it as an educational tool. Then for thirteen years previous to his death in 1911, the poet, Sam Walter Foss, was librarian, and by the wide acceptance of his poetry brought many persons to appreciate library facilities.

The State believes that all persons must be able to read and write and the schools see that they are; and to-day conditions require wide knowledge and training in the use of magazines and books beyond those which any person can privately own. So that the need and use of public libraries is becoming very great, and people are asking more of their libraries and better supporting them.

So the little Somerville Library, opened fortyfive years ago in a small room in the City Hall, has come to have four buildings in an area of little more than four square miles. The Central building is three years old, and is larger than the City Hall, of which it originally occupied a part; and there are three branches. Beside the buildings, some of which are open seventy-five hours a week, the library has owned over 160,000 books, of which about 50,000 have been worn out; and it employs forty-two librarians and clerical helpers, who work forty hours per week, including two evenings, and give their earnest thought and reading many hours a week at home.

Every week 150 new volumes are added, including new titles fresh from the book stores and new copies of old titles worn out but still favorites. There is a new volume bought each year for every ten citizens, and five dollars spent each year for every ten citizens, and over fifty volumes taken home each year by every ten citizens. How many questions, trivial and profound, are asked each year and answered is not known, but they are so many that an accurate count cannot be kept. library would like to offer to each inquirer exactly the book he wishes and to answer immediately every question; this it cannot do with its present financial support, and probably never will be able to do, because in such freely offered educational work the demands increase faster than the resources.

The Public Library seeks to give all that possibly can be given for each dollar it has; while business seeks to give as little as it can for each dollar it requires in payment.

To do this work there are the public rooms and public desks in the various buildings, and the inside work rooms, chiefly at Central, where classifying, annotating, cataloguing and preparation for circulation is done. Public work is organized into circulating, reference and children's departments. In the smaller buildings these departments run into each other, but the quality and accuracy of all the work is carefully supervised by specially experienced persons who give all their thought and attention to their own particular line.

The library also assists the public schools. It, of course, offers teachers and scholars all the facilities it does all citizens. And further, it gives them special attention. For instruction is given to the seventh and eighth grades in the use of reference books, as part of the school work and on school time, and small collections are deposited in the various school rooms for the current use of pupils and teachers. The public library also administers the high school library by one of its reference librarians, aided by a regular library assistant.

The collection of bound music scores, including the expensive operas and also the good popular songs, piano music and violin music, numbering nearly 2,500 bound volumes, is being continually added to, and is greatly enjoyed by music lovers. A collection of hand pictures, particularly selected for school use, is being built up in the children's department, and there are also architectural pictures and art books in the Art Alcove.

These are a few of the definite things about a modern library which are readily noticeable. Equally important, but not so easily mentioned, are the hospitable atmosphere and the earnest desire to offer the good things in printed matter freely to all who ask.

## Book Review

SAYS "David Grayson," speaking of his neighbor Horace the farmer. "We have been the best of friends in the way of whiffle-trees, butter tubs and pig-killings-but never once looked up together at the sky.'

Any one who is unwilling to take time to look up at the sky with friend David would better avoid "Adventures in Contentment." But you, whoever you may be, who may desire to lay aside the restless bustle of life wherein even aimless fidgetting seems preferable to inaction unproductive of tangible results which men can touch and name success; you will do well to send straightway for the book.

Apparently as I write I look down on a busy street, but "the marsh ditch" is in reality what I see and the tooting of automobiles and the clanging of cars fail to obscure the voice of the adventurer.

"Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment! As well try to eat beauty! For happiness must be tricked! She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found not in palaces, but lurking in cornfields and factories and hovering over littered desks: she crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you look up suddenly from hard work you will see her, but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away."

The country doctor is a man worth knowing. His unobtrusive sympathy is blent with the kind of humor which made his wise sayings remembered. "Mrs. Patterson, a friend of ours, had once gone to a doctor with a new trouble. After telling him

all about it she said:

"I've left it all with the Lord."

"You'd have done better," said the Doctor, "to keep it yourself. Trouble is for your discipline: the Lord doesn't need it."

Though I should certainly not class "Adventures" with the great books, according to Mr. Baker's own definition, I ought to class it with the greatest books I have ever read.

"That," I said, "is true of every great book: it either makes us want to do things, to go fishing, or fight harder or endure more patiently, or it takes us out of ourselves and beguiles us for a time with the friendships of completer lives than our own."

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## Interesting Articles in the May Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "Mrs. Maxwell and the Unemployed."

Catholic World: "The Will to Achieve."

Delineator: "The New Pioneer."

Good Housekeeping: "A Game for Gardens."
Harper's Monthly: "Edwin Booth as I Knew
Lim"

Ladies' Home Journal: "May Day Frolics."

Popular Mechanics: "Camera Exposure Scale for Photographers."

Review of Reviews: "American Prosperity: Is it Permanent?"

Rosary: The Fool and his Money."

St. Nicholas: "The Children of the Moors."
Scribner's Monthly: "Honolulu: The Melting Pot."

### Heidi

(Continued from the April number)

MR. LONGWORDS: It is hardly worth while for us to continue the lessons. I will come again this afternoon.

MISS NOPEACE: Very well, Mr. Longwords. (Looks at her watch.) Why, it is luncheon time. (Enter Sebastian with Heidi.) What is it? What is the matter with you? Why did you run away?

Heidi: I heard the fir-trees roar, and I didn't know where they were. I don't hear them any

longer.

Miss Nopeace: You see the ink on the floor? In your haste you pulled off the table cover and all the things on the table fell on the floor. Now go upstairs, Tinette will show you the way, and wash your face and hands. We are going to have luncheon. (Sebastian brings in a set table, places it in front of Klara, Miss Nopeace sits down, Heiai comes in and sits down.) Adelheid, you have behaved very badly, and really deserve to be punished for leaving the house without asking permission. I never heard of such conduct before.

A KITTEN: Meou.

MISS NOPEACE: What, Adelheid, after such behavior you dare to play a naughty trick!

HEIDI: I didn't.

A KITTEN: Meou, meou.

MISS NOPEACE: That is enough. Get up and leave the room.

HEIDI: I didn't.

A KITTEN: Meou, meou, meou.

KLARA: Heidi, when you see how angry you are making Miss Nopeace, why do you keep saying meou?

HEIDI: I'm not doing it, it's the kittens.

Miss Nopeace: What! kittens, kittens! Sebastian, find the horrid creatures and take them away. (Miss Nopeace goes out. Heidi gets up, goes over to Klara, takes first one kitten and then another out of her pocket, and lays them in Klara's lap.)

KLARA: Oh, the lovely things, Heidi. Where

did you get them?

Heidi: When I ran to the corner to see down the valley I met a boy carrying a whole basket full. He gave me these two. (Sebastian comes in.)

KLARA: Sebastian, you must help us. You must find a bed for the kittens where Miss Nopeace will not see them, for she is afraid of them. We want to keep the cunning things and bring them out whenever we are alone. Where can you put them?

SEBASTIAN: I will take care of them, Miss Klara. I will make a fine bed in a basket, and put them where the timid lady will never see them. (He takes the kittens out.)

KLARA: Let's eat our luncheon.

HEIDI: Yes, and let's play the kittens are still here, let's play they can talk like people.

KLARA: All right, we'll make believe they are really here talking like people. (Four children with caps like kittens come in.) Oh, how cunning they are. Don't you believe they could dance?

KITTENS: Of course we can dance. Shall we do the dance called "Old Shoes in the Moonlight" or "The Midnight Witches"?

KLARA: Oh, do the "Midnight Witches," please. (Here the Kittens dance. At the end they dance out.)

HEIDI: Wasn't it funny? (Enter Miss No-

Miss Nopeace; Have the horrid creatures been taken away?

KLARA: Yes, indeed.

MISS NOPEACE: Well, here is Mr. Longwords again. This time I hope you will have better success. (She rings a bell and Sehastian comes in.) Take away the table. (She goes out. A loud knock at the door is heard. Sebastian goes to the door.)

SEBASTIAN: What do you mean? What do you want here?

Voice: (Outside.) I want to see Klara.

SEBASTIAN: You dirty street urchin, you. Can't you say Miss Klara, as the rest of us do? What do you want of Miss Klara?

Boy: She owes me twenty cents.

SEBASTIAN: You are certainly not in your right mind. How do you know there is such a person as Miss Klara?

Boy: I gave her two kittens this morning and she said Klara in the big house with the brass dog on the doorknob would give me ten cents for each kitten.

KLARA: Sebastian, what is the boy saying? Let him come in? (Boy enters with hand-organ on his back.)

HEIDI: O Klara, it is the boy who gave nie the kittens. He wanted money. I told him I hadn't any, but you would give him some. What is that box on his back?

KLARA: It is a box filled with music, called a hand-organ. Will you play for us?

(Here a piano can be played while the boy turns the handle on the box. Heidi begins to dance. Miss Nopeace comes in.)

Miss Nopeace: What is this? Boy, how dare you?

Boy: Well, give me my money and I will go. SEBASTIAN: Come with me and you shall have your money. (They go out.)

MISS NOPEACE: Now, Mr. Longwords, you can go on with the lesson in peace, I hope.

MR. LONGWORDS: Heidi, come here. This letter that looks like a mountain with a straight path across it is A.

Heidi: It does not look like our mountains. It should have trees and crows and the sunset and goats.

MR. Longwords: Well, never mind about all that. Just remember A — A — A. Now these marks that look like two nice fat biscuits are called B.

HEIDI: A bee has wings and a funny little head and a dress that looks like fur.

MR. LONGWORDS: Yes, but this is a different kind of B. Here is the new moon, that is called C, and here is a bow without an arrow, that is D. Now you may take the book and say them.

HEIDI: You mean say their names?

Mr. Longwords: Yes.

HEIDI: Mountain, Biscuits, New Moon, Bow without an arrow.

MR. Longwords: Dear, dear, the child seems to have no sense.

KLARA: I think she has a great deal of sense, and I know she will soon learn to read if Mr. Longwords will only have the patience with her that he has with me. (An elderly lady enters.)

HEIDI: Peter says it is not possible for a person to learn to read.

LADY: What! well we shall see about that.

KLARA: O Grandmother, Grandmother, is it you?

GRANDMOTHER: (Going and kissing Klara). Yes, child, it is I. I thought I would give you a little surprise. How do you do, Mr. Longwords, and who is this little girl?

HEIDI: My name is Heidi and I live with my grandfather on the Alps.

GRANDMOTHER: And you cannot learn to read? I say you can, but if Mr. Longwords will excuse you, you shall both come and see the lovely things I have brought with me in my trunk.

MR. Longwords: Indeed, madam, this seems to be no day for lessons for any of us, so I will wish you good-day, and we will hope to do better to-morrow. Good-bye, all.

ALL: Good-bye, Mr. Longwords.

GRANDMOTHER: Seems to me I hear singing.

KLARA: Yes, it is a little glee club that has no place to practice so the children are allowed to come here once a week. They go out by one door and the Chorus comes in by the other. They sing several songs).

Three weeks have passed since the last scene, and Klara's father, Mr. Seseman, has just come home.

MR. SESEMAN: How good it seems to be at home again! Klara has not appeared so well for

months. (Miss Nopeace comes in.) Well, Miss Nopeace, why do you look so nervous? Is it not enough to make us happy that Klara seems so well?

MISS NOPEACE: We have been frightfully deceived.

Mr. Seseman: How so?

Miss Nopeace: We had decided, as you know, to have a companion for Klara in the house, and as I know very well how particular you are to have good and noble associates for your daughter, I chose a young Swiss child, expecting to see such a person as I have read about, one who goes through life without touching the earth.

MR. SESEMAN: I think Swiss children touch the earth if they move along, otherwise they would

have wings instead of feet.

Miss Nopeace: You know what I mean. One of those beings who pass us like an ideal breath.

MR. SESEMAN: What would Klara do with an ideal breath?

MISS NOPEACE: I am not joking, the matter is serious. I have been frightfully deceived.

MR. SESEMAN: How deceived? The child does not seem to me at all frightful.

MISS NOPEACE: If Mr. Seseman will have the patience to listen. In the first place, what do you think of piling up stale rolls in the closet where one hangs up one's clothing?

MR. SESEMAN: I should not choose to mix things in that way, but I see no absolute harm in it.

Miss Nopeace: Only about a week ago I met the child Adelheid going out of the front door with an old battered hat on her head, the one she wore when she came here, and a bundle of stale bread done up in a red handkerchief. I asked her what she meant, wandering about like a tramp. I'm not wandering, she said, I'm going home. I told her she was the most ungrateful creature I had ever heard of, and sent her back to her room. Going up a little later, I found she had put the bundle of bread in her clothes closet. When I ordered Sebastian to throw it away the creature cried so that I was afraid the neighbors would hear her.

MR. SESEMAN: What did she want the bread for?

MISS NOPEACE: She said she wanted it for the grandmother in the Alps.

MR. SESEMAN: That does not seem so very dreadful. Don't worry about the child. I'm sure these things you tell me are only childish pranks. Now please send Mr. Longwords to me that I may ask how Klara gets on with her lessons.

(Miss Nopeace goes out shaking her head. Mr. Long-words comes in). How is my daughter getting on with her lessons?

MR. LONGWORDS: Very well, Mr. Seseman. Also the little Adelheid has accomplished a wonderful feat. When she first came to me I could not get her to understand even the alphabet. Just as I had given up all hope of teaching her anything I found one day that she could read, and that, all of a sudden.

MR. SESEMAN: Had my mother anything to do with this?

MR. LONGWORDS: Not that I know of. The gracious lady seemed not at all astonished when I told her of it.

MR. SESEMAN: My mother is not easily astonished, but what is this tale I hear of the child's running away?

MR. Longwords: The little one is always talking of her grandfather's hut on the mountain and of the goats and the goatherd and the sun setting behind the snow peaks.

MR. SESEMAN: I hope the child is happy. I thank you, Mr. Longwords, for what you have told me, and to-morrow when the children have their lessons I will come into the class. (Klara and Heidi come in.) Well Klara, it is good to be at home again, and so this is our little Swiss friend. Come here and give me your hand. That's right. Now tell me, are you and Klara good friends? You do not quarrel and get cross and then make up and then begin over again?

HEIDI: No, Klara is always good to me. KLARA: Heidi has never tried to quarrel.

MR. SESEMAN: Good, good, I am glad to hear that; and now Heidi will you bring me a glass of water?

HEIDI: Fresh water?

Mr. Seseman: Yes indeed, quite fresh. (Heidi goes out.)

MR. SESEMAN: Now my dear little Klara tell me why Miss Nopeace is so disturbed about your little friend. She seems a peaceful, pleasant child.

KLARA: She is, papa, but she is different from other people and Miss Nopeace thinks she means to be naughty.

MR. SESEMAN: What about the bread she was carrying away tied up in a red handkerchief?

KLARA: She often tells me of the good grand-mother who lived near her on the mountain. She is very old and Heidi thinks it must be difficult for her to eat the hard black bread, and she says she had promised her some nice white rolls from Frankfort.

MR. SESEMAN: Do you think the child wants to go home?

KLARA: I think she loves her grandfather very much and I think she loves me, too.

MR. SESEMAN: So you don't want me to send her home?

KLARA: Oh, no, papa, please don't send her home, since she has been here something happens every day and the time goes so quickly, — not at all as it did before she came, when nothing ever happened.

MR. SESEMAN: Very good, very good.

KLARA: Here comes your little friend back again. Have you brought cool, fresh water?

HEIDI: Yes, fresh from the well.

KLARA: Did you run to the well for it your-self, Heidi?

Heid: Yes, indeed, it is perfectly fresh, but I had to go a long way. There were so many people at the first well, I went through the whole street to the second well. There were just as many people there, then I went to another street and there I got the water, and the gentleman with the white hair sent his regards to Mr. Seseman.

MR. SESEMAN; So your expedition was very

successful; and who was the gentleman?

HEIDI: He was passing by the well. When he saw me he stood still and said, "As you have a glass you might give me a drink." He asked me to whom I was taking the water, and when I told him Mr. Seseman he laughed very loud and said you ought to enjoy it.

MR. SESEMAN: Who could it have been?

What did the gentleman look like?

HeIDI: He laughed pleasantly. He had a gold chain and on it was a thing with a red stone. His cane had a horse's head.

KLARA: Oh that is my old doctor. (The Grandmother comes in.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

## North End Items

SARAH BERMAN

North Bennet Industrial School and Social Service House.

The North End Garden Association held the first meeting of the season on Tuesday, April 25. Mr. Greener spoke of the work done last year and Mr. Tomlinson set forth plans for the coming Summer. It was thought best to put all efforts on window boxes as there is little room in the North End for other kind of gardens. Seeds and loam have been given by the Park Department and the Congressmen of the district. Earth, seeds, help and advice may be had at the school.

The annual exhibition held on Friday, Saturday

and Sunday, May 5th, 6th, and 7th far surpassed any display yet seen and having said that no more need be said.

Civic Service House.

Summer classes in elementary English, civics, algebra and electricity will be organized the first week in May.

May 5th, the House had its Annual Ball at Copley Hall. The feature of the evening was a Shakespearian Ballet representing scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Love's Labor's Lost."

May 14th the United Clubs will have their final meeting of the 1915 and 1916 season.

June 15th the Agassiz Camp will open.

Medical Mission.

On June 1st all are cordially invited to attend an exhibition showing the work of the various clubs and classes of the House.

Library Club House.

April 15th, fifty or more social workers and teachers of the N orth End spent the afternoon at the Paul Revere Pottery in Brighton. We hope this is the first of a series of "get together meetings."

April 29, the children's groups presented "Theseus," "The Snow Queen," and the "Swineherd," at North Bennet Street Industrial School

Hall.

May 6th, members from all the groups presented "The National Flower," at the Winsor School.

May 16th, at 8 P. M., "As You Like It" will be given by the Thursday Evening Group at North Bennet Industrial School Hall.

May 25th, at 8 P. M., "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will be given by the Friday Evening Group at the North Bennet Industrial School Hall.

The groups adjourn for the Summer during the week beginning May 15th.

## S. E. G. Announcements.

May 20. Miss Bertha Schoff. Piano recital.

" 27. Miss Mary McSkimmon will talk about Wordsworth.

June 3rd. Miss Chevalier will talk on "Modern drama."

" 10. Last business meeting of the season.

PEARLMAN — PUNANSKY.

The engagement of Miss Fanny Pearlman to Mr. Harry Punansky is announced.

Mrs. Nathan Linfield sends word that a baby girl has arrived in her home.



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JUNE, 1916

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EDITH GUERRIER

### EDITORIAL

## Democracy

ALICE O. DAVIS

A GOOD word may be used so frequently and with such enthusiasm that it becomes a mere sound in the ears—a thing of no value. Have you, for instance, a real idea in your mind when you say you believe in democracy? So far as one can tell from the words of those who speak most of democracy, it means a kind of society where everyone is delightfully equal, where there are no real differences between people, and where everyone is perfectly interchangeable with everyone else. To me this seems an utterly false view—it does not exist in the world and we should not care for it, if it did exist.

But is there not a kind of democracy that we really are trying for, without conversing about it? Possibly we do not speak of it, because it is an extremely difficult thing to corner and drive into words; something which is far easier to feel than

to think. In fact, is it not much more an emotion than an idea or a concrete fact?

I can perhaps best explain what I mean by putting before you the opposing ideas which lie behind aristocracy and democracy. The aristocratic idea embodies itself in a sort of a social machine, while the democratic idea works out into something very like a living organism. If you take a child at birth and say, "Here! You are to be a king, or a butcher, or a tailor;" and if you proceed to train him to that end, you will achieve a society of extremely efficient kings, and butchers, and tailors - but nothing more. You will, in short, have a society of cogs. You may move them round, or take them out and repair them; but they will have no power of change or recuperation within themselves. For a certain time your machine will run smoothly; then it must be oiled and cranked up again. You can make a perfect machine, but you cannot make an organ-

Democracy, as I see it, is the emotional force which can turn a group of men into an organism, a thing which can grow and change from within. Just as love of great and beautiful things can bring unity into the life of the individual, so democracy can bring unity of action and of being to society. Aristocracy can often obtain the beauty of the perfected thing, but democracy has always the beauty of the unfinished, growing body which only suggests the perfection towards which it is striving. Aristocracy knows just what it wants, its ends are tangible, concrete; democracy knows only a great longing for a beauty and strength of which it can barely conceive. The condition of perfected aristocracy is static; democracy is always in process of evolution.

Worked out in terms of our own lives, the democratic person is, then, not the one who talks the equality of man; nor even the one who tries to live as if he were not different from every other living creature. It is comparatively easy to tell what the democratic person is not, but to tell what he is — "that is another story." You cannot tell a man how to experience the love of beauty and unity in his own life. No more can you tell him how to experience the love of a unified whole in society.

"But," you will say, "if you can't tell us what democracy is, why are you writing?"

And on second thought, perhaps 1 am writing not on "Democracy," but on "Why One Cannot Write about Democracy."

#### THE NORTH END

## The North End Garden Association

I. T. Tomlinson

Those who were present in the large hall of the North Bennet St. Industrial School one evening soon after the close of last summer's garden work, learned of the success which the North End Garden Association had accomplished during the previous season. The hall was crowded with an interested, eager throng who had helped to beautify their neighborhoods with window boxes, gardens on the roofs and gardens in the back yards.

Children and mothers were there to receive the awards bestowed for the good they had done in making the North End a better and happier place

in which to live.

Through the kindness of the teachers connected with the North End public schools, loam, flower and vegetable seeds had been distributed to the children in the early summer. Each child had paid a penny a pail for the rich earth, the seeds were contributed by the Government through the kindness of Congressman Gallivan. The Mayor of the city had taken an interest, and Mr. Dillon, Chairman of the Park Commission, had sent generous gifts of fruitful soil. Another earnest friend of the movement, Mr. Hugh Nawn had also contributed liberally rich loam. During the summer months a kind friend had regularly visited the children and the parents in their homes, had shown them how to cultivate the flowers and had encour-

aged them in the good work which was being done. The well-known florist, Mr. John Farquhar, cooperating with friends in the suburbs, supplied plants and flowers which were distributed among the boys and girls who were making a success with their little gardens.

The outgrowth of this spirit of friendly helpfulness was the production of many points of beauty in the narrow streets of the North End. It is quite generally known that there is but one piece of land in the North End which is being cultivated as a garden spot, and that is near the Battery Police Station. Here boys from the Hull St. School and their friends carry on a very successful garden work. Much credit for the value and helpfulness of this splendid piece of work is due the Women's Municipal League.

Everybody loves the out-doors. Every one is pleased to see growing plants and flowers, and those who are striving to bring sunshine and beauty into their homes, even under hard conditions, deserve the support of all who love the beautiful. This is why Garden Associations make a strong appeal not only to the people of the North End, but to those fortunate ones who live in the suburbs where the trees, green grass and flowers are abundant. All citizens are invited to take part in the work of these Associations, and those who would like to contribute toward the success of the North End garden movement may address the Editor of "The S. E. G. News."

#### **EDUCATIONAL**

## Summer Outings for School Children

SADIE GUTTENTAG

WITH summer and the close of school within thinking distance, it is proper that we begin to think what we shall do in our vacation. This question arises not only in the minds of the adult, but also in that of the older school child. I shall try to answer it for the school children in whom we are particularly interested—the members of the Library Clubhouse.

Since many of the children do not leave the city for more than a day at a time, I shall plan daily trips which we may take together. I am sure we shall find not only pleasure on these trips, but much in the way of interesting information which will aid us in our next year's work.

As there are many days in our vacation which

are cool and suitable for walking, let us choose such a day for our walk around Boston. Most of us have heard of the many men and deeds connected with our city in its early days, but few have stopped to look at those places made famous by them.

We start at Copp's Hill, where Generals Gage and Burgoyne watched the fight at Bunker Hill. At the foot of the hill is Christ Church where were hung the signals to Paul Revere. Walking on to Commercial Street, we find the bronze tablet which reminds us of the famous "Tea Party" of Revolutionary Days.

Let us now turn into broad Street and walk up State Street toward the old State House. Just before reaching the State House, on the corner of Exchange Street, we recall the Boston Massacre. If we wish to go into the State House we may see the meeting rooms of the Council and Assembly where many heated discussions took place. Coming out and looking above us we see the balcony from which the Declaration of Independence was read. The Lion and the unicorn on the State House help in turning our thoughts back to those days when this country was in its infancy.

We now walk up Washington Street to the Old South Meeting House, called the "Nursery of Freedom," and imagine the "Indians" leaving here in the twilight for the "Tea Party" on Commercial Street. Opposite on Milk Street we find the tablet marking the birthplace of "Ben" Franklin. Walking up School Street, we see the original site of the Boys' Latin School; while over the way in the City Hall yard is a statue of our wise statesman whose birthplace we have just seen.

Continuing on our way we come to Beacon Street, where is situated our present State House. If we are not too tired we might enter here and climb to the cupola, from which we can look back upon the way we have come and see also many of the places which we shall visit another day; for from this cupola, on a clear day, we may see for fifty miles in all directions. Now let us cross the Common in the shade of its trees, to the Public Gardens; where, while resting our bodies, we may feast our eyes on the many beautifully colored flower-beds, before returning to our homes.

Another cool day we may board a Harvard Square car and see the "Yard" and the various buildings which comprise Harvard University. While in Cambridge we visit the Longfellow and Lowell houses and see also the "Washington Elm" where George Washington took command of the army.

Another day a Bunker Hill car will take us to Monument Square, then climbing to the top of Breed's Hill we come to the place where the Americans made such a brave stand. Though there may be many cool days, there are also days when we long for the breezes of the ocean or the shade of the woods, so we must plan for these days too. This morning we take our lunches and board a City Point car. We go to the end of the route

and spend our morning on the beach and at the aquarium. After lunch we walk across the bridge to Castle Island. Here we come to Fort Independence which for two hundred years aided in the protection of Boston.

On another day we go to Franklin Park, which is the home of the many animals which are fast becoming the friends of Boston. We eat our lunch under a group of shady trees and then climb School-master's Hill, so called because Ralph Waldo Emerson lived here while teaching in Roxbury. A short walk then brings us to the Duck Pond, the sight of which is so refreshing.

Another day we may spend at Winthrop, by crossing the ferry, and a short train ride. Some hot day we might picnic at Spot Pond, on the Middlesex Fells Reservation. An afternoon might be spent wandering leisurely through the beautiful Arnold Arboretum which is the Botanical Garden of Harvard University.

Rainy days or even very hot days we may spend at the Museum of Natural History at Boylston and Berkeley streets, which is open to the public without charge, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Our Public Library at Copley Square must not be forgotten, for it is one of the finest public libraries in the world. Here we are attracted by the cool, quiet rooms where we may glance through magazines and books, study the wonderful Sargent paintings, or, seated in the courtyard on a shady stone bench, we may watch the playing of the fountain.

I am sure many of us have never seen our Museum of Fine Arts on Huntington Avenue, near the Fenway, which we plan to visit on Saturday or Sunday, the "free days." Our pleasure in the beauties here is increased by the coolness of the marble galleries. One thing we must surely remember to see in the Museum is the reproduction of a Japanese garden.

There are many more interesting trips which school children may take; these are but a suggestive few. Thus with a little planning, a pleasant and profitable vacation may be had at very little expense.

### SOCIAL SERVICE

## Report of the Library Clubhouse

September 1915 to May 1916 REBECCA G. HEIMAN

We have a right to feel pleased with our groups this year. We say that each passing year is the best and we can add another year to the last. Reports are as good for us who are in close touch with the work as those who come to visit, for though we know that we have done many things during the year, it is well to look over our happenings and sum them up.

Our Monday afternoon group has twenty-four members, girls of the graduating class in the grammar school, and the first year of high school. They have had with Miss Tremere, the lives of

the great English authors and some representative work of each. Their last author was Dickens and they were told the story of "Great Expectations." In the business meetings they took the same ethical subjects that were taken last year, and several times one of the members lead the discussion instead of Miss Tremere. It is interesting to get the group's point of view on "Comradeship," "Courtesy," "Loyalty," "Sincerity," etc.; and we feel sure that subjects being taken up in the groups give food for thought to many who might not otherwise have had the ideas brought home to them in just that way. Miss MacIllvain was the pianist for this group. We are in close touch with their school work, as the Library Clubhouse also does "School Visiting," and though several of our girls were reported for poor work in the early part of the year, everyone is to pass in her year's work at high school.

We always thought Tuesday was our "Hoodoo" day. The children of that grade were, for the greater part, children who went into the candy factory just as soon as they became of age; and before the year was out many had gone to work. We are so glad that this year was different. The children, twenty-six in number, have been regular in attendance, fourteen never absent, and no child absent more than three times. At the beginning of the year, they were as much as, and many times more than, we could handle. A small number belonged to a "gang" and we felt the spirit. They were interesting children and very willing to help, when they felt like it, and very willing to be noisy on any occasion. That problem was solved, however, when one was selected secretary and another treasurer. We have had excellent reports from our secretary, and the treasurer's accounts, at party times, were absolutely correct. Miss Gertrude Goldstein told these children stories that might stimulate their desire for good reading, and that really did. They "just loved" Master Skylark, Katrinka, Lance of Kanana, etc. I think the following story will help you to realize how interested these youngsters are in the story-telling. Many of these children have to "mind" some younger brother or sister who is brought to "storyhour" and trained to keep quiet. But sometimes little four-year-olds are not interested in the stories, and are restless and noisy. One of the girls was asked to take her little brother out until the story was finished, since he disturbed the other children. Several weeks later the little fellow had to be brought again, because there was another new baby at home. He behaved beautifully during the afternoon and even sang with the children. Miss G. came in to visit for a few moments and when

she left we were startled by an agonized scream. The little boy, with both hands dug in his mouth tried to hold back the sobs but couldn't. What had happened? Some child said he had swallowed a pin, and many such reasons were offered. He was taken out and quieted, and then I learned the following story: Celia was "mad" because she had to miss that story, and she told her brother that if he came with her again, Miss G. would kill him; the youngster had to come, and when he saw Miss G. walk quickly into the room he thought his doom was at hand.

These children like to hear stories which illustrate ethical subjects. For instance, we took to illustrate "loyalty" the story of the good Bishop in Jean Valjean. It made such an impression on the children that a number have taken the revised edition and are reading the story.

"The Wednesdays," our youngest group, have twenty-two members. That does not include children of the third grade who have come regularly but could not join until they are in the fourth grade. These children have had, with me, many of Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales and continued stories, such as "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Lost Prince," "Pinocchio," and a number of short stories. Many of the children take these books from the Library and read them, and very often they ask for stories which they have read and like to hear told again. This group does not have business meetings, but the members like to have reports "just like the older girls." The "Tuesdays" are their ideal, and so each week a different child is given the distinction of being secretary for that afternoon.

The Thursday Afternoon Girls have traveled in Europe with Miss Cross, this year. A different place was visited each week, and they all hope some day to "really go over." Miss Cross has an unusually good collection of pictures, and her descriptions are so vivid that all the girls feel a little acquainted with the places they have visited. Miss Grant has led the business meeting for part of the year and plays for singing and dancing. These girls took ethical subjects and places that one ought to visit in and around Boston. They voted to have only twenty members, but the rule had to be broken to admit girls who were anxious to get what the Clubhouse had to offer. All the girls take great pride in our House and have been helpful in many ways with the younger groups. They have helped usher, dress the children and fold costumes at the Saturday Afternoon performances of the Children's Plays at North Bennet

The Thursday Evening Girls have twenty-five

members. They have had a most interesting series of talks on Current Events and have heard many fine talks on the War, the Mexican Situation, Suffrage, and Preparedness. Several of these girls come on Thursday from work and have their suppers here. One of them said to me the other night, "I haven't wasted a single Thursday evening here. Every night has been worth while." I know there are many more in the group appreciative and eager to learn all they can. Miss Catherine Shea has been with this group all the season and has played for the chorus and the dancing.

Miss Guerrier has given several talks to the F. E. G.'s, and they have had a number of people come down and tell about the lives of great people of this generation, such as our President, the Kaiser, and Alice Freeman Palmer. Miss Annie Sharaf played the piano for the chorus.

Although the Paul Revere Pottery has moved to Brighton, our choruses and dancing have been very successful; for the girls have most generously given their time to teach the dancing as heretofore. Miss Celia Goodman has finished her fourth year with the Monday Afternoon Girls. Miss Lillie Shapiro has charge of the Thursdays, also for the last four years. Miss Theresa Molinari taught on Wednesday, Miss Albina Mangini on Thursday afternoon, Miss Sarah Galner on Thursday evenings, Miss Rebecca Heiman on Friday evenings, and Miss Catherine Casassa had an S. E. G. dancing class on Saturday evenings.

We want to extend to all those who have given their time our sincere thanks. Each one is dear to the hearts of the members of her group, and they have already asked if they couldn't have the same teacher next year.

The Normal Class, under Frances Rocchi, gave the girls both material and inspiration for their teaching. The Monday and Thursday afternoon girls, assisted by the Normal Class, danced at the Boston Theater in April, and we know that all the hard work was worth while, for the performance was a good one. The Thursday afternoon girls danced at the Hebrew Industrial School, and the Thursday Evening girls danced for Mrs. Papazian of the Civic Service House in two Russian plays that were given this winter.

The younger groups gave two afternoon performances at North Bennet Street, of plays that have appeared in the S. E. G. News. The children were faithful at rehearsals, and tried hard to do well. The tickets at these performances were ten cents each, and over twenty dollars was made in that way.

Miss Frances Rocchi's dance exhibition was successful, as was the performance of the National

Flower, at the Winsor School. The two Shakespearean plays, "As You Like It," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," were given on May 16th, and May 25th.

The S. E. G.'s, besides the time they devote to the groups, are interested in outside organizations such as the various Sunday Schools, the Y. W. H. A., High School Alumni Associations, and Home and School visiting, etc. Miss Guerrier, besides her work with our groups has acted as chairman of the Advisory Board of the North End School Centre, and chairman of the Committee on Streets and Alleys of the North End Improvement Association.

I can't close my report without speaking of the cleaning of our Clubrooms. The members have taken turns in sweeping and dusting after their meetings, so that the rooms are clean for the next groups. The only times a woman was engaged to clean, was for washing the floors and windows. The younger children consider it a reward to be allowed to stay and clean. We cannot forget to mention the parties that have taken place this season. Each group has planned its own party, bought its own refreshments and supplied the money, ranging all the way from three to fifteen cents from each member.

We hope that the connection with the Library Clubhouse has helped our members to be more useful at home and at school; has caused them to spend many happy afternoons and evenings; and is going to make them more useful women, with the desire to live up to the three things our House stands for, Love, Courtesy, and Happiness.

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#### A West End Watchtower

ALICE A. BURDITT

No one can approach the West End from any direction without observing the towering walls of Elizabeth Peabody House rising up from the group of low buildings surrounding it on three sides and facing the open spaces of the Charlesbank Park and the Charles River basin beyond.

Indeed it is a feature of a much larger section of Boston for it may be seen not only from the North and West Ends but from many of the approaches to the City from its various suburbs. In this, its position gives a very true idea of its place and purpose in the community. It does belong to the West End in a special sense, identified with its people and its interests, but it also belongs to the city as a whole and to the more distant parts of it where its influence has been carried by many who first learned to know and value their privilege

as citizens of Boston through what Elizabeth Peabody House has given them.

Elizabeth Peabody House opened its doors in 1896, at first, only to welcome a little group of nineteen children gathered in a kindergarten in a small house on Chambers Street. It took the name of Elizabeth Peabody House because its founders wanted to honor one of the first educators and philanthropists of Boston who, more than a hundred years ago, began a life work devoted to making this world a better place for men and women to live in. She introduced the kindergarten into this community (then known only in Germany) because she thought that the right education of children was the first step in social progress and that the kindergarten offered the opportunity of freest development. She had broad human sympathies and large views of citizenship, and nothing could more truly honor her memory than an institution which delights to welcome under its roof the young and old from every land.

The little group of residents who started the kindergarten soon found, as they began to live in the neighborhood, that they could not stop with the kindergarten, and they began to call to the House the older brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers, and as they became more acquainted with the neighborhood the work grew, and more and more room was needed, so that in 1910 the double house at 87 Poplar Street was taken, which for so many years was a real neighborhood center. More and more boys and girls flocked there, clubs and classes and a Milk Station were added, and at last the residents of Elizabeth Peabody House found themselves like the old woman "who lived in a shoe." "They had so many children they didn't know what to do," so the friends of the House made a great effort, and the result was that in 1893 the new House was built and, though it is just as full as the old House was, its many floors can provide meeting places for many more groups. There is a registration of more than 1500 in its 110 clubs and classes. It provides for the interests of the children as its founders intended that it should, through its kindergarten and also through its Milk Stations and its baby clinics and mothers' meetings, and later through all sorts of clubs and classes where children can enjoy games and dancing and learn housekeeping, sewing, basketry, carpentry and other forms of industrial work. Its older groups carry on similar lines of more advanced work and are especially noted for their fine team work in sports, their well conducted debating clubs and their remarkably good dramatic performances. A House Council, consisting of representatives of the adult clubs, holds regular

meetings and does much to establish high standards of club conduct. Through this Council a Summer School for Immigrants has been carried on which has proved a valuable means of laying the foundation of citizenship for the hundreds who arrive each year from foreign shores.

The Theatre has given much pleasure to the neighborhood by the fine dramatic performances given there, and also as providing a neighborhood forum where important questions are often discussed by large numbers on Sunday evenings.

The Gymnasium offers a fine opportunity for building up health and strength, and is also much enjoyed for dancing. There is a House orchestra which furnishes music on various public occasions, and instructions on the piano and violin and opportunity to practice is furnished to children who show musical talent.

It is the policy of the House Council that the clubs should be self-supporting. All are partially so, and many carry on their work entirely through their own club dues, and also unite in gifts to the House (as in the case of the beautiful House flag presented at the dedication of the building).

All the available space from the basement pool room to the fifth floor is filled with club activities, but mention should be made of the 6th and 7th floors, where a group of eighteen residents, men and women representing various interests in the community, live together united by a common desire to enter into the life of the neighborhood and to know its people. They form relationships through their connection with the club groups and mingle in neighborhood life, always trying to coöperate in any movements that make for better housing conditions, better schools, better local and civic administration.

Elizabeth Peabody House does not belong to any one class or group of people. It belongs to West End and in the fullest sense to the City and State which it is organized to serve.

#### THE LIBRARY

## The Immigrant and his Education

JOHN FOSTER CARR

Director Immigrant Publication Society

To write of educational opportunities of any sort for Boston readers is, proverbially speaking, like carrying coals to the old, sooted coal town of Newcastle. Look around you! Schools, universities, libraries, museums, art galleries, lecture halls! The places old in fame with great associations, the most eloquent and effective teachers of American history and American democracy—monuments

dear to the hearts of all Americans, everywhere in our Republic! Then, in these days of new interest in civics, we have open before us the whole machinery of federal, state and city government and every activity of public service, from legislature to fire department, from courts to health bureau. They are opportunities all free, or nearly free, open to every one of us, with the small exertion of seeking knowledge repaid a hundred fold. Unceasingly does Educational Opportunity knock at immigrant doors, and the call rings loud: "Come and Learn!"

And yet for the adult immigrant as for the adult American—indeed for us all, young and old, after we have fulfilled the law's requirement of school attendance—the appeal made by all these extraordinary opportunities of education is ridiculously small. More or less, it is the same everywhere. Here in New York, after careful and earnest trial, it was found impossible to keep open for evening visitors our Metropolitan Museum of Art—the museum with the most splendid exhibit of art in all America. The expense was formidable, the number of visitors, in spite of large advertising, never more than a handful. Again, in New York the other day it was a question of giving certain educational opportunities to young women through the agency of the settlement house. Years of work had been given to the project; money had been spent very generously; there had been many able helpers. What was the result? A liberal estimate claimed that 3,000 had been reached by the work. Those who should have been reached numbered 170,000! A drop in the bucket! hope you manage these things better in Boston!

How shall we make more effective these obvious opportunities that "everybody" knows about? Particularly for the immigrant, educational work needs to be made more vital and useful, for the immigrant is a wonderfully keen judge of what is practical. And then, as this is an age of publicity, we need far-reaching "advertising" of opportunities, because it is often surprising what close guarded secrets are these things that "everybody" is supposed to know.

But the first thing to be done is to get our own people to care. The keynote of all achievement, the force that sets on foot and accomplishes every great movement, is the enthusiasm of somebody who cares about it. How shall we get people to care? It is a basic thing for the work, this caring for the immigrant, this taking a heart interest in him, for his own and our country's sake.

Understanding the immigrant! Ours is an impatient young country; above all, and to our present purpose, impatient with the immigrant. It is an impatience largely based upon a woful misunderstanding, and, until it is removed, and we learn

really to know the man and his needs, we shall be able to do little in the way of teaching and helping him to take advantage of these crowding opportunities.

That, then, is the first step! To enlighten the ignorance of our native born! We have endless preaching of the shortcomings of our foreign born. Let us now be taught the large human facts that will tell the whole story of our immigrant, the background of his life, the inspiring as well as the hard and depressing things of the home land; the qualities that will be of constructive use and help to us,—his honesty, his industry, his loyalty, his sentiment; his ambition, so often eager and restless; his zest for new ideas; his reaching out, striving, struggling for new and better New World things; his jealous love of American freedom, his enthusiasm and reverence for the ideals of our country, her broad and generous lines of government, her ennobling humanitarian principles. We have heard these things of the gifted and exceptional individual. We have not heard them of the mass of our immigrants, yet in a heartening proportion they are also true of the mass, a tale as yet almost untold.

So in a great measure the immigrant's educational opportunity depends somewhat upon the use that his American teachers have made of opportunities to learn the vital facts of their pupil's life and character. And here again, what chances are missed! I had a call not long ago from a university graduate, who had served as a resident worker in a settlement house in a Jewish district. He could write learnedly of immigration, but he admitted that he had not learned a single Yiddish word, or even a single Hebrew character, during his entire year of work. He liked, he said, to preserve "the air of delightful mystery of the strange signs and of the strange jargon." It had never entered his head that these immigrants whom he met daily might teach him anything. He was there to teach them?

Unquestionably we Americans need to develop a spirit of tolerance broader, more generous and cosmopolitan. It is true that the immigrant often comes to our country with no special love of America, but only seeking work. The fine human material, however, is still there, and simple gratitude is apt to be a magical transforming and naturalizing power. He must be made to feel that he "belongs" here. The idea that he is a stranger within our gates must be dissipated, if he is to weave himself and his personality, his work and his daily life into the fabric of which America is made.

It is a vast help for his Americanism, if we are careful to honor the country of a man's origin, remembering that if he is not first a loyal Greek or Italian, he can hardly in the end become a loyal and worthy American. The wonder experience teaches me is that if we, Americans born, would but take the trouble to know our immigrants better, many a time we should have our own patriotism refreshed through contact with the beauty, the lover-like extravagance even, of their devotion to their new country.

It is just the same, it seems to me, with the immigrant. His first and greatest educational opportunity is to know the American, for through the American he will best learn to know America for what it really is. Now, intimate personal relations, friendship and brotherhood, with Americans, full entrance into our American life, is an exceedingly difficult thing for the newcomer who speaks no English. The school is often a hard road to this first necessary knowledge. Its mixed classes, young men and old men, women and boys, its unescapable formalities and discipline, its fixed hours, all that, is very difficult for the adult workman immigrant, tired after a long day's work.

But, happily, these last four or five years the library, and in a very special way, the Boston Public Library, has entered very effectively this new field of service, by giving the immigrant books in his own language, particularly books about America and American life, books teaching English. Many librarians feared at first that books in foreign languages would cultivate a foreign spirit and actually prevent learning English. But the exact contrary has proved to be the truth. The "foreign shelves," including the best, simplest and most useful books of foreign literature, have directly stimulated the general circulation of books in English, especially of books on citizenship and American history. One librarian says that her foreign born read better books than the native born. The results have been so encouraging that library after library has taken up the work. Within one recent year our New York Public Library increased its considerable foreign list by a fifth. And how well these books were used! For during the year following, the circulation of books in one of these languages, the Yiddish, has increased by 42 per cent.

The Library doors now swing invitingly open for the immigrant. He was formerly a stranger in a strange land. In the library he has found at last a place among Americans, where he is treated as a friend and a brother; a place of interest, where men and women are helpful, but not patronizing; where no one is too young or too old; where a man may read comfortably, resting; a place with an atmosphere of spoken English; a common meeting ground with Americans, of participation

with them in the best things which the country offers. "And in the library," an enthusiastic immigrant writes me, "he drinks thirstily from a source of learning hitherto denied him. Behold a citizen in the making!"

It is a work that no longer depends upon theory. It is a proved success. We must try our best, you and I, to spread widely among our immigrant friends a knowledge of the helpful good things the library offers. And we must strive to promote and increase in every way a truer and deeper mutual knowledge, for the American of the immigrant — and for the immigrant of America. This will make for a revival of the inspiring democracy, too often forgotten nowadays, that wass the foundation of the Republic. That is the largest educational opportunity of which I have any knowledge!

## CONTRIBUTED Along The Border

THERE is always a fascinating, mysterious feeling about the boundary of a country, or even that of a state or a city. I can remember my disappointment on my first long railway journey inland when I found that Nebraska was not pink, as my geography had led me to believe, but a flat, prosaic brown. I always think that people who are fortunate enough to have been born near real boundaries, like the ocean or a great river, must have experienced that delicious sensation that I imagined, when I should cross the line into Nebraska and catch a glimpse of bright pink corn fields with coal black rivers winding through them. The geographies are quite right, however, when they show a boundary by changing from one color to another, which is the vividest way of putting the question.

It may be because I have never yet set foot in Mexico, that I have such a strong feeling of the difference between it and even our Wildest West. I have looked across at Juarez with its adobe huts and old churches; I have looked down the green valley of the Rio Grande— half theirs and half ours; I have watched the sun sink down into their grim black hills; but I have yet to cross the International Bridge.

Once I climbed to the top of Mt. Franklin, just on our side of the border. It was a dark day with a great gale of wind blowing down the valley. I clung to the sharp pointed rocks at the top of the mountain, and leaned over the sheer drop into Mexico. Directly under me wound the twisting, muddy river with its narrow border of brilliant green, and on its farther bank, the straggling, yellow adobe

town. Beyond, stretching off to the western horizon, towered the black mountains; at their feet lay the smelter with its red furnaces, and the great black slag pile, bursting into flame every minute, like the huge camp-fire of some robber chief, returned from a foray in the valley.

I think I never really believed in bandits until that moment. All at once I understood how men could come creeping out of hidden caves, how they could swoop down on the adobe villages near the river, and then ride back again with their booty. Without being told, I knew that there must be gold and silver and precious stones hidden away in the Mexican hills. The mounds of crumbling black rock are great treasure vaults; they support no life but the bandit people, no growth but the prickly cactus and the yucca — and they guard the treasure well.

It was not many months after my climb up the mountain, that Pancho Villa swooped down from his stronghold in the north to kill and steal across the border. To my own surprise I found that I could understand why he did it. I realized, of course, that one could not ride down Beacon Hill and make a foray into Cambridge; but, somehow, it was perfectly logical and right for a little brown bandit, with his little brown followers to ride out of the Mexican hills and raid the lowlands. may be that some ancestor of mine, some old robber baron of the middle ages, is stirred to life in me at the mere sight of the Mexican fastnesses. However that may be, I know that if I had lived all my life in those hills, and had grown up to be a part of them — instead of being a part of Cambridge, or of Boston, or of New York — that I could have done the same thing.

But what would come of the conflict between the people of the hills and the people of the cities and the lowlands? The yellow tents of our soldiers in camp began to be torn down, great wagon trains started northward, train after train of soldiers in khaki pulled out for the part of the border where Don Pancho had made his raid.

"It will be another Philippine campaign," the men said. "Look out for a knife in the back."

They started off toward the grim black hills through the broiling March heat of the southern desert. At first the military censor held back every bit of news, so that Villa might hear nothing of the troop movements through our newspapers. I could imagine how he must have laughed at that; he, who could climb one of his peaks and spy out the slightest moving speck in the desert. Soon, however, men began to come back to our hospital, some lamed by the forced marches, some stricken

blind by the glare of the desert sun. A week of freezing weather and snowfall in the mountains sent back dozens with pneumonia—they had only a blanket apiece, and the mountain winds were so fierce that there could be no night fires. They were not fighting Villa, they told us, they were fighting the country, the desert and the mountains. If the little brown soldiers were treacherous, their ravines and precipices were a thousand times more so; if the men were cruel, they had much still to learn from the barren, rocky desert.

Of late I hear rumors of the withdrawal of our men—with their work still undone. I wonder how long those grim, silent Mexican hills will sneer across the border at us in wicked triumph. It is as they said, "See! We have brought up our sons well. They are cunning with the knife and Krag; they are quick to strike and quicker to retreat. They have learned to loot the rich mines of the foreigner, to squeeze his last peso out of the peon, that they might buy better guns than yours. Their machine guns do not fail them. What can you do against us and our training?"

Not long ago I saw a man in khaki, off guard, sitting on the bank of the river, and smoking endless cigarettes—as all men in khaki do. He looked across at the Mexican hills as if he heard their taunts. It may be that he thought of the time when he should help to make them sing another tune; when their little brown men should be brought under the law; when the mines and the smelters and the railroads should eat their hearts out and break their power. All at once he caught sight of a ragged Carrancista outpost on the other side. He threw his half-burned cigarette butt far out into the river, as one who would throw down his gauntlet before a foe. And, as I started down the river road, I heard him say aloud, "Just you wait, old tops, we're a-comin' over pretty soon."

From the curve of the road I looked back, to see him still watching in the same place, and patiently rolling a new cigarette.

#### Heidi

(Concluded from May number.)

GRANDMOTHER: My son is it you? When did you come?

MR. SESEMAN: I came unexpectedly a few hours ago. They told me you had gone out to tea. These children did not want to go to bed till you got back.

GRANDMOTHER: Here I am and it's quite time you went off to bed, children. A good hug and

a kiss for you both. Now off with you. (The children go out.)

MR. SESEMAN: What has the ghost been doing

lately, mother?

GRANDMOTHER: Nothing. The servants are in constant terror and as for Miss Nopeace she could not be in a worse state if she actually beheld this ghost before her. (Enter Miss Nopeace.)

MR. SESEMAN: Well, Miss Nopeace, what

tr.cks has the ghost been playing now?

Miss Nopeace: Indeed, Mr. Seseman, it is no laughing matter. I have no doubt at all that by to-morrow you will find it serious enough. What is going on signifies that something terrible must have happened here in days gone by and has been kept secret.

MR. SESEMAN: Well, I know nothing but good of my ancestors, but rest assured I will solve the mystery to-night. (Miss Nopeace goes out. Mr. Seseman rings a bell and Sebastian comes in.) Now, Sebastian, have you and John seen this ghost?

SEBASTIAN: John has seen it. We watched in the room opening into the great half before the door. We kept awake till eleven o'clock. Then we went to sleep. At one o'clock we waked, both of us at the same time. John got up and went to the door and opened it wide; the next minute he shut it and locked it, trembling like a leaf, and as white as a sheet. He said he saw a white form on the steps and that it came toward him.

MR. SESEMAN: To-morrow I may be able to show you and John how this ghost looks by daylight. By the way, have you locked the front door?

SEBASTIAN: Yes, and bolted it.

MR. SESEMAN: Very well. You may go. (Sebastian goes.) Now, mother, Dr. Kindman is coming to watch with me to-night, and we will soon find who this ghost is.

GRANDMOTHER: Well, goodnight, my son.

MR. SESEMAN: Good night, mother. (Enter Dr. Kindman.) Ah, good evening, Doctor. Are you ready to help me catch a ghost?

DR. KINDMAN: Quite ready. You say it comes

about one o'clock.

Mr. Seseman: So they tell me.

Doctor: Well, perhaps it will favor us by

coming earlier.

MR. SESEMAN: Perhaps. I am sure the time will pass quickly enough. Here are some good books to read and we have many things to talk about.

DOCTOR: How still it is! Has every one gone to bed already?

MR. SESEMAN: Oh, yes; we are early birds here. Hush, did vou think you heard a noise?

DOCTOR: (Listening.) Yes, I did. I seem to hear the front door opening. (He tiptoes to the door.) Who's there? (A little scream is heard.) Why, Seseman, it is your little water carrier.

MR. SESEMAN: My child, what does this mean?

- Voice: (Outside.) I don't know.

DOCTOR: Seseman, this case belongs to me. You go and sit down in your easy-chair. I will take the child back where she belongs. (He goes out.)

GRANDMOTHER: (Comes in.) My son, I thought I heard a noise in the lower hall. Where is the doctor?

MR. SESEMAN: Mother, the ghost mystery is solved. The ghost was the little Heidi, who it seems walks in her sleep.

GRANDMOTHER: Why should the child do this every night, and why should she open the front door? I do not understand this.

MR. SESEMAN: Here comes the doctor. He will tell us.

DOCTOR: I asked the child where she wanted to go. "I didn't want to go anywhere," she said. "I did not go down there myself. I was only there all at once." I asked her if she remembered dreaming anything. "Yes," she said. "Every night I dream and always the same thing. I think I am with my grandfather and I hear the fir trees roaring, and I think now the stars are sparkling in the sky, and I run swiftly and open the door of the hut and it is so beautiful there, but when I wake I am always in Frankfort.

MR. SESEMAN: Do you mean to tell me that the child is homesick?

DOCTOR: I mean to tell you the child should be sent home to her grandfather to-morrow.

MR. SESEMAN: Klara will be heart-broken.

DOCTOR: Klara must be sent to this wonderful place next summer, my friend. Who knows what good it might do her?

MR. SESEMAN: Ah, that is a wonderful plan. Well, now; the ghost mystery is settled. We can go to our beds and sleep in peace and tomorrow the child shall start for the place she is always dreaming of. (They go out and some one sings a slumber song.)

(Once more you see the grandfather's but on the high mountain. Grandfather and Heidi before the hut.)

HEIDI: Grandfather, how long is it since I came from Frankfort?

GRANDFATHER: Three months.

HEIDI: Grandfather, do you think they will come to-day?

GRANDFATHER: Perhaps.

HEIDI: I think I see them far down the moun-

tain. Yes, it is the grandmother, and there behind her is Klara. O grandfather, they will soon be here! O let us have breakfast here, out of doors, so it will be all ready for them when they come. (She hurries about, sets table, etc. The Grandfather sings. The Grandmother and Klara come in.)

GRANDMOTHER: Dear little child. How glad

we are to see you!

KLARA: It seems a thousand years since I said

goodbye to you.

GRANDMOTHER: My dear grandfather what a splendid situation you have here. A king might envy you.

KLARA: Oh, how beautiful it is. I should

like to stay here.

GRANDFATHER: Come, let us have some breakfast. Here are bowls of goats' milk, wheaten cakes, and toasted cheese.

KLARA: (Tasting the milk.) I never tasted anything so good before. Grandmamma, if I could

only stay!

GRANDFATHER: I have an idea, if the grandmamma will listen to me and not be opposed to the plan, I think if we could keep the little daughter up here a while she would gain strength. There are so many shawls and wraps that we could easily make a bed with them and I will take care of the child with pleasure.

Grandmother: My dear uncle, you are a wonderful man. I was just saying to myself, "Wouldn't a stay up here give the child real

strength."

KLARA: Then I shall go up to the pasture with the goats and see the lovely flowers and hear the robber bird.

GRANDFATHER: Yes, we can wheel you up there in your chair.

GRANDMOTHER: And I will come to see you whenever you need me. How is the good grandmother, Heidi, for whom you saved the rolls?

HEIDI: She is very well in the warm summer weather, but in the winter her bedclothes are too thin and her head goes down hill on the bed.

GRANDMOTHER: We must see about that. I will send her a bed with some nice fat pillows.

HEIDI: O Grandmother, will you?

GRANDMOTHER: Of course, and you have not asked what is in the big basket. It is filled with soft rolls and many good things for the grandmother.

HEIDI: Dear Grandmother, I can never thank you enough.

GRANDFATHER: Let us go into the hut now and make Klara's bed on the soft hay. (They go in. Enter Peter.)

PETER: Now that these people from Frankfort have come I shall not see Heidi. I wish they had

stayed away. What is that over by the goat's shed? It must be the wheel chair the crippled child is to ride in. If it should be broken the child could not go to the pasture with Heidi and me; I think I'll go and look at it. (He goes out. The others come out of the hut.)

GRANDMOTHER: Well, grandfather, and you children, since you are so comfortable here, I think I'll go back to the village and send word to my son, Klara's father, how well everything is ar-

ranged.

KLARA: Goodbye, Grandmother, we will write you every day. (Grandmother kisses the two children and goes out.) Heidi, will you see if my wheel chair is safe by the goat shed? I shall want to ride in it to the pasture.

HEIDI: Why, Klara it is gone, gone, the wind must have blown it far down the mountain. I can see a little heap of yellow that must be the wood, and of red that must be the cushions, far down the mountain.

KLARA: Oh, Oh! then I cannot go to the pasture.

GRANDFATHER: What is this you cannot go to the pasture?

KLARA: My chair has blown down the mountain and is broken.

GRANDFATHER: We will go just the same, for I will carry you when you are tired. (They go into the hut.)

Heidi: Nobody believes such a thing. The Grandmother in Frankfort knew it wasn't true. She told me I ought not to believe it either. Now I will teach you to read. I know how very well. You must learn now once for all and then you must read to your grandmother.

PETER: Don't want to.

HEIDI: Then I will tell what will happen if you never learn anything. Your mother has already said twice that you should go to Frankfort and learn something, and I know very well where the boys go to school there. Klara showed me the frightfully big house when we were out driving. There they don't go merely when they are boys, but just the same when they get to be great big men. I saw that myself, and then you mustn't suppose there is only one teacher there, as we have here, and such a kind one. Whole rows, ever so many together, are always going into the house, and all of them are dressed in black as if they were going to church, and they have high black hats on their heads.

PETER: Then I will learn now.

HEIDI: That is good. I will run in doors and get the book. (Comes back with book.) Now spell out the sentence.

PETER: If A, B, C, you do not know before the school board you shall go. I will not go.

HEIDI: Where?

PETER: Before the School Board.

HEIDI: Then try to learn the three letters and you won't have to go.

PETER: A, B, C,—A, B, C,—A, B, C,—

HEIDI: Now you know these. I will read the rest of the verses to you. D, E, F, G, must smoothly fly or else misfortune will be nigh. If H, I, J, K, are forgot misfortune is upon the spot. Whoe'er on L, M, still will stumble must pay a fine and then feel humble. There's something bad and if you knew you'd quickly learn N, O, P, Q. If still on R, S, T, you halt no harm that comes will be your fault. If ever you mix U and V you'll go where you'll not like to be.

PETER: You'll see if I will.

HEIDI: If now you fail to know the W, there hangs a stick and it will trouble you.

PETER: There isn't any.

HEIDI: Yes, there is. Don't you know what grandfather has in the chest? A stick as big around as my arm, and when he takes it out he can say, Behold the stick and it will trouble you. If you the letter X forget, for you no supper will be set.

PETER: Who said that I should forget?

HEIDI: If you on Y to-day delay, with scorn and shame you'll go away. Who hesitates upon the Z with the Hottentots shall be.

PETER: Yes, when nobody knows where they

HEIDI: Grandfather knows. Just wait and I will ask him right away where they are.

PETER: Wait.

HEIDI: What is the matter?

PETER: Nothing. Come back and I will learn

HEIDI: Do you know the first three letters?

Peter: A. B. C.

HEIDI: Good. You can go home now.

PETER: You will come with me to-morrow? HEIDI: Yes.

PETER: The stranger child will not come?

HEIDI: Yes, she will. (Peter groans and goes off.) The sun is setting. I must run inside and tell Klara. She can see the sunset from the bed where she lies. (She goes in. Dance of the Sunset clouds. Enter Klara and Heidi.)

KLARA: It is a month to-day since I came, and O Heidi, to think I shall never need my crutches again. Grandmother will be beside herself for joy, and how can I wait to see my father?

HEIDI: Here comes Peter.

PETER: A letter.

HEIDI: (Taking it.) It is for you, Klara.

KLARA: (Opening and reading) Dear children, how good of you to write me every day. I feel just as if I were with you on the mountain from the time you wake up and look out at the sun rising above the snow peaks till it sets and the moon comes in the quiet sky to shine down on the hut and the fir trees. Now my children, I am coming to see you Thursday morning. Heidi, ask the grandfather what day it is.

HEIDI: It is Thursday.

KLARA: Then she will soon be here. We must begin to look for her.

HEIDI: When you see her coming you will get up and walk without your crutches.

KLARA: Yes, indeed I will.

GRANDFATHER: (Coming out of the hut afar off, with beautiful flowers which he places beneath the fir tree.) So the dear grandmother will soon be here. There is a white horse now coming up the valley. Perhaps it is she.

KLARA: It is she.

HEIDI: Let us go to meet her. (They go.)

GRANDFATHER: This will be the happiest day the good old lady has known for a long time. must put some flowers under the fir tree in honor of her visit. (Enter Grandmother and two children.)

GRANDMOTHER: Klara, to see you walking without your crutches is the most wonderful thing that has happened to me for years.

KLARA: Sit down, Grandmother, and we will tell you all about it.

GRANDMOTHER: How do you do, sir? How can we ever thank you? This is the result of your care.

GRANDFATHER: I am well repaid. The children will tell you how it came about.

HEIDI: It was all because Klara's wheel chair ran down the mounain and was broken in pieces:

KLARA: The good grandfather carried me in his arms to the great pasture and left Heidi and Peter and me alone with the goats.

HEIDI: I longed so to see the golden roses that I asked Klara if she would excuse me if I went. Then when I got there it was so beautiful that I could not bear that she should not see it. She had not brought her crutches, so Peter and I lifted her to her feet, then we held her up, and she began

KLARA: After that I could always walk.

Grandmother: I must write a telegram to your father to come at once. This good news must not be kept from him a moment. (She writes. Enter Mr. Seseman.)

Mr. Seseman: I thought I would give you all a surprise. Where is Klara?

KLARA: Father, don't you know me?

Mr. Seseman: Klara, is it really you? You

are so plump and so rosy. Oh, my dear, I should never have known you.

GRANDMOTHER: My dear son, the surprise you have given us is a fine one, but ours is better, is it not?

MR. SESEMAN: Yes, indeed, mother.

Grandmother: Now meet the grandfather, who is our greatest benefactor.

MR. SESEMAN: I can never thank you enough, and here is little Heidi fresh and blooming as a rose. Come, sir, walk apart with me. I must have a word with you alone.

GRANDMOTHER (seeing the flowers under the tree): How exquisite! How wonderful! What a sight! Heidi, did you put these here?

HEIDI: No, no, I really did not.

KLARA: It is like that up in the pasture, grand-mamma, and even more beautiful. But just guess who brought the flowers to you.

GRANDMOTHER: Who is that creeping along under the fir trees?

HEIDI: Why it is Peter. He must have put the flowers there.

GRANDMOTHER: Come, my lad, come here quickly, and don't be afraid. (Peter comes hanging his head.) There now, what is there to be frightened about? There now, tell me if you did this? (Peter does not see where she is pointing.)

PETER (trembling): Yes.

GRANDMOTHER: What is there to be fright-ened about?

PETER: Because, because it is broken to pieces and never can be made whole again.

GRANDMOTHER (to the Grandfather who has come in): My dear sir, is the poor boy really out of his mind?

GRANDFATHER: Not in the least, not in the least. The boy is the wind that blew away the wheel chair and now he is expecting the punishment which he well deserves.

GRANDMOTHER: But why should he harm one who never harmed him? I cannot believe it.

GRANDFATHER: You may well believe it. He thought Klara could not go to the pasture if she did not have the chair, and then he would have Heidi to himself. He really deserves to be punished.

GRANDMOTHER: No, no, my dear sir, we must not punish the poor fellow any further. One must be just. Strange people came here from Frankfort and he thought they would take away his Heidi again or that he would not have her to himself. He was angry, you see, and we are all foolish when we are angry. Come here, my boy, and listen to me. You sent the chair down the mountain?

PETER: Yes.

Grandmother: That was a wicked deed and you knew it well. You knew you deserved a punishment, and in order not to receive one you had to cover up what you had done. But you see whoever does a wicked thing and thinks no one knows anything about it is mistaken. When a person wants to conceal a wicked deed he wakens a little watchman who has a little sword with which he always pricks the person so that he has no rest and he is no longer happy. Is that so, Peter?

PETER: Yes, it is.

GRANDMOTHER: Well the next time you desire to do something wicked think of the little watchman with the little sword that pricks you. Will you, Peter?

PETER: Yes, I will.

GRANDMOTHER: That is good. Now you must have something pleasant to remember the people from Frankfort by. What would you like?

Peter (hesitating a long time): I should like ten penniës.

GRANDMOTHER: (Laughing heartily.) You shall have it, my boy. I will put it in my will. Do you hear, my son? To goatherd Peter ten cents a week as long as he lives.

PETER: Thank God. I must tell my mother. (He goes leaping away.)

GRANDMOTHER: What leaps and bounds! He will fall over the cliff. (She runs out after him followed by Heidi and Klara.

MR. SESEMAN: My dear sir, for many long years I have had no real happiness. What was all my money to me when I looked at my poor child. Dear friend, I cannot tell you how much I thank you. Is there anything you wish for?

GRANDFATHER: I am no longer a young man. I should like to feel that the child Heidi would never want a home.

MR. SESEMAN: That she never shall, but, good friend, we have all of us many years to live yet. However, here is my hand, you have your request granted. The child shall never want a home. (Grandmother and children come in.) Well, now, suppose we all go up to the goat pasture.

THE END.



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#### **Editorial**

When a person is on board ship he knows that he is travelling to a certain place. If he falls overboard he clings to anything that will keep his head above water, and kicks with his feet and struggles with his arms to hasten his progress toward shore. Perhaps he is carried to China or to the East Indies where he has to perform hard menial labor to earn sufficient money to continue his journey. If he is in earnest he will perform the labor and use the money to carry himself toward his destined goal.

Perhaps he is carried to Africa and goes with hunters of big game into the jungles—but always, whether he sees the stars through the interlacings of tropical foliage like jewels in a velvet mantle or shining coldly bright like silver nails in an ebony vault above the arctic snows, always he knows those stars will one day shine for him above the "Land of Hearts' Desire."

Now this "Land of Hearts' Desire" is a place where "the poem of creation is uninterrupted," where nothing stagnates, where work does not mean weariness and where pleasure is not necessarily the fruit of pain.

This "Land of Hearts' Desire" really lies in the realm of mind and philosophers tell us one can attain to it in a dungeon or a desert. They further tell us when we have attained that the walls of the dungeon will disappear and the sands of the desert will blossom, but we are admonished then to be eternally watchful lest other walls be built and to keep the fertile ground well watered lest it again lapse into a desert.

To reach this longed for land some choose to travel by train and some by motor, others by steamship, and many a one toils there along the dusty road of life afoot, but none should seek to travel it alone. The roughest climb becomes less toilsome when the good comrade tells a noble tale or sings a merry song, the fall over a precipice does not mean death when the hand above flings down a well woven rope and when the land is reached its joys are doubled and trebled a hundred-fold by being shared.

In the "Land of Hearts' Desire" there is opportunity for all who will take it. There is equal sharing of work as well as play. It is the unequal sharing that makes the land such a far country for most of us. One's desire is instinctively to reach a place where he will not have any unpleasant work to do, forgetting that so long as he is causing anyone to do that work for him the land cannot be reached.

The S. E. G. Club and the Paul Revere Pottery exist to give opportunity for sharing all together of work and play. To the end that an acre of ground on Nottingham Hill may be an acre in the "Land of Hearts' Desire" where work shall go on happily, where there shall be time to plant beautiful gardens and hedges, to play tennis and to practice archery, as well as to wash dishes, scrub floors, mix glazes and fire kilns. To the end that that acre shall be as sacred to the hearts of our members as the round table was to King Arthur's knights, and that each shall strive to save it from scar or blemish, that each shall rightly be proud of his connection with it and shall loyally strive to make it in verity one of the garden spots of the "Land of Hearts' Desire."

We can afford to have a larger number of comrades with us and there must be many who would

like the opportunity of joining a club which offers real problems to think out, real tasks to be performed. The time will undoubtedly come when our limit will be reached, as we do not aspire to so large a membership that we cease to be on a footing of comradeship—but that time has not yet come and therefore let us give publicity to the invitation to know more about our doings and to join our organization.

Ten years ago the name S. E. G. meant a story hour group allowed the use of a room in the In-

dustrial School. To-day it means an S. E. G. group, six groups of younger children all financed by the S. E. G. and for the first time in Boston, given the use of beautiful Club rooms in a Library building. It means the Paul Revere Pottery, the S. E. G. Bowl Shop, and several summer shops, it means the use of a beautiful camp which we hope yet to finance ourselves, it means and it must ever mean to every member old and young: Love, Courtesy, and Happiness; Sincerity, Equality, and Growth.

#### THE NORTH END

#### Boston Harbor

CATHERINE M. CASASSA

Who the first discoverers of Boston Harbor were is not known. Some historians state it was probably discovered by the Northmen. was no attempt, however, to establish a plantation within the bay until after the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrims in 1620. About a year after the landing of the Pilgrims they started on an expedition under Captain Miles Standish to an Indian nation called Massachusetts, inhabiting Boston and vicinity. Accompanied by two Indians as guides, they visited several Indian colonies along Massachusetts Bay, exploring the country, trading with the natives, etc. This is the first recorded exploration of Boston Harbor. Various attempts for permanent settlement were made, but each failed, chiefly because of conflict with the natives. It was not until April, 1630, that a fleet of fourteen vessels set sail from England and began the permanent settlement of the coast of Boston Harbor, some settling at Dorchester, others at Mattapan, Charlestown, and finally Boston. In a previous article I have given a brief account of the early history of this settlement. I shall here tell briefly the past and present history of the harbor, including a few of its more important islands, lights, etc.

The following ancient description of the harbor will give the reader a fair idea of how it was viewed by our ancestors:

"This harbor is made by a great company of islands whose high cliffs shoulder out the boisterous seas, vet may easily deceive an unskillful pilot, presenting many fair openings and broad sounds which afford too shallow water for any ships, though navigable for boats and small pinnances. It is a safe and pleasant harbor within, having but one common and safe entrance, and that not very

broad; there is scarce room for three ships to come in 'board-and-board' at a time, but being once in, there is room for the anchorage of five hundred ships."

It is, indeed, an interesting change which has taken place during nearly three centuries which have elapsed since the settlement here, and one can hardly believe, as one sails down the harbor to-day, that it is the same harbor and the same islands at which our Pilgrim ancestors "moored their clumsy craft before the darkness fell."

Starting from Rowe's Wharf, looking toward the northwest is Charlestown. Toward the water's edge on the easterly end is the Navy Yard. The point of land on which this is situated separates the Charles and Mystic Rivers which here form a junction to enter the harbor.

Boston, first settled by William Noddle in 1629, before Boston was founded, and known as Noddle's Island. In the early days this was privately owned, and contained 663 acres of land, together with contiguous flats to low water mark. It was "layed to Boston" in March, 1636, and is still a part of the city, being connected with the main land by bridges, and by the "East Boston tunnel."

Looking to the southward, we see a long neck of land, South Boston. This was used by the early settlers for their cattle. The high part of this neck is known as Dorchester Heights, which figured so prominently in the evacuation of Boston, March 17, 1774.

Following what is known as the main ship channel, going southeasterly, is Bird Island Shoal to the left, the remains of a once respectable island, composed of gravel and loose stones, visible only at low tide. The island was used sometimes as a place for execution and burial of pirates in olden times.

The next island to the southeast is Governor's

or Winthrop's Island, so called because it was granted to Governor Winthrop in 1632 by the Colonial Legislature. The island continued in the possession of the Winthrop family until 1808, when a portion of it was sold to the government for the purpose of erecting a fort, which was called Fort Warren, in respect to General Joseph Warren. That name was subsequently transferred to the fort on George's Island. The new fort which later was erected on Governor's Island was called Fort Winthrop, in remembrance of the first governor to whom it was granted. The United States took possession of it in 1833. The island is now owned by the United States, but in 1902 Congress authorized its use as a park by the city. Nothing was done until 1911, when the Park Department began making improvements there, for which \$20,000 was appropriated. The island has been used at times for camping parties, when the harbor police didn't object, but as the government may want the use of the island at any time, it is not now used for any particular purpose.

Passing Fort Winthrop, the next island directly opposite is Castle Island, for many years a staunch defender of the city, located between the city and any threatening enemy, and the most ancient military post in the United States. Very soon after the settlement of Boston, the civil authorities began to consider the question of erecting defences in the harbor. For this purpose, in 1633, on the rising hill of the island, was built what was known as "The Castle." This was made first with mud walls, and later replaced with pine trees and earth. These soon decayed, and walls of brick were substituted. In 1673 the Castle was destroyed by fire and was rebuilt in 1674, and again reconstructed in 1701. Finally, the fort was built and called Fort Independence in 1797. The present stone structure was substantially built in 1850. The Castle was used as a place of confinement for thieves and other convicts from 1785, when the State ceded the island to the United States, until the State's Prison in Charlestown was built in 1805. The island is now under the charge of the Boston Park Department, and used for recreation purposes.

Apple Island is about one mile distant to the northeast of Governor's Island. This is a small round island, almost perfect in shape and gently rising from its shores to the centre. In the early days this island belonged to the city and was used for the pasturing of sheep and cattle, but because of its rich soil, and other advantages, became popular before the Revolution as a marine residence. It later fell into private ownership, and after many years of neglect, was again purchased by the city in 1867, for the sum of \$3,750. It is not now

put to any remunerative purpose, and is used to some extent for recreation purposes.

About three-fourths of a mile northeast of Apple Island is a very irregularly shaped island called Snake Island, of comparatively little value, seldom visited and rarely mentioned.

We now reach the entrance to the President's Road, called in olden times, King's Road. Directly toward the south is Thompson's Island. This was considered one of the best cultivated and most fruitful islands, and was one of the first settled places in Boston Harbor, having been occupied by Mr. David Thompson some years previous to the settlement of Boston. In 1834 the Island was purchased for \$6,000 by the Boston Farm School Association, and in 1835 this institution united with the Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys, for the purpose of founding a home where boys could learn farming and receive a good common school education. The island was annexed to Boston in March, 1834, and is still occupied by the Farm School.

Nearby is Moon Island, containing about 30 acres of land, used from time immemorial for pasturage, and taken by right of eminent domain in 1879 by the city. It is still the property of the city and the present point of discharge of the main drainage system.

Continuing down President's Road, looking southerly, is a peculiarly shaped island called Spectacle Island, from its resemblance to a pair of spectacles, formed by two peninsulas connected by short bar. Upon this island began the quarantine history of the city of Boston, for in 1720 there was completed upon Spectacle Island a "public hospital for the reception of such as shall be visited with contagious sickness in order to keep them from infecting others." After nearly 20 years use of this locality there was a feeling in the community that Spectacle Island was too near town and situated among other occupied lands, that it had no good road near it for anchorage of detained vessels, and contained moreover about 60 acres of splendid pasture land. In 1736 a Committee was appointed to sell the land on Spectacle Island, and the following year the quarantine hospital was removed to Rainsford Island. In 1914 the city purchased most of Spectacle Island, for a refuse destructor sight. A small portion of it is owned by the United States, occupied by the Range Lights, one a flashing white and the other a flashing red light, in white conical towers, both built in 1903.

Rainsford Island is nearly one mile long and very narrow, containing in all about 11 acres of ground. The first white resident there seems to have been Elder Raynsford who purchased the

island from the Indians and lived there with his family until 1680. The property then passed through many hands until 1737 when the Selectmen of Boston bought it and erected there a suitable and convenient house to be used as a public hospital, and the island was used in place of Spectacle Island as the quarantine establishment until 1852. In 1858 the State took possession of Rainsford for a home for paupers, and \$100,000 were spent in buildings and improvements. At the close of 1866 the state institution was abandoned, the officers discharged, and inmates removed. In 1871 the city purchased it for \$40,000 and established there a City Almshouse. It to-day contains about 17 acres of ground and is occupied by the Suffolk School for Boys.

Immediately between Spectacle and Rainsford Islands lies Long Island, so called because of its extreme length. It is nearly two miles long and about a quarter of a mile wide. It was granted to Boston, together with Deer Island and Hog Island in April, 1634, for the annual rent of two pounds. The affairs in early days were managed on this island precisely as on Spectacle Island. The town relinquished the island to planters, who were in turn to pay a yearly rent to be applied toward the support of free schools. The planters did not pay, the constable failed in collecting, and the island was sold and passed into private ownership. In 1847 the Long Island Company bought all the island except the East Head, built a wharf, erected Long Island House, laid out streets and started a real estate speculation, which was not successful. In 1819 the lighthouse was erected on Long Island Head. This equipment was refitted in 1855, and again rebuilt in 1900. The lighthouse to-day is 120 feet high, painted white, with brick tower. It contains a fixed white light, visible for seventeen miles on a clear night.

During the Rebellion the island was used as a conscript camp and rendezvous for Massachusetts soldiers, previous to their being mustered into service. During the last century it was used much for farming, several families residing on it. To-day, 172 acres are owned by the city, and occupied by the Almshouse and Hospital. The United States owns about 43 acres, this part being occupied by Fort Strong and the Lighthouse on Long Island Head.

After passing Long Island Light, and about five and one-half miles southeasterly from Long Wharf, appears a peculiarly shaped monument, a tall octagonal pyramid upon a square, granite base, the whole about 32 feet high, and resting upon what at low tide appears to be an extensive shoal. This shoal is what remains of a once respectable island, called Nix's Mate. The legend is that Nix's mate suffered death here for the supposed murder of his master. He proclaimed his innocence to the last, and predicted that in proof of it the whole island would be destroyed. To-day nothing remains of it but the shoal on which stands the curious obelisk as a warning to one of the greatest dangers of the harbor.

About three-fourths of a mile southeast of the Mate lies Gallop's Island, called after John Gallop. This was early noted as one of the most fertile islands in the harbor. This, too, was used for some time as a rendezvous for enlisted soldiers, but as this became unnecessary, and the city needed more quarantine accommodations, it was annexed to the quarantine establishment in 1886. The island contains about twenty-five acres, and is to-day the property of the city, having been purchased in 1860 for \$6,600. It was leased to the United States in 1915. Very recently the Mayor of Boston has come to an agreement with the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury whereby the Federal Government will pay \$150,000 for the quarantine station at this island, the formal transfer of the quarantine having been made through the federal health authorities about June 1st of the current year.

Deer Island lies directly north of east head of Long Island. It is separated from the town of Winthrop by Shirley Gut. It took its name from the fact that deer formerly swam there from the mainland and frequently visited and occupied the many groves. In 1634, together with Hog Island, Deer Island was granted to the city in perpetuity. A little later the claims of individual settlers and several Indians arose, and finally, in 1847, the city took possession of it for sanitary purposes. Deer Island was originally chosen as the site for the quarantine hospital, but the project was not consummated until, as previously mentioned, the quarantine hospital was established at Spectacle and Rainsford Islands. The island was later occupied by inmates of the House of Industry, the Almshouse, and House of Reformation. In 1868 and 1869 appropriations were made for the erection of a building for a farmhouse and another for pauper girls. These were built in 1869. The island is to-day occupied by the House of Correction. Nearly one hundred acres belong to the city; about eight acres belong to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and seventy-five acres to the United States for harbor defences. For the further protection of the harbor and island,

a sea wall was early erected along the easterly shore. Deer Island Light Station, erected there in 1890, consists of a brown conical tower on a black cylindrical pier. It contains a fixed white light alternating with a red flash light. It is fifty-three feet high, visible at a distance of eleven miles.

The next object demanding attention is Lovell's Island which is three-quarters of a mile long and about one-third of a mile in width. The island was first granted by the city to Charlestown. It was later sold by the inhabitants of the town to Caleb Rice, and from him the estate passed into the possession of the city of Boston in 1825. Owing to the continuous washing away of the island and the subsequent injury to the harbor Congress appropriated much money for the protection of the island by the erection of a sea-wall there. was against the bar at the west head of Lovell's Island that the French man-of-war " Magnifique" was sunk. The loss of this ship in 1782 was a serious loss for young America. built a 74 gun ship called "the America" at Portsmouth in 1782. The vessel was presented to Louis XVI the same year to replace the lost "Magnifique," but it was captured from the French by the English. The island contains approximately 70 acres, and is to-day the property of the United States, being occupied by Fort Standish and a Government Buoy Station.

South of Lovell's Island lies George's Island. The island in early days belonged to James Pemberton, and later received the name Pemberton Island. In 1825 it passed into the possession of the city. The island lies about seven miles from Long Wharf and contains about thirty-five acres. The side exposed to the heating of the sea is somewhat protected by a sea-wall In 1833 attempts were made to fortify the harbor, and on this island was built the strongest defence of our harbor, which still stands there, and bears the inscription, "Fort Warren, 1850." Until the Spanish-American War it was the chief point of defence of our harbor. The island was also used for rendezvous purposes, the drilling of soldiers, prison for rebels, etc. To-day it is the property of the United States.

South of George's Island is Peddock's Island, and nearby to the south are several small islands and rather unimportant.

(To be concluded.)

#### **IMMIGRATION**

## Making Good Citizens

ELIZABETH M. ANTHONY

The conditions brought about in the United States by the European war have proven that new measures must be found to make over our foreign population into good American citizens. Twice in the past six years, Congress has passed a law restricting immigration, chiefly by a literacy test. Presidents Taft and Wilson vetoed these bills, but some of the old reasons for believing many of the immigrants to be undesirable are still good. For instance, these people are not always educated in their own countries and in this condition, they clog our labor market and are often an over tax on our ability to turn them into good citizens.

The Bureau of Naturalization has come forward with a constructive plan to better this condition. By a provision of our naturalization law, the clerk of every court sends to Washington, within thirty days, the name, address, nationality, and occupation of every resident alien who declares his intention of becoming a citizen. This is then printed on special "Naturalization-education cards," which are then sorted and forwarded to the superintend-

ents of schools of the cities in which they reside. Where many cities had inadequate facilities, provisions were made to accommodate larger classes. Every immigrant receives a personal letter from the Bureau urging him to attend such schools. At the end of this school year, the cards are returned to Washington, bearing the date of admission to school, the total attendance, previous education, progress and ability of each immigrant to read, write, and speak English,

The women are not neglected. In many states they become voters with the naturalization of their husbands. The naturalization law has been changed to include the name of the applicant's wife. She in turn also receives a personal letter and is urged to join the school with her husband, so that she may learn to conduct an American home in which American standards of living may be followed. To meet their needs, simplified courses in domestic science have been introduced into the majority of the night schools.

The response to these measures has surpassed the highest hope, and the gratitude of foreigners in all parts of America for the work being done for them is expressed by thousands of letters of appreciation sent to the Naturalization Bureau.

#### **EDUCATIONAL**

## Boston's First Schools and Their Masters

SADIE GUTTENTAG

"AT a general meeting upon publique notice it was then generally agreed upon that our brother Philemon Pormort shall be intreated to become schoolmaster, for the teaching and nourtering of children among us."

In the establishment of the Boston Latin School the foundation of our American school system was laid with Philemon Pormort installed as teacher. Though this was a democratic institution open to all comers, it was at first supported by subscription and bequests. In 1641 the rent of Deer Island was appropriated for its support and later the rents of Spectacle and Long Islands.

The town of Dorchester lays claims to the establishment of the first free public school supported by direct tax on the people in 1639. The Rev. Thomas Waterhouse became first master of this school. A graduate of Cambridge University, England, he came to America when the Civil War in England broke out He taught for a short time in the first school-house of the town, and then returned to England.

In 1647 the General Court enacted a resolve, which is the great charter of free education in our Commonwealth.

"That learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers in the Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors, it is therefore ordered that every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of 50 householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town to teach all such children as resort to him to write and read."

Charlestown soon followed in the steps of Dorchester and Boston. The Latin School was however the only public school in Boston until 1682, when it was voted in town meeting "that a committee with the selectmen consider and provide one or more free schools for teaching of children to write and cipher within this town." In accordance with this resolve, two free writing schools were established. Soon other schools were opened for the teaching of reading, spelling and the elements of English Grammar. In 1711 the first grammar school was established at the North End on North Bennet Street. The land and building were given by the Hon. Thomas Hutchinson, for

which gift he received merely a vote of thanks. Mr. Recompense Wadsworth was the first teacher of the Eliot School. In the rear a writing school was built and called the North Writing School, as the grammar school was then known as the North Latin School. This school with the Latin School and three writing schools were sufficient to instruct all the boys in Boston previous to the Revolution.

Until 1789 the schools were for boys only. Girls were permitted to attend the reading and writing schools for a part of the year, but it was not until 1828 that they were allowed to attend public school during the entire school year.

The primary schools, first established in 1818, were to fit pupils of both sexes for the grammar schools. At this time the need was also felt for a school where those not intending to go to college could receive instructions in some of the branches of learning then only taught in college. To satisfy this need the English High School was established in 1821 "with the design of furnishing the young men of this city who are not intended for a collegiate course of study, with the means of completing a good English education." Previous to the establishment of this High School the only training beyond the grammar school was to be received at the Boston Latin School, which had the specific purpose of "fitting youths for the universitv."

Meanwhile evening schools and kindergartens had been established. Other reading and writing schools had developed into the Winthrop, Franklin, and Brimmer Schools.

In 1823 the Hancock School was opened by Mayor Quincy on Hanover Street. The first masters of the school were Nathaniel Oliver and Peter McIntosh, Jr. In 1848 the present school was dedicated to be "taught by female teachers." This was but the beginning of education for girls, for in 1852 a City Normal School for the education of female teachers was opened. Three years later the plan was modified so as to include a high school for girls, and was named the Girls' High and Normal School. These two schools remained together until 1872; but in 1878 the Girls' Latin School was established, and remained with the Girls' High School until 1907. In 1792 the North Latin and Writing Schools had been united in a new building. In 1821 the school became known as the Eliot School. Another new building was erected on the same site in 1837, and the present building was dedicated in 1860, when the Hon. Edward Everett delivered an eloquent address. Three of the six scholars who had received Franklin Medals in 1792 were also present on this occasion.

Any story of Boston's schools would be incomplete without a more detailed account of that cradle of American education, the Boston Public Latin School. An institution whose "first master might have seen Shakespeare act in his own plays; whose second master preceded John Harvard at Cambridge by nearly a quarter of a century," and which is still a valuable institution, is worthy of further consideration.

It is believed that John Cotton aided in its establishment when he came here in 1633, for two years later the school was founded. His will provides that "under certain contingencies, one-half of his estate should go to Harvard University and one-half to the Free School of Boston."

Little is known of the first master, Philemon Pormort. He was succeeded by Mr. Daniel Maude, "a good man, of a serious spirit, and of a peaceable and quiet disposition." Many masters succeeded, but until 1670 the history of the school is merely traditionary.

In December of that year Ezekiel Cheever, a teacher in Charlestown, was invited to become master of the Latin School. Phillips Brooks has stated that there were three great masters representing the three centuries through which the school has passed, and that Master Cheever was the first of these. He was born in London in 1614, and came to Boston in 1637. taught in New Haven, Ipswich, and Charlestown. When he became master of the Latin School he was fifty-six years of age, and during his thirtyseven years of mastership he trained many of New England's distinguished men. Judge Sewall speaks of him in his diary as "having labored in his calling as teacher, skillfully, diligently, constantly, Religiously, seventy years, a rare instance of Piety, Health, Strength, Serviceableness." Master Cheever died in office, in 1708, and was buried from the schoolhouse. The renowned Cotton Mather, one of his most eminent pupils, said: "We generally concur in acknowledging that New England has never known a better teacher."

During the mastership of Nathaniel Williams, the successor of Ezekiel Cheever, the number of pupils increased, so that often there were 100 pupils in the school, and it was found necessary to have an assistant.

The next master, John Lovell, was the first

Latin School boy to return as master. Phillips Brooks called him the second great master of the school. Lovell's son, James, who was his assistant, was a strong patriot, while his father was a lovalist. The latter delivered the first address in Faneuil Hall, and the former the first in commemoration of the Boston Massacre. It was a group of Lovell's boys that had the memorable conversation with General Haldimand about the destruction of their coast. When Boston was evacuated, John Lovell went to Halifax, and the school was closed for a short time, but was reopened under Samuel Hunt. Both Hunt and his successor were unsuccessful, and it was decided to have a young man as master. Benjamin Gould was chosen, and the school made rapid and steady progress under his control. Among his students were Emerson, Adams, Winthrop, and Sumner.

The third great master of the school was Mr. Gardner, who taught during the Civil War. Doubtless his most eminent pupil was Phillips Brooks. Since then many other masters have carried on the progress of the school, until to-day it is in charge of Mr. Henry Pennypacker.

The first school building was opened on School Street, near the site of Franklin statue. The second building was almost directly opposite, where the Parker House now is. In 1812 a new building of three stories was erected, and in 1844 the school moved to the Bedford Street building, which it shared with the English High School. At present the Boston Latin School is situated at the corner of Dartmouth Street and Warren Avenue.

Its object, since the establishment of Harvard College, has been to prepare boys for college; therefore, as the requirements for admission to college have increased, the curriculum has broadened, so that to-day it is very different from the days of John Lovell, when the requirements for admission to the Latin School consisted of the ability to read a few verses from the Bible.

Among the noteworthy graduates are Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Edward Everett Hale, and many governors, judges, doctors, mayors, and writers.

Few schools have such a history, and we may well feel proud that this valuable institution is ours. Thus the seed sown in the early New England town, sprouted and grew, fastening its roots deep in the bedrock of the entire nation, until to-day we have highly developed educational systems throughout the United States, and Boston may well be looked to as the nursery of American education!

## Telegraphy as a Vocation for Women

SARAH WOLK

TELEGRAPHY owing to its nature and surroundings is an excellent occupation for women to engage in; the telegraph business has increased greatly during the last decade. The number of women therein engaged has been very materially augmented. Of course there are likes and dislikes for every form of work, and telegraphy is not an exception to the rule. It all depends on whether or not the individual is suited to the vocation. In the particular field of telegraphy a beginner usually starts in a school or small telegraph office where she learns the codes and the process of making dots and dashes, and combining them to form letter and words. It takes about six months to learn the work, and during this time she has the opportunity to acquire a fairly good knowledge of sending and receiving. Then comes practicing on a direct wire in order to gain confidence in oneself and the work. This is gained at some regular telegraph office where the work is wholly confined to the wire and the general knowledge of business and office routine.

In the Western Union Telegraph Company nine hours constitute a working day, but the women operators in the main office have recently been granted an eight hour working day. A beginner usually starts on what is called a "relief trick." That is, working in an office while the regular is absent. If efficient she is promoted to the first vacancy, when the superintendent considers her capable of taking charge of an office. Salaries in Boston vary from forty to eighty-five dollars per month, according to the office and location. The salary in a big office is larger, but the work is more exacting and strenuous, and the worker will be required to handle a certain number of telegrams per hour, not less than forty or fifty for a stated salary, and a bonus of two cents a message over the number required.

The attitude of the company towards its employees during the past few years has changed very much to the advantage of the employee. A vacation of two weeks with pay for all employees working two years or over, and one week for all working from one to two years. There is also a sick benefit. Full salary is given after the first week of illness. A doctor's certificate is required for every week that one is absent from work. A pension is granted to all employees who have served twenty-five years or over and have reached the age of sixty-five years. This pension amounts to about two-fifths of the regular salary, and the minimum pension is \$25.00 per month. seventy, retirement from active service is compulsory.

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#### LIBRARIES

## Some Special Libraries in Boston

GERTRUDE GOLDSTEIN

The Boston Public Library, with its special collection of books, in the centre of Boston, with its numerous branches throughout the city and

suburbs, leaves little occasion for one to think of the special libraries devoted to special subjects. These libraries are usually maintained by private subscription, and a small fee is charged per year for the use of a card.

The Town Room, under the auspices of the

Massachusetts Civic League, is a centre for city, town, and village improvement interests, and for all movements that make for social betterment. It is the Room of the towns of the entire State. The Town Room Library is combined with that of the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy Street, and occupies the upper stories of the Massachusetts Civic League Building.

It is the aim of those in charge of the Town Room Library to have as complete a collection as possible of books, pamphlets, and articles dealing with civic affairs. The collection includes 4,500 books and 50,000 pamphlets and clippings, with this welcome sign: "Come in, use it, and treat it as your own." The Town Room is a clearing house for the thousand and one Massachusetts organizations concerned with civic improvement or better legislation. Collections of photographs, maps, and plans are sent to any club or town for the asking. One of the most popular collections is that which shows how beautiful bridges may be built economically. There is a nominal fee of \$1.00 a year charged for the privilege of taking books home.

More unique still, inasmuch as it is reputed to be the only one of its kind in the world, is the "General Theological Library" on Mt. Vernon Street. This is a library for clergymen of all denominations. This library will send, with all charges prepaid, right to the door of any churchman in New England, any books on its shelves. Those in charge not only take care of books sent to the homes of the clergymen, but send also a return wrapper prepaying for the return of the books due at the end of three weeks.

The Library has about 30,000 books with a circulation of some 20,000 a year. There are perhaps 7,000 ministers of all denominations in New England, and about 2,000 use the Library. These ecclesiastics testify that books from the Boston General Theological Library have greatly helped them in writing their sermons.

The Librarian studies the needs of clergymen, sends them bulletins and lists of new books and bibliographies on important subjects. This remarkable institution was founded by ten persons in Boston in 1860, but it was not until 1900 that the most important step in its development was taken, when the Library was opened free to all

New England clergymen.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society at 9 Ashburton Place has gathered a Genealogical Library which is very complete in American genealogies, and its collection of British parish registers is unrivalled. It is absolutely free to the public, and has always been the headquarters for genealogical research in America.

Although the Social Law Library situated on the fourth floor of the Court House is not for the use of the general public, one cannot overlook its importance. This Library is independent of the Court House, and is maintained and supported by members known as proprietors. The proprietors are assessed \$20.00 per annum, which gives them the use of the Library and books. No one other than a proprietor may have the use of this Library, but with due permission a friend may enjoy the privilege for a limited time. There are about 65,000 books on the shelves, with a circulation of from 11,000 to 13,000 per year, and it is the second oldest Library of its kind in the country.

A long list of collections on special subjects might be given. Among the more important of these may be the following: Social Service Library, 9 Somerset Street, Sociology; Sampson Murdock Co., 246 Summer Street, Directories; Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston Street, Women in Industry.

#### Life

A MODERN FAIRY TALE
Copyright by Edith Guerrier

SCENE I.

Cast of Characters

Antoinette, a French peasant
Marie, a French peasant
Elsbeth, a German peasant
Gretchen, a daughter of Elspeth
The Directress of an Hospital
Pierre, son to Antoinette
Dr. Heinrich, a German physician
Hans, a German gardener
Adolphe, a French soldier
Laon de la Nuit, a young man
A Chemist
Devils and Imps

Interior of a French peasant's cottage. Door open showing garden. Antoinette and Marie knitting socks.

MARIE: What smells so sweet?

Antoinette; The clove pinks bordering the garden path.

MARIE: I've never seen such pinks anywhere.
ANT.: No, I don't believe you have. My husband always carried one in his pocketbook. I will show you. (She rises, takes a folded paper from a shelf and carefully opening it shows the contents to Marie.) I can see him lying on the blood-soaked ground his eyes shut to the smoke and glare of

battle, seeing instead our quiet garden so sweet in the dewy moonlight the odor of the pinks stronger and more pungent in the fresh, cool night, than now in the sultry afternoon. (Laughter is heard outside.)

MARIE: Who in all the wide fields of France can laugh like that? I could kill him for his senseless mirth.

ANT.: No, no, cousin, his mirth is not senseless; it is merely natural, because he does not know. Has not Jeanne told you about him?

MARIE: Not a word!

ANT.: Four weeks ago in a wild tempest of thunder, lightning, and driving rain, Pierre came staggering in with a boy in his arms, quite insensible, and with nothing anywhere about him to show of what race or country he was. When after two hours he revived, he spoke no word till I asked him if he wanted a drink of water. He spoke the Parisian with an accent of one well born, asked where he was and how he came to be here. He could not tell one thing about himself; it was as if God himself had drawn a veil over his past.

MARIE (softly): He is a German spy.

ANT.: Could he laugh like that and be a German spy?

MARIE: He might.

ANT.: Ah, but I will prove to you that he is not, was not, and cannot be. (She whispers): He believes in God. As for his memory of the war, it is as if he had never heard of it, and we cannot make him understand what it means. "Why do they fight?" he always asks. And if I say, "to win freedom," he says, "freedom from what?"

MARIE: Well, from oppression.

ANT.: Then he asks, "Whose oppression?" and if I say "Prussian," he says, "And against whose oppression do the Prussians fight?" He always ends by saving: "But do you know there is an Impartial Power that stands above the rivalry of States, that gives each of us life and joy and peace, and that Power is invincible, eternal, and by force no one can stop it from giving, any more than anyone can gain my happiness by killing me.

MARIE: I think he must be mad!

ANT.: Either he is or we are, and he does not seem so mad, after all, for the shell that slew my good husband left each frail petal of this little pink intact, and by that token I know that in whatever wild and bloody place my man's body may have lain, his soul was in this quiet spot. As for Laon, he is my second son since Pierre is gone. But you must see him for yourself. (Calls), Laon. (Enter Laon). Laon, this is the mother of Jeanne.

LAON: Ah, with beautiful Jeanne's wish and your permission, some day I shall marry her.

MARIE: He is really mad.

LAON: No, I am not mad. I speak as I think. But do not be angry, Jeanne's mother, for I love her well, and some day we will have a little cottage with a rose garden, and I shall work in the fields and Jeanne will take care of the house and the roses.

MARIE: But remember that Jeanne is a daughter of France; and you, what are you?

LAON: I? I am a man whose country is the world.

MARIE: Ah, we have no longer boys, even our babies are men. Well, man, I like you well as a boy, and if you remain a boy, who knows? Antoinette, will you walk a little way with me? (Exeunt.)

LAON (sits, his head leaning on his hand): They ask me how old I am, and I do not know. Everything except these two months in this sweet garden is blotted out, though doors are opening fast, and one day that door will open.

(Enter Pierre in uniform, with his right arm in a sling.)

LAON: Pierre! My brother - what!

PIERRE: Only that my good right arm is broken, and since I was near home, I was better out of the way. Oh, that I must sit here like a woman while my country bleeds to death!

LAON: Pierre, brother, shall I put on your uniform and go where you have been?

PIERRE: No, boy; that is impossible. (Laon brings him food and drink.) How sweet those pinks are. Sometimes, though, I wish I had no sense of smell; sometimes I wish I could neither hear nor see.

LAON: Have you ever killed anyone, Pierre? PIERRE: How should I know? I am a gunner, and it is my business to see that men are killed.

LAON: I cannot lift the veil, as you know, but my heart tells me that I never willingly destroyed the pleasure of any being. Pierre, if you discovered that I were a German, would you kill me?

PIERRE: If you were a German? Bah! Such an idea is impossible. You might as well say if you were the devil; and then, well — yes.

LAON: Are they so bad?

PIERRE: I will tell you something that one of my comrades in the trenches told me. It seems there is a great German poem about a very wise man who studied alone in a dark chamber, and very seldom went out to look at the sky; and one day he found he had studied so much that he had lost the power to enjoy things we enjoy,—like the pinks, and children playing, and the rustling of leaves in the forest, and the color of sunset clouds, and he sold his soul to the devil for the power of pleasure. And my comrade said the men who made this war were learned men, and that they had sold their souls to the devil, and he had made them believe war was the highest pleasure.

LAON: Did that learned German find pleasure? PIERRE: He sought so hard that in spite of the devil he found — God.

LAON: How?

PIERRE: That he did not tell me, for just then the Germans began a fresh attack, and there was no chance to talk; and afterward — well, there was no afterward for him.

LAON: Everything has its opposite. Why do not those great inventors, who invent so many forms of death for others, invent a form of life at least for themselves?

PIERRE: I have heard that a great German chemist—ah, my old wound! Ah, the surgeon said—I forgot—no—I cannot die—France needs me—(Enter Antoinette) Mother, don't be frightened—I shall be all right—in—a moment. (Falls.)

LAON (kneeling): Pierre, Pierre, hear me! I will find it!

PIERRE: For France, my Laon, for France!

LAON: For my fellowmen. PIERRE: Mother! (Dies.)

CURTAIN (Continued.)

## To Courage

I sailed away o'er silent seas

Down the pale moon's silver lane,

To seek those isles of perfect peace

Where sleep and silence reign.

I sang as I sailed

"The velvet dark shall line my nest Nor sound on my deaf ear shall fall.

O, Fortune can I be so blest To lie oblivious of it all?"

I heard as I sailed

"O flame burn high, O fire burn bright,
For love and life my watch I keep,
Lest any soul should miss thy light
I would not close my eyes in sleep."

I turned the prow, my Isle of Dream Swift vanished in the starlit night Again I saw the watch fire's gleam My love stood waiting in the light.

## Saturday Evening Girls' Camp

EDNA E. WINSHIP, Director.

June 16 to September 6. 83 days.

Receipts	for 1915:	
1)	c 0	

Rent of Camp	•		\$ 26.44
Girls' Board			747.18
Cow Sold			90.00
Mrs. Storrow		•	406.96
			SI 2=0 =8

#### Expenses:

Furnishi	ngs	٠	•	4		\$179.28
Boat						9.68
Food			•			390.78
Miscella	neous	•				300.82
Salaries				•	•	367.50
						\$1,248.06
Bala	ance, (	Octo	ber, 1	915		22.52
	ĺ		,	, ,		\$1,270.58

Lotal Cost of Can	np, inc.	ludii	1g	
everything	•			\$1,248.06
Cost of Camp per	person	per	week	5.80

Cost	or Camp,	exci	usive	1 Sai	aries	000.5
Cost	of Camp,	excl	usive o	f sal	aries	
	per person	per	week			4.0
Cost	of Food	•	•	•		390.7

1.81

\$1,149.83

Number of Meals served	4,511
Number of Weeks' Board	215
Number of Girls at Camp	101

Cost of Food per person per week

In 1915 S200.00 was spent for replenishing the supply of linen and bedding, and for building a new piazza floor.

Receipts, 1916. June 24 to	Sep	t. 4.	73 days.
Balance, 1915	:		\$22.52
Carriage Sold		•	25.00
Refund on R R. Tickets	٠		5.38
Rent of Camp, Week end	S		35.50
Girls' Board			761.43
Paid by Mrs. Storrow	4		300.00
·			\$1,140.83

#### Expenses:

xpenses.					
Furnishings			•		\$84.49
Boat .					18.82
Food .	•	•		•	408.39
Miscellaneou	s .	٠	•	•	199.13
Salaries .	•	•	•	•	380 00
					\$1,090 83
Balance	, Octo	ber 7	, 1916		59 00

Total Cost of Camp, including	
salaries	. \$1,090.83
Cost of Camp per person per week	
including salaries	· 5·37
Cost of Camp, exclusive of salaries	710.83
Cost per person, exclusive of salarie	
Cost of Food, exclusive of salaries	408.39
Cost of Food per person per week	2.10
Number of Meels served	
Number of Meals served .	4,267
Number of Weeks Board .	203
Number of Girls at Camp .	102

#### North End Items

Civic Service House.

C. S. H. offers a course in Social Service for volunteers on Friday evenings at 7.30 under the leadership of Mr. Philip Davis. This course is intended to answer the universal question " Just what can I do in Social work and how shall I go about it," The course will be based on "Fields of Social Service," which will be used as a text

"Life Career Club" is being organized under the direction of Dr. John M. Brewer, of the Department of Education at Harvard College. Both vocational and educational advice will be a vital part of the work of the Club. First meeting October, 27th.

The school in Citizenship has opened for group and individual instruction in naturalization, including the manner of taking out first and second Classes, Monday and Wednesday; Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

#### North Bennet St. Industrial School.

The Public School pre-vocation classes have started. Boys and girls spend half their time in academic studies, and specialize in wood-work, printing, sewing, and cooking.

Announcements are out inviting the North End residents to join evening classes in Clay modeling, Plaster Casting, House Framing, Carpentry, Cabinet making, Printing, Cement work, Home dressmaking, Trade dressmaking, Millinery, Power machine operating; besides the usual number of Social Clubs.

#### Social Service House.

There was open house, October 19th, for the people of the neighborhood to meet Miss Vanston's successor, Miss Eva R. Crane and her assistant, Miss Anne Eklund.

North End Union and Children's House.

We are glad to report that the North End Union, which was destroyed by fire last summer, is being built up again. In the meanwhile as many of the boy's clubs, as there is room for, will meet at the Children's House, under Dr. Stowe's supervision. Mrs. Tibbets and her daughter are to be in charge this year. The regular work will start November 1st, which includes classes in sewing, dressmaking and cooking. Mrs. Tibbets will also have clubs in dramatics.

#### Medical Mission.

The work of all The Houses in the North End has been delayed on account of the Infantile Paralysis scare. For that reason the clubs and classes at the Medical Mission did not start until November 1st. The work will go on as in previous years, classes in sewing, dressmaking and millinery. Also a course in "How to take care of the baby" and hints in "First Aid."

The boys work will be carried on as usual under the direction of Mr. Woods.

#### Book Review

THE prison problem is spoken of as being centuries old, but it is in reality only 100 years since thoughtful men and women really considered the problem seriously and no one, least of all Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, thinks that any solution has been reached.

The book, "Society and Prisons," comprises five lectures delivered at Yale University, by Mr. Osborne. The chapter headings are as follows: "Crime and Criminals," "Courts and Punishment," "The Old Prison Systems," "The Mutual Welfare League," "The New Penology."

In "Crimes and Criminals" these two remarkable paragraphs appear:

First: "That there is a distinction between sin and crime. Sin is a spiritual matter; crime its outward expression. Jesus made clear the difference when He pointed out "that whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." From this point of view - the highest ethical standard — the difference between sin and crime disappears; and it is obviously the part of religion to insist upon the highest spiritual standard. It is also obvious that sin in itself is not a matter that can be punished by the judges. The courts can act only when the sin of the heart has been translated into the outward act of crime."

"Second: We must remember that no law can reach some of the most detestable crimes. A man may be guilty of the most revolting treachery,—may perform an act so "contrary to right" as to make his name a byword of reproach throughout the ages, and yet commit no crime that the law can touch. The kiss of Judas can never be punished by the Judges."

Again in the same chapter: "Let us think of the denizens of our prisons as men; weak or strong, stolid or flighty, vicious or well-intentioned — but always men; moved by the same kind of instincts as ourselves; outraged by brutal treatment, softened by kindly treatment, precisely as we ourselves should be; possessors, each and every one, of the spark of divine fire, which sympathy and fair treatment may be able to fan into a steady, purifying flame."

In "Courts and Punishment" Mr. Osborne affirms that "the state of mind of the person to be punished is a vital element in the problem." . . . . "Imagine a hospital at the entrance of which stands the office of the doctor. Into this office steps every patient who is to be admitted to the hospital. The doctor diagnoses each case as carefully as he can, in view of his crowded waiting room; and then prescribes for each, in advance, the exact period of time he is to remain in the hospital. To this man, sick with the measles, he allots three weeks; this one, with smallpox, three months; this one, with a case of the grippe, two weeks; this one, with tuberculosis - well, a man with a severe case the doctor considers too much of a bother, so he kills the tubercular patient and gets him off his mind and out of

"With the exception of this last man the patients come out at the end of their exactly specified time. The man with the measles is not cured, but he goes out and spreads the disease through the city until he can be caught and interned in another hospital for another specified term. The man with the smallpox is not cured; but he goes out in his turn, to spread his disease through the community until he is caught. The man with the grippe is over his mild attack before half his term expires but he can not leave; he must remain — at the expense of the community, until his term is up. But in the meantime, he catches the measles or the smallpox or both; and when he goes out, it is his turn to poison the community. And all this time the cheerful doctor is busy prescribing for the less dangerous patients who are coming in and paying no attention to the more dangerous ones who are going out."

"This is not a fanciful picture. The diseases

mental, moral or physical—which the exconvicts have been bringing out of state prison, have been even more dangerous to society in the long run than would be the disease which would come from a hospital conducted so insanely as the one I have described. In New York over two-thirds of the men in its four state prisons are recidivists; is that not good proof of the failure of our prisons to send out, at the end of their term, men fitted to meet the world? Does it not point to the failure of the system under which our courts are acting?"

The material of the last three chapters is much the same as that of "Within Prison Walls." The final paragraphs of the book voice sentiments which are responsible for Mr. Osborne's own success in dealing with "the men in gray."

"As for the possibility of reforming prisoners, we find ourselves back at the very point from which we started: "What after all is a criminal?" In many ways I have endeavored to make you feel the essential humanity of the criminal and of our responsibility toward him. From the standpoint of Christian citizenship let us bear in mind that he who asserts the impossibility of reform in any man forgets history and denies his religion. Nothing can be clearer, as a matter of human record, than the enormous capacity of man to recover his moral balance after the commission of sin. Nothing can be clearer, as a matter of religion, than the readiness of God to forgive."

"It was not, perhaps, a mere matter of chance that the great Teacher, to whom we owe our ideals of Christian citizenship, was Himself crucified between two thieves; and to one of them who repented of his sins He made the promise; "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

## Interesting Articles in November Magazines

Atlantic: "The Flame of France."

Catholic World: "The Immigrant Making a Living."

Delineator: "Growing a Play."

Good Housekeeping: "Clarissa's Baby."
Harper's Monthly: "Day of Wrath."

Ladies' Home Journal: "Can Parents and Children get Together."

Popular Mechanics: "Conducting an Orchestra from the Screen.

Review of Reviews: "An American Arab's Tribute to Syria."

Scribner's: "An Old Man Without a Son."

#### **Announcements**

Miss Fannie Levis, who graduated "with highest honors" in June, 1916, won the Mason & Hamlin grand piano, at the annual pianoforte competition of the senior and post-graduate class at the New England Conservatory of Music, last May. All the contestants played "First movement of the Sonata in C Major, opus 53, by Beethoven; Chopin's Nocturne in F Major, opus 15, No. 1, and Debussy's L'isle Joyeuse."

The judges were Dr. Carl Muck, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and George W. Chadwick. "Miss Levis showed marvellous dexterity, had remarkable poise and a very superior tonal quality.

The engagements are announced of Miss Susan Ginsburg to Mr. Maurice Barkin.

Miss Dora E. Levine to Mr. Theodore Laven. Miss Fannie Pearlman was married to Mr. Harry Punansky, October 29.

Miss Sara Rubin was married to Mr. Charles Shriber, November 5.

November 19. Play in Industrial School Hall by the Thursday Evening Girls. "Price of Coal" and "Proposal of Marriage" Tickets 25 cents.

November 26. Dr. Charles Fleischer will talk at the Pottery in Brighton. The True Craftsmanship.

December 2. Mr. Byron C. Reed. December 9 Business meeting.

December 16. Mrs. Hume of the Christian Science Monitor.

The Misses Fannie Kaplan, Minnie Colitz, Gertrude Frederman, and Ethel Epstein, have all received appointments as teachers in the Public Schools, this fall.

Owing to the fact that it is very difficult to manage the membership of our younger groups, the following rule for their guidance has been evolved:

To belong to the Monday Evening Group a girl must be between 16 and 18 years of age.

To belong to the Thursday Evening Group a girl must be between 18 and 20 years of age.

Any girl fifteen years and six months old on September 1st, is eligible for membership in the M. E. G. Group.

Any girl 17 and six months old is eligible for membership in the T. E. G. Group.

House Committee for 1916-1917

Chairman, Elizabeth Anthony. Secretary, Sadie Guttentag. Treasurer, Sarah Berman.

Annie Krop Adelson, Fannie Goldstein, Dorothy Olin, Fannie Pearlman Punansky, Sarah Rogers, Sarah Simes, Anna Wald.

The Social Worker knits her brow Sheds a tear and moans "O how Shall I teach folks to pay their rents, And buy their food with fifty cents."

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## S. K. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

**DECEMBER** 

1916

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## Christmas, 1916

Infinite source of good, We thank thee that we know thou We thank thee for the power to love our kind. Help us to use each apportunity to share our joys. . . us with the grace to kill our griefs in secret. . . our humanity we pray, let thy divinity shine.

#### THE LIBRARY

## Story-telling at the Art Museum

SUMMER OF 1916

MARY W. CRONAN

An extraordinarily useful piece of summer work well-nigh unknown to the general public is the Art Museum story-telling that has directed the attention of between six and seven thousand children to works of art, the heritage of the ages, without the knowledge of which true cultivation is impossible.

The children were taken in groups, averaging

about fifty-eight each time, from the various settlements, playgrounds and libraries. On arrival at the Museum the procedure was as follows:

Welcome to Museum.

Story with lantern slides, some of which were always of objects in this Museum.

Visit to the galleries to see these objects.

Return to the lecture room, and review of pictures seen, and comments.

Giving of postcard of one of these objects to each child.

The following is a list of the stories told, objects shown and postcards given.

Mrs. Cronan, Story-teller

Story

(Subject — Flying)

Dædalus and Icarus. Kai Kanoos, the Shah who wanted

The Lad who Flew with the North Wind.

The Armor of Achilles.

Bird of Fortune, Hans Christian Anderson.

(Subject — Dwarfs at Kings' Courts.)

Dwarfs at the Court of Philip IV. Gulliver at the Court of the Giant

Tom Thumb at King Arthur's

Bertholde of Italy (Middle Ages). Eda, the Dwarf of King Angus, King of Erin.

Castor and Polydeuces.

Una and the Red Cross Knight, from Spenser's Fairie Queen.

The Tempest, Shakespeare. (Japanese Fairy Tales) Tongue-Cut Sparrow.

Old Man who Made Withered Trees to Blossom.

The Jelly-fish.

You Ton, the Chinese Boy.

Greek Vase and Snake Goddess. Persian Miniatures.

Howard Pyle's Illustrations.

Exhibit of Armor. Hawthorne's "Mother."

Velasquez's Dwarf.

Rackham's Illustrations.

Museum Objects Shown

Postcard

Bracquemond's Sea Gulls. Bracquemond's Sea Gulls.

Hawthorne's "Mother."

Velasquez:

Don Baltazar.

Carlos

Tanagra Figurines.

Walter Crane's Illustrations. Dulac's Illustrations.

Japanese Netsuke.

Tanagra Figurine of Mother and Twins.

> Donatello's St. George. Ribera: The Philosopher.

Japanese Painting: Chinese Children at Play.

Mrs. Scales, Story-teller

Greek Myths—Baucis and Philemon, Io, Hyacinthus, Midas's Golden Touch.

Greek Vase — Paintings.

Bronzes and Marbles.

Greek Vase: painting of the Hunter.

Story

Museum Objects Shown

Postcards

Two Legends from the Alham- Nearer Orient Room (especially Indian Miniature: Prince on bra, from Irving's "Alhambra." Millet.

Patience, the Colonial Girl. Japanese Stories.

Benkei, Kwannon and the Deer. II. Visu and Mt. Fuji, Three Dwarf Trees, Buddha's Crystal.

tiles, etc., from Alhambra). The Boyhood of the Painter, Paintings, Drawings, and Etch-Millet: "Knitting Lesson" and ings by Millet.

Colonial Portraits, Furniture, and Costume.

I. Yosoji and Spirit of Mt. Fuji, Japanese Paintings, lacquer, bronzes, crystals, etc., introduced in story.

Horseback.

"Going to Work." Dallin's Indian.

Hoen: painting of Mt. Fuji.

Mrs. Cronan's Report follows:

Each summer's work at the Museum of Art increases in interest and is suggestive of new possibilities for future work. Some of the pleasant experiences of this summer were with children who visited the Museum for the first time. Even rough boys seemed awed by their first glimpse of beauty and order and there were such exclamations as "Say, it's a palace!" and "The fellers that didn't come missed a lot!". A crowd of little girls from the Settlement were also much impressed; but viewed the Museum from a housewifely standpoint: "Everything is so clean! They must have to dust a lot!" they declared many times. A little motherless household-drudge said: "I wish I could come again! It's such a lovely place! And I can tell the stories to the children. When you stays at home and works all the time, vou feels awful lazv." She looked less weary and more childlike after the visit.

But, while the Story-teller enjoyed with the children their first plimpse of the Museum, the most satisfactory groups to her are those that return for the third of fourth summer. They come filled with happy anticipation, eager to repeat previous experiences, even to the smallest detail. "Last year," said one little girl, "when we came back to the story room, you asked us what we liked best. Will you please ask us that question again." They wanted to see the new objects, hear the new stories, but often asked to see the picture or the vase they had enjoyed last year, and frequently mentioned each story which they heard the previous summer.

I observed this year a tendency on the part of the children to search at the Museum for something in line with their own special interests, whatever they had been reading, thinking or hearing about. We are trying to build upon and extend these interests. For instance, Lincoln House, has been doing especially good work in handicraft. Their children were keenly interested in jewelry, pottery, and wrought iron. "Of course," said one little girl, "they wouldn't have machine made

work in a Museum." These children came three times this summer and were eager to come again. A very difficult group of Jewish boys and girls announced on their arrival: "We don't want to hear anything about or see anything from Italy. Palestine is good enough for us." We showed them the vases from the American Colony at serusalem and the relief of Assur-Nazir-Pal. The relief of this king gave special satisfaction; for, as one boy expressed it, "It took Judas Maccabeus to make him run and the King had twice as many soldiers." We now led satisfactorily from the special to the general interest and the walk through the Greek corridors was thoroughly enjoyed.

A group of 12 to 14 year girls inquired; "Is there anything in the Museum made by women? Why can't girls become artists?" We then found it interesting to search for women's work in painting and sculpture.

We were sorry to disappoint a thin-faced little girl who, with perfect faith, insisted: "Please show me where is Mary Ann Murphy's pictures. She lives on our block and she said she once painted a picture so good they hung it in the Museum." But the work of the delightfully imaginative Mary Ann Murphy has not yet been found.

The summer's work at the Museum has infinite variety. With each group some new and surprising questions are sure to be asked or some unusual problem presented, all suggestive and stimulating to the story-teller. The boy whose interest in the headlines of the newspaper led him to inquire if there were any sharks in the Museum was thrilled with John Singleton Copley's picture; and from that time the boy showed interest in the regular program of the afternoon.

Seven mothers appeared with a group of settlement children, and enjoyed it so much that it suggested further visits. "It's the first time we've ever come, but it won't be the last," they de-

Each day, before the boys and girls went home,

a story was told of a group of children who visited the Museum and what they saw there. As the children, listening to the story and watching the pictures, recognized their own experiences, the excitement grew intense. They saw pictured upon the screen the various rooms they had visited, the objects of art upon which the story had been based, and when the card bearing the invitation appeared upon the screen, cards waved wildly in every part of the room. The story ended thus: "Then these boys and girls went home in that special car, found their mothers, gave them the invitations, and planned to bring father and mother the very next Saturday or Sunday." The question was then asked: "Will you make this part of the story true?" The assent was always hearty,

This was just an attempt to present the invitation to parents in a new form, and so vividly that it might not be forgotten. It was delightful to hear one little girl declare: "Since last summer I have come to the Museum not once, but many times." She told of Saturday afternoons when her father or uncle would bring her as soon as their work was over. "Mother said it would help me in school, and it has helped me with geography and history."

It might be of interest to know from what countries our immigrant children come. noted this summer representatives from Russia, Poland, West India, Austria, Syria, Armenia, China, France, Italy, England, Sweden, Ireland, Greece, Lithuania, and Germany. Individual cases may differ from the general rule, but, taking the children in groups, we find they approach the Museum with the following interests: The Italian children love beauty of form and color. Jewish children are interested in handiwork, but chiefly in all that appeals to the intellect; not art for art's sake, but that which informs. They have an especial enthusiasm for history. The Irish children delight in objects of art after they have heard stories about them. They will then study the picture or vase closely and enjoy it. When the sympathies are awakened, they appreciate and enjoy. Children of other races show marked racial characteristics, but the Jewish, Italian, and Irish children form our largest groups.

We find the desire to hear stories to be univer-We cannot recall a listless, indifferent group while the stories were in progress. The Syrian children were delightful listeners; so were groups of negro boys and girls. Italian, Jewish, and Irish children — all were entranced by the tale that is told. But the racial differences are often apparent when we walk through the Museum, and by remembering these we find the point of contact and the way to win immediate interest.

### Roycroft and the American Idea

Dr. Charles Fleischer

I want to talk about "Immortality," that earthly immortality which we give one another through love and insight, the understanding of one another's personality, and through the bodying forth of that personality, thus continuing the actviity and the effort of him and her whom we call "dead." This is the sort of "immortality" that remains for the Roycroftors to give to Elbert Hubbard.

Roycroft is the child of his spirit. Let us remember that

"The dreamer lives forever, But the toiler dies in a day."

In Boston we do special reverence to the memory of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and one of the titles to fame that Boston has, is its nearness to Concord, the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Concord is forever, certainly in American history, one of the capitals of the mind, - made so by the fact that there lived in Concord a little group of men who were given to the things of the mind, who consecrated themselves to the expression of the human spirit. Through them were typified the mind and spirit of America. these men died, because there were no followers, because the town itself was not consecrated to their ideals, Concord ceased to be, except in name and memory, one of the capitals of the mind. If the Roycrofters will give themselves to the making of Roycroft, and of East Aurora, a capital of the mind for America, -it can be done, by diligently seeking out the ideals and the ideas for which America stands and consecrating Roycroft and East Aurora to those visions.

Proverbially, "where there is no vision, the people perish." That holds true of peoples, of persons, of institutions, and of enterprises. Without an ideal, without a vision which Roycroft embodies, Roycroft would, I believe, soon degenerate into a mere factory.

More than that, I feel that without "Vision" this Roycroft factory would soon lose the joy of working. Even that would fade out of the beauty Then there of the present life of Roycroft. would follow for a time hypocrisy, faking, pretense, efforts to cover the bald spots; but this would only stave off for a time the final and inevitable failure.

I am not so much concerned for Hubbard, the Man, as I am deeply concerned for Hubbard, the Voice of an Idea and that idea "The American Idea." The American idea he typified. I myself made bold to call him, in a memorial tribute, a

throbbing, marching embodiment of the Declaration of Independence.

I have often been asked (and you know there is very much speculation) about the reason for the curious, uncanny continuity of the Jews. why are the Jews an "eternal" people? question is; why haven't they the decency to get off the stage and cease to be? But, instead, you see them to-day actually engaged in dreaming the national dream, actually hoping to get back to Palestine as an independent people. What is it that has given this group of the human race their wonderful vitality? My answer to that question is; that they touched the hem of the robe of eternity. They got hold of an eternal idea, and they borrowed eternity just through sheer contagion.

That is the only way a people, a group, an institution, a person can assure itself or himself of relatively immortality — that is, by taking hold of Eternal Idea, by becoming part of the flow of life, which is self-perpetuating, creative, fluent forever. In this wise, I believe that Roycroft can at the same time serve America and itself; namely, by coming to stand for the American Idea. Let us see what that American Idea is, so that you will understand just what it is I am pleading for.

#### THE AMERICAN IDEA

American is to me, first of all, human, thoroughy human, indeed the first human civilization of recorded history. We have had Roman civilization, Greek civilization, Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, Slavic civilizations, but never before in human history have we had an attempt at a human civilization. Think of the peculiar, the unique meaning that this gives to America. Think of the grandeur and the glory that this gives to our land beyond the silly mouthing which as a rule goes for patriotism. Think of the pregnant spiritual force embodied in the thought that America is man's first effort to organize a really human civilization, and that this "America" not yet is, but is to be - through us.

When I recall the early days of this Roycroft institution, and how Hubbard used readily to open the doors to the despised and rejected and those cast off because they had committed some crime or had wandered away from the conventional paths - I feel, when I recall this fact, that Hubbard then set upon Roycroft the American stamp of Humaneness. America is going to stand, and Roycroft is going to stand, forever for the Human

Then America stands for Democracy. To me Democracy means the organization of society on the basis of respect for the individual. It asserts the principle that the individual counts, that the humblest individual is infinitely worth while. That is the magnificent assertion which American Democracy makes regarding the human race. And it isn't met with anywhere else on the face of the earth, despite the fact that mankind everywhere is tending to the recognition of the infinite worth of the humblest individual. For that, too, Roycroft has stood.

Further, America is a material civilization, very frankly a material civilization. I don't happen to be an "other-worldly" type of critic. I am not scolding, nor am I speaking disrespectfully of Roycroft, when I say that herein, too, this Roycroft institution stands for the American idea.

I believe that America, in standing frankly for material interests in bringing the human race together here in order to react upon the enormous material resources of this continent, simply carries forward the old-time injunction at the socalled beginning of things - to "conquer the earth and subdue it." And, in the very process of carrying out this purpose, in reacting upon this wonderful physical continent with its untold material resources, the human race has here let loose more of spiritual energy, creative intelligence, creative imagination, creative power - more of the essential spiritual qualities than the human race has ever exhibited anywhere.

That is what I think of the value of "material" enterprise.

Hubbard never disguised the fact that he expected a successful institution, that he expected Roycroft to pay handsomely. You want to make good things, you want to create beautiful things, and you want to produce these things in as big quantities as is consistent with good quality, and you want to spread these over the country, not at as low a price, but at "as high a price as the traffic will stand," as the people are willing to pay.

But you want above all to spread beauty — art applied to work — all over the land. You want to serve America in this way, and so deservedly to make the enterprise pay.

I would not be ashamed, if I were connected with Roycroft, to admit that it is a canny affair, that we hope always to pay dividends, 10 per cent, 50 per cent, yes, 100 per cent — all that we can make. We mean to render good service and to send out good things. We are mixing joy and beauty and humanness with the work that is done at Roycroft; and that is what we want the whole of America to do. We want to dignify Work for America. We want to lift it to a level it has not yet reached in America; and in this way again we want to typify America and to serve America and, incidentally, to make our enterprise pay; as all of the material undertakings of America mean to pay,

and as all American industry ought to liberate the finest human qualities.

There will be duly in the American atmosphere everywhere the joy of working and the happiness in the beauty of the things that are made and sold, and the blessings of and upon the workers as they co-operate towards these fine human ends.

There has been criticism of Elbert Hubbard in his latter days of his seeming to have sold his soul to Mammon. Well, I don't know! I am not a cynic. On the contrary, I am an optimist, even if I have to set my jaws to be one. I believe in Man. You cannot knock that first article of my democratic creed out of me. I do not believe that "every man has his price," and I can't believe that Elbert Hubbard really sold his soul to Mammon. If he sided so continuously with Big Business, with the employer and the capitalist, it is because he honestly took that side. And there is much to be said on this side. I think Democracy is likely to make the mistake of exalting the mass as such. It is likely to encourage the mistaken notion that each of us is as good as the other, only a little better. It is likely, therefore, to lose the respect which "Democracy most of all needs, for experts and specialists" for " aristocrats" let me say. If Hubbard, in contemplating the conditions with which he was so intimately acquainted, felt that the capitalists as a class ought to dominate the industrial situation, it may be that he took that side because he believed in the proven expertness of the capitalist class, and that American industry, American prosperity and American continuance depended upon the dominance of this group. I say that may have been his point of view. I prefer to interpret his siding as he did with Big Business in just that way. It isn't exactly my own point of view, however.

I believe that Roycroft could render a better service to America if it typified Industrial Democracy, if it typified the mutuality of interest, which is, as it seems to me, at the very heart of the Industrial relation between capital and labor, by standing for the Democracy of Industry in this further sense - that the employer and the employed work together, not only recognizing their mutual interests, but co-operating towards the common service. Not " each for himself, and the devil take the hindermost," but each respecting the other, and all working together for the common good. Thereby you would be making a superior product in the working out of the right spirit in the relationship between employer and employee and the public.

The American idea seems to me to represent "Missouri" spreading over the map. "I want to

be shown," that is the typical American attitude. He "wanted to be shown" that institutions that persisted had the right to continue to exist. That is really the proper scientific attitude, to prove everything.

Simply because things are, because an institution exists, is no reason that it or they should continue to exist. I think the average American is becoming a "Man from Missouri." He wants "to be shown" regarding all institutions, traditions and conventions. All of the past and all that exists, is on trial.

I hope that East Aurora and Roycroft will continue to be a capital of the American mind,—in this sense, that Roycroft specifically will continue even more clearly to typify America in being "the Man from Missouri"—and wants to be shown.

Far from agreeing with Alexander Pope, that whatever is, is right, I believe that whatever is, is very likely to be wrong. And for the very simple reason that as we are growing all the time, it is not at all likely that what fitted vesterday, will fit again to-day. We won't have to go without clothes, simply because the old ones do not fit. Because we feel the need of changing the standards of ethics, changing the ideals of relationship, speaking in a broad and general way, I want to assert, as an indestructible thought that may make us feel a little less static, and become a little more fluent; that it is no more nearly correct for a civilization like this material, "Missourian," this worldly, democratic, bustling, throbbing, hustling, dynamic, and almost dynamitic America of ours, — it is no more fitting for a civilization like this to attempt to take the ethics of the generations of old and try to use them dogmatically and exclusively to-day, than it is for us to try to use the metaphysics of another civilization, that properly represented the spiritual philosophy, let us say, of an agricultural, or nomadic sort of life.

I honor every rebel, even if he is wrong. I honor the man who has the courage of Ajax-defying-the-lightning. I honor the schoolboy that refuses to do a day's work, runs away to go a-fishing. Everyone of these "rebels" down to the boy that runs off to go a-fishing, represents that innate self-insistence of the human individual against the society which wishes to crush us. Every such "rebel" prophesies the continuity of the growing human race, proclaiming that Man, the Creator, is greater than the conventions, institutions, civilizations, which he has established,—that Man, who has created what was good and what would express him, can continue to create indefinitely, infinitely, eternally. This holds true,

then of Ethics, which are merely the intrinsic standards and the ideals which govern our relationships. I think I ask for a big and positive, and typical American service, when I ask that Roycroft shall stand for this aspect also of the American Idea.

By this you would help standardize the life of America, and you would make East Aurora and Roycroft a place for conventions, for gatherings of men and women, in the typically scientific, democratic human spirit, and in that way it continues to serve and to pay.

## VOCATIONAL

### The Potter

Note. Under this department workers in various trades and professions will tell why they chose their work and what it means to them. The following story includes two interviews, one with an American master mould-maker and kiln-burner, the other with an expert Italian thrower, both of the Paul Revere Pottery.

#### STORY OF THE AMERICAN POTTER

My grandfather was a potter in Devonshire. He was a Chartist, in those days when a man couldn't call his soul his own. One Sabbath when he was speaking on the platform he was taken and exiled to Van Diemen's land and he was never seen again. The last we really heard of him was a letter written on board ship, though there is a story in the family that he went to Australia and made considerable money. Here follows the letter:

"December 7th, 1842.
"Out at Sea.

"DEAR WIFE:

"This is the last opportunity I shall have of writing. The pilot will bring this ashore. I wish to State in reference to London Life, you are at liberty to reside where you like. I feel now incapable of offering advice upon the Subject. Ever keep in mind that in your Life and conduct reposes my honour and happiness. I am now Launching out on an ocean of Darkness and doubt and if we should never meet again, keep the Startling Truth ever before you that I can brave the heaviest chains and the darkest Dungeon and the Deepest Grave that Treachery. Perjury and Persecution can Inflict, Consoled with the reflection that she whom I love respects my memory. Farewell. God Bless you and my Dear Children Is the Last and most fervent Prayer of your Poor, Persecuted Husband.

"W. S. Ellis."

My grandmother had relatives in this country, in New York state, so she took her four children and came to America and located in the pottery district in Trenton, New Jersey. My father was the youngest, but his two brothers had been potters with my grandfather, so he worked with them and became a potter.

When I was eight years old I began in the pottery after school and Saturdays, not because I liked it, but because I had no say about it. That's the way most potters are made — by fathers taking in their sons so they won't have to hire other boys to wait on them and help them.

After working a while in Trenton my father went to Syracuse. There his foreman, who had some trouble about his pay, left and came to Boston and opened the last Boston Pottery. Soon he sent for the best potters he knew to come and work for him, and my father was one of those. I went to work there regularly when I was twelve years old, putting on handles, carrying moulds and wedging clay.

When I got to an age where I wanted to work for myself, I quit him and went on the jigger, which is piece work, then I hired two boys to

help nie.

One night another fellow and I took a big double-runner and went out for a coast, and one of the girls that got on is my wife, and we've been coasting down hill together ever since.

My boy didn't take to the pottery, and I didn't have to take him in, because I didn't need a helper, so I'm the last potter in my family.

#### STORY OF THE ITALIAN POTTER

Yes, I was born a potter, in my father's little shop in Rome. All were potters, even my father's grandfather. I was five years old when my grandfather taught me to make pieces for play on the wheel. I had to like to be a potter, because my father said, "If you don't like to be a potter, see, I will make you be a shoemaker."

In his little shop, my father had three kilns—a big one, a small one, and a little, little one. At first he made kitchen ware, then garden pottery, then art pottery. All glazes my father learned from his father.

I kept on going to school till I was eighteen years old, but after twelve o'clock every day I went to work in the pottery. After I was eighteen I had to go in the army five years. I was a policeman in Sicily, that is what the soldiers do, act as policemen. I got \$1.00 a day and I did many bold acts.

When I got through I went back to my father's shop. He had then a big place, with twenty-one wheels. I remember the first day I came back. My father had a great business then, and my

brother called me at midnight to get up and begin. I thought my hands would be spoiled, but I made pottery better than before.

Soon I met a pretty, nice girl, with some money of her own, and I married her and rented the old shop my father used to have with the three kilns, but nobody knew me and I didn't have much

business, so some of my friends said there was lots of money in America, and I think to myself, "There I will find money in the streets" and I came, but it is harder work here than in Italy. I have many trades, brick-laying, masonry, house-painting, but this pottery I like best, because it is my straight trade.

## **EDUCATIONAL**

# Special Classes

KATHERINE C. COVENEY

The question regarding special classes most frequently put to us by those unfamiliar with the work is apt to be, "What do you teach?" "We teach the child," may seem a flippant reply to this question, but, nevertheless, it is the true one. It is safe to say that in no other department of school work is so much attention given to the need and ability of the individual pupil.

The three R's form an important part in our curriculum, and they are supplemented by various branches of handwork, from the simple paper folding, cutting, and weaving, to the more difficult cardboard construction, household arts, brass work, cobbling, basketry, weaving, and woodwork. This manual work might almost be called first aid to the special class teacher, such an important part does it play in her work.

The adaptation of this varied curriculum to fit the individual child is our fascinating problem.

The application which is made by a grade teacher for a pupil to enter a special class contains certain information. For example:—

John, 9 years old, a confirmed truant; can do nothing in numbers; knows few words; can write and draw a little.

Or again,

James, 8 years old, sickly; lacks interest in work; can neither read nor write; knows a few simple number combinations.

The filing of this application is followed by a mental examination according to recognized standards, and the approximate mental age of the child is ascertained. He is then admitted to a special class, where he becomes a constant source of study and observation for the teacher. The grade teacher's findings and the subsequent tests furnish a basis for the first assignment of work. Then the observation on the part of the teacher will confirm or reverse the decision regarding the kind of work she should give the child.

The proportion of time devoted to the three

R's varies with different classes. That they should be taught at all is a much discussed question. It seems a matter of justice that the effort should be made to teach our children something along academic lines. The progress is painfully slow, and the results unsatisfactory, measured by the ordinary standards, but the value to the child is immeasurable. Only a person who has labored with such children can appreciate how much even this slow progress, particularly in reading, means to them. An older boy who can make the best bird house and handles all tools skilfully, looks crestfallen on hearing a boy younger and smaller than himself read the pages which he cannot. Then comes a day, after months or years of patient work, when he finds himself able to read, laboriously, it is true, a printed page. The expression of joy which transfigures his face is reward enough for the teacher, and warrants her belief in its value.

Even the staunchest advocate of academic teaching will not claim its usefulness for such children in earning a livelihood. It is very probable that the majority of our pupils will earn their living by manual work, and therefore it is essential that they be given the opportunity to acquaint themselves with the various kinds of tools, and be able to use them with some degree of skill. All, from the new little seven-year-old to the big, overgrown boy of thirteen, enjoy seeing the rough material take form under their own hands. One such boy was recently admitted to my class, and he was possessed of every failing that boy is heir to. He became interested in woodwork, and wanted to start in at once. His first lesson was sawing to a line. His first attempts were perfectly ridiculous, and he knew it. At last, after three dreadful failures, he said: "This makes me buggy, but I'll do it until I get it right." And he did. Never did he correct his errors in arithmetic and spelling with the same enthusiasm and concentration that he displayed in mastering the problem of sawing.

The difficulty in handling large boys and girls in the same classes with the very little ones made it seem desirable to establish centres for each of these groups, where the older pupils from the various special classes may be sent, the expense of carfares being borne by the city.

New ideas are continually being introduced and tried out in our work. Last spring the boys' centre experimented in farming. A piece of land ten miles outside the city was offered by a friend, and the expense of transportation, tools, etc., was borne by others who were interested in the experiment. A regular teacher from the centre was assigned to the farm. Every morning a group of boys went out to work, and returned every afternoon. This was kept up until the crops were harvested.

The experiment proved highly successful, and farming bids fair to be one of our most popular forms of instruction. The work in the open, the caring for animals, the planting and harvesting of a marketable crop, ought to make it a particularly desirable and healthy occupation for our boys.

A beginning is being made, and the years to come will prove the value of such classes to the individual and to the community in which he

# THE NORTH END

## Boston Harbor

CATHERINE M. CASASSA

THE principal entrance to the harbor is usually known as the Main Ship Channel, lying between that town of Hull and a cluster of islands known as the Brewsters. The entrance is about two miles long and a little over one mile in width.

The first of these islands, on leaving the harbor, is the Great Brewster which contains about twenty-five acres of land. The island was bought in 1848 by the city for \$4,000, and is still owned by the city. In 1849 a portion of the island was ceded to the United States for the purpose of building a sea-wall for the protection of the harbor, the Channels of which were rapidly shoaling from the washing away of the island.

From Great Brewster extends westerly a mile and a half, a long spit formed of debris which is dry at low tide and upon the extremity of which is an odd looking lighthouse upon iron stilts, fortyfive feet high sometimes known as Spit Light, more often as Bug Light. It has a fixed red light which can be seen for about seven miles. was built in 1856, and was erected as a warning to marines to guard them againt Harding's Ledge.

Southeast of Great Brewster and connected with it by a bar, exposed at low water, is the Little Brewster, on which is situated Boston Light, one of the oldest of the famous lighthouses of the modern world, and the first to be erected in this country. The inhabitants of Boston at the beginning of the 18th century began to consider the subject of establishing a lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor. In 1715 an act was passed to build a lighthouse on the southernmost point of the Great Brewster called Beacon Island, in order to encourage navigation and avoid shipwrecks and loss of live. The lighthouse was built but was much injured by fire in 1751, was struck several times by lightning, and again fared hard during

the Revolution. The present lighthouse was erected in 1783 and although it has been altered, repaired, and refitted since then with improved apparatus, the structure of 1783 stands very much as erected. Boston Light was refitted in 1849 and again in 1856, and finally in 1859 it was previded with an illuminating apparatus, of the Fresnel type. In 1860 the old tower was raised. To-day it measures 102 feet in height. The white conical tower with its flashing white light can be seen at a distance of sixteen nautical miles in clear weather. In 1790 Boston Light and other lighthouses of the Commonwealth were ceded to the United States.

Northeast of Great Brewster is Middle Brewster, composed of rocks and about ten acres of fair soil, and farther to the east lies Outer Brewster, both islands owned by individuals.

Situated on a ledge at the entrance to the harbor is The Graves Light Station, built in 1905. This has a light gray, conical, granite tower, 98 feet high, containing a group flashing white light, visible at a distance of sixteen miles in clear weather.

Built on the extreme edge of Minot's Ledge, which extends about two miles into the ocean from the Cohasset shore, is Minot's Light. This is the most dangerously situated lighthouse on the Atlantic coast. During the great storm of April 1851, the lighthouse was destroyed and the keepers lost their lives. The present lighthouse was completed in 1860. The lighthouse is dark-gray, conical, with granite tower, 85 feet high, containing a flashing white light of the "143" (I love you) type, visible at a distance of fifteen miles.

There are many small islands, rocks, and ledges in the harbor, which cannot be considered in the space allotted. Some of these, for example, Growin Rock and Tower Rock, have been removed by submarine drilling, but many still remain as dangerous obstacles to the entrance of the

harbor.

# **IMMIGRATION**

# The North American Civic League

Not least among the societies of real help to the immigrant, is "The North American Civic League for Immigrants," which was organized in 1908 "to protect the immigrant from exploitation after he leaves federal control; to co-operate with the public schools in an extensive educational program designed to promote assimilation by special classes in naturalization and by lectures in the foreign languages on civic subjects, as well as by instructions in English; and to counteract the teaching of socialist or other radicals."

Says the report of 1912 and 1913. "The soil of the United States contains no virtue in itself, which transmits to the immigrant whose foot presses it, the virtues of free men. Such a transformation can only be worked out through machinery which for the most part appears to be non-existent except for the American child born in a home which cultivates the best American traditions. In its single-handed endeavor to create machinery which must ultimately be administered and controlled by the Republic or the several states, the League has had scant recognition until the extraordinary demonstrations of 1912 verified its forebodings."

According to the last report, twenty-seven secretaries and agents have been actively engaged in promoting League activities in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. These activities consist in

maintaining relations with Government officials in Washington and at ports of entry as well as with State Bureaus, Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce. At the South Station, which is supposed to receive the largest number of travelers of any railroad station in the United States, much helpful work is done by the "Young Travelers' Aid Branch of the League."

The League messages. "The flag," by Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, "The duty of foreign-born American citizens," by George A. Gordon, D. D., "The allegiance oath," by President Wilson, and "What is expected of a man seeking American citizenship," by Hon. Richard K. Cambell were sent forth broadcast over the land.

Lectures were given in school centers, attracting large crowds of men of all nationalities. Information Bureaus were established and maintained in many places and finally, the good offices of the League have been so earnestly appreciated that "it has been embarrassed because of the calls which have been made upon it to exercise its constructive influence in Centers where revolutionaries were exercising a baneful influence."

This short sketch can give but an inadequate idea of the important work carried on by a large and well equipped body of earnest men and women, but if it serves to arouse the interest of one unacquainted with its scope, full information can be obtained at the National Headquarters, 173 State Street, Boston.

#### Life

A MODERN FAIRY TALE
Copyright by Edith Guerrier

SCENE II.

Cast of Characters

Antoinette, a French peasant
Marie, a French peasant
Jeanne, daughter to Marie
Elsbeth, a German peasant
Gretchen, daughter to Elsbeth
The Directress of an Hospital
Pierre, son to Antoinette
Dr. Heinrich, a German physician
Hans, a German gardener
Adolphe, a French soldier
Laon de la Nuit, a young man
A Chemist
Devils and Imps

(The Inferno-that is-the place of wicked thought)

FIRST D.: (Holding up a ball): I have here a pretty toy. It is filled with a poison that mixes with the blood wherever it circulates, it causes a man the most exquisite pain. He cannot but curse the day he was born, and every man he meets. It is as if he saw everything through Hell smoke, for a demon's own mixture is in his veins.

SECOND D.: It is good but in the end men always escape us.

FIRST D.: How?

SECOND D.: They die.

FIRST D.: But they die cursing and not aware that beyond they will know no fear,—and so—

SECOND D.: The opposite of this would give them life; then why not give them life to suffer more. Let them suffer the mockery of unending pain for that is what endless life will mean. Ha, ha, ha. Here my merry workmen, dealers in death and liquid fire. Here. (Enter imps in flaming red who dance and sing to the tune of the "Watch on the Rhine")

Yes. dealers we in hate and woe
And death is sought where'er we go
Our pains we merge in others' pain
And human loss we count as gain
O Hell. your fires shall never sleep,
While men their evil passions keep,
While cannon boom from yonder storm scarred height
To prove the devil's creed that might is right.

When grim despair shall make men weep And hail with joy death's dreamless sleep. What deadlier gift to give than life With hate and pain and engless strife. Ha. ha, ha, ha. you mortal fools You little dream that you're our tools Whate'er you think, you really only fight To prove the devil's creed that might is right.

(Enter the head Chemist of the Kruppengarten works.)

H. C.: I heard your call, what worse plague than the ball of unending pain have you for me now.

SECOND D.: There was one out to that, after a time the man died and then he knew. I have a scheme to better that, by which he will be wakened again to life and pain. Take it from the Devil that this is the worst thing we have yet invented.

H. C.: But men fight for life.

DEVIL: No, they fight for power and for vengeance; for nothing else.

H. C.: What about freedom?

SECOND D.: What is that but power. Something powerful is oppressing a people. In the name of freedom they crush the oppressor and become themselves in turn oppressors. War is the devil's own invention and therefore its results are in the long run always devilish. But do you wish to hear about my life powder?

H. C.: Yes.

SECOND D.: The chemicals from which this ball of pain is made come from the eternal fires of old volcanoes where sulphur and brimstone smoke make devils dance with the kind of mirth we know, but this life powder is distilled from the dried petals of a white flower growing beside everlasting snows, and it is potent only when plucked by one with a pure life and a pure purpose. Do you know such an one?

H. C.: I think I do.

SECOND D: I cannot believe that such an one exists.

H. C.: What is the test.

SECOND D.: Psss—Psss—The test—I choke in telling you, the test is to find oneself in one's fellow men.

H. C.: I do know one who will stand this test, but I dare not go near him.

DEVIL: Stay I have it. While he sleeps I can send him a dream,—to-night. Then after six months, on New Year's eve you will find him in the hut of Hans Rohrbach in the Black Forest above Freiberg. I must leave it to you to get the powder from him and as reward, you are bound to teach him the compound. Then, of course, you can kill him.

H. C.: Leave that to me. DEVIL: Who is this lad?

H. C.: That I do not know. He is called Laon de la Nuit, because he was found in the night near the town of Laon by a French soldier. His memory of his people and of how he lived in the past was gone. He speaks French like a Parisian and German like one from Berlin so we can assume that he has lived in those two places.

DEVIL: I know him (sniffing) I smell the morning. We must be off to lower caverns.

H. C.: And I to deeds of night in the day.

CURTAIN (Continued)

"You can always tell a Bostonian, but you can't tell him much."

## North End Items

North Bennet St. Industrial School and Social Service House.

All the clubs and classes are organized and the

regular winter work has begun.

The 66 boys who were at Caddy camp this summer returned home richer in health and good spirits and funds. Altogether \$1822.39 was brought back by the North End boys.

"The Collectors Club" of last year is the "Prospectors Club" this year, while their younger friends the "Weavers" of a year ago are the "Collectors."

North End Union and Children's House.

We are very glad to announce that Mr. Samuel F. Hubbard, Superintendent of the North End Union, has completely recovered from his recent illness and is back again at his desk.

A luncheon was tendered Mrs. Tebbutt and Miss Irene Tebbutt by Miss Gallagher, the nurse in charge of the Baby Hygiene station at the Children's House, at which representatives from all the Settlements in the North End were present.

Civic Service House.

Mrs. Papazian is coaching three Christmas plays, "The Three Wishes," "The Song in the Heart," "Goblin and the Huxter's Jam." Children from the various Houses are taking part, and the plays will be given several times during the Christmas vacation at the North Bennet St. Industrial School Hall. Instrumental music will be furnished by the Music School Settlement and singing by members of the Children's House.

Medical Mission.

There will be social evenings for the boys and girls of the various clubs and classes during Christmas week, and a tree for the little folks.

Medical Mission will distribute greens to many homes in the North End, as in previous years.

Bible story hour class has been started at the Mission on Sunday afternoons which about fifty children attend.

Library Clubhouse.

Ask D. H. about her engagement.

On Saturday evening, November 18, the Thursday Evening Girls, under the able direction of Miss Jean Key of Radcliffe gave two plays, "The Price of Coal" and "A Proposal of Marriage."

All younger groups of the L. C. H. have started work on a new Operetta to be given first at the Winsor School, later in co-operation with the North End Garden Association, and again in cooperation with the Women's Municipal League.

The S. E. G. express their appreciation for interesting talks given before groups of the House during the past month by Miss Mary McSkimmon, Miss Ethel Tillinghast, both of the Pierce School, Dr. Charles Fleischer, Miss Martha Randall of the Arlington High School, Miss Flora Corwin of the Insurance Department of the State House, Miss Smith of the Christian Science Monitor, and Miss L. R. Harris, in charge of Welfare Work at Schrafft's.

A European says:

"It is better to stand than to walk. It is better to sit than to stand. It is better to lie than to sit. It is better to sleep than to lie. It is better to be dead than to sleep. It is better to be dead than alive."

But the American says:

Poor Pessimist! Wake up! Step Lively! Strike Boldly! Stay Alive!

#### Book Review

"Relax - Completely: after a strenuous day it pays to forget your business, your work and worries," says the advertisement of Mark Twain's complete works. Yet if any book in the world would make a confirmed pessimist of any but a confirmed optimist his last published work "The Mysterious Stranger" would do it. Assuming that all our readers are optimists we give a few points from this really remarkable story which is the sum total of Mark Twain's philosophy and adds another grain of truth to the assertion that humorists are at heart the saddest of men.

The story is of three boys living in an Austrian village during the sixteenth century. On a winter morning in the mountains they meet the stranger, "a youth of winning face and friendly demeanor who tells them he is a relative of the fallen archangel Satan, and named after him."

"And always when he was talking about men and women here on earth and their doings-even their grandest and sublimest—we were secretly ashamed, for his manner showed that to him, they and their doings were of paltry, poor consequence; often you would think he was talking about flies, if you didn't know. Once he even said, in so many words, that our people down here were quite interesting to him, notwithstanding they were so dull and ignorant and trivial and conceited, and so diseased and rickety, and such a shabby, poor, worthless lot all around. He said it in a quite matter-of-course way and without bitterness, just as a person might talk about bricks or manure or any other thing that was of no consequence and hadn't feelings. I could see he meant no offense, but in my thoughts I set it down as not very good

"Manners! he said. "Why, it is merely the truth, and truth is good manners; manners are a fiction."

"Satan" is only visible to the three boys and appears or disappears at will. There is a thin thread of plot in the story, of an old Priest who loses his purse and finds in its place a purse filled with gold left for him by Satan, which causes the poor old man to be thrown in prison for witchcraft. When he is finally pardoned he is mad and believes himself an emperor. "As pitiful a sight as I ever saw," comments one of the boys. Satan replies:

"Ah, you mistake; it was the truth. I said he would be happy the rest of his days, and he will, for he will always think he is the Emperor, and his pride in it and his joy in it will endure to the end. He is now, and will remain, the one

utterly happy person in this empire."

This is a difficult story to do justice to, and I must close with one of the final paragraphs.

"Strange, indeed, that you should not have suspected that your universe and its contents were only dreams, visions, fiction! Strange, because they are so frankly and hysterically insane, like all dreams: a God who could make good children as easily as bad, vet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, vet never made a single happy one; who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; who gave his angels eternal happiness unearned, vet required his other children to earn it; who gave his angels painless lives, vet cursed his other children with biting miseries and maladies of mind and body; who mouths justice and invented Hell; mouths mercy and invented Hell; mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented Hell; who mouths morals to other people, and has none Himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon Himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor abused slave to worship Him:

You perceive now that these things are impossible except in a dream."

# Interesting Articles in December Magazines

Atlantic: "Some meditations of the heart."
Boy's Life: "Merry Christmas by accident."
Catholic World: "A Merry Christmas."
Delineator: "High days and holy days."
Good Housekeeping: "The seventh Christ-

Harper's: "Fitting the man to the job."

Ladies' Home Journal: "A Millionaire's Money. What should he do with it?"

Review of Reviews: "The boy scouts training for citizenship."

Scribner's: "War music."

St. Nicholas. "Betty's best Christmas."

From "The Social Workers' Primer." For the encouragement of those entering Social Work.

#### DECEMBER

The twenty-fourth, her working day, ls twenty hours, so they say.
The twenty-fifth, devoid of mirth,
She thanks the Lord for Peace on Earth.

#### Announcements

S. E. G. Talks:
December 16, Mrs. Hume on "Advertising."
December 31, to be announced.
January 6, House Party.
January 13, Business Meeting.

# Membership Campaign Announcement!

S. E. G.

Are you remembering that the Membership Campaign is on?

Are you doing your share in securing new members—the S. E. G. kind of members?

Are you placing before your friends the opportunities of the S. E. G.—good fellowship, comradeship, the opportunity for self-development, for helping those who have less than you, and many other advantages too numerous to mention?

Are you also remembering that by spreading the S. E. G. spirit you are also helping to reduce the membership fee?

Also Remember: each new applicant is required to fill out an application blank and send it to the Campaign Committee.

Jennie S. Swartzman, Chairman.

# Christmas, 1916

Edith Guerrier

Athmart the crimson, glowing west Adomn a path of gold.
The setting sun sinks, as to rest;
Its light on wood and wold.

Across the crimson,—floating vapours Like purple dream ships glow, Lit by sunbeam's very tapers Upward, onward still they go.

Till on the sapphire sea they furl
Their fiery sails afar,
Nor brave the mid-sea's stainless prarl
Where shines one radiant star.

Nor cannon smoke of earth-born might, Nor cloud from trench or mine. Can dim for long thy queurhless light O star of Love Divine. Tel. 292 & 293 Brookline

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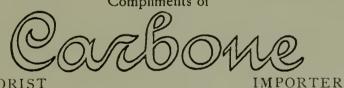
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The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

JANUARY 1917

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North End Items REBECCA G. HEIMAN

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To our many Friends

A Cappy, Joyous Sem Year,

crowned with Peace, Power, and Plenty.

The Editors.

#### Editorial

#### Dire Dress

FANNY GOLDSTEIN

"CLEANLINESS is next to godliness," but style is not the key to heaven.

Since society demands clothes, the question of dress deserves due consideration, and it is necessary that we always give some thought towards making our external appearances attractive; but that does not always necessitate style.

Style is the economic curse of the day. It is neither always sane, nor beautiful, nor modest, nor uplifting, yet the question of dress to the modern girl is a horrible nightmare, and the current dress extravagances to the conservative a constant horror.

I do not aim to pose as a dress reformer; neither do I believe in uniforms for women, nor in the so-called hygienic dress conformity which creates conscious living models, society fads, and newspaper talk. On the contrary, I believe that economy, utility, individuality, and a simplicity of beauty are always essential in the question of clothes.

As it is to-day, style constantly clashes with utility. Paris designs the fashions, the stage decrees, the society woman adopts, the working girl apes her economic peers,— and Dame Fashion, being a fickle lady, sees well to the short life of her designs.

The female heart is naturally a weak one on the subject of dress. Personal adornment, the love of gew-gaws, color, and variety, is her historic heritage, but entirely too much time, too much money, and too much precious energy is wasted in order to keep up appearances with the crowds.

Why err thus in aping? Clothes do not make the person, and society must after all accept the individual on his merits. May we not, therefore, hope for a happy balance?

"Do not preach conservatism in clothes! It is not for to-day!" our friends will say. You may try it as a whim (if you can afford to be a sensation), for moral resistance (if you are queer), but for economic reasons you must never whisper that, for then you will either lose your friends, lose your poise, or, worse than all, in the category of the day become a "back number," and that to the female heart is the worst humiliation.

There is, though, little sense in moralizing on the question. Certainly in so free and (un)equal a country no one has a right to dictate as to what the modern Venus shall spend for clothes.

Current dress extravagances, however, cannot be ignored, nor are they wholly the trend of the times, for the echo of the slaughter and suffering from across the seas is not conducive to frivolity and selfish adornment in the heart of the altruist. Has, then, our sense of moral resistance weakened? Or do we fear to appear eccentric in not keeping pace with the fashion's demands? Or is it because we do not fully realize that the masses are far too extravagant in their dress, and in reality, as Ben Franklin would say, "pay too much for a whistle."

Most women are entirely too much the slaves of shopping. The dress expenditures and extravagances of a working girl nowadays in comparison to her earnings is beyond words. Dress competition is in itself a tremendous incentive, and too often anxious parents egg their daughters on to unnecessary, wasteful extravagances in order to maintain appearances and to outwit their neighbors. Be the reason what it may, a reaction towards saner fashions, and a release from the whimsical dictates of style, would be most healthful and welcome.

The current fashionable vocabulary, which both delights and bores, consists of the following elevating expressions: "Adorable! Cunning! The cutest thing! Charming combination! Darling model! Extremely fetching! Chick and Frenchy! Awfully stylish! Most individual! Very novel! Sweet and stunning! Stylish effect! Up-to-date!" etc., etc. Such talk can scarcely be called either educational or elevating.

During the course of a recent conversation with a modest and frank young workman in search of a wife and home, he said to me: "It takes more courage than brains now-a-days for a man earning \$20 per week to offer marriage to a girl when the styles call for silk stockings on week days, and the old-fashioned theory of \$50 per annum for a woman's dress has been relegated to ancient history. To-day \$100 a year would just about pay for her footgear!"

Of course, being a woman, I naturally contradicted and would not admit the truth of these observations to him, but on reflection his wisdom was forced home to me.

A modern street car on a week day is suggestive of a Colonial reception, and an evening "affaire" outwits the combined powers of all old fairy godmothers in producing its Cinderellas!

When a working girl who earns an average of S10 per week indulges in silk suits, Parisian hats, furs at figures that would resurrect a Puritan, and evening gowns that mi-lady flaunts and vies with the rainbow in color, it is a bit puzzling as to who's who and what's what, and high time that we cry "Halt!" to the pace.

Yet they are good girls and we must admire their appearance, even if we pity their waste of effort in these passing vanities. But are we, in following the line of least resistance, that is, in keeping up with the times, any happier in the pursuit of the purse in order to compete and aliav the expenses of the gay, gaudy, giddy ghost of

Imitation is not culture. Self-indulgence is not character building. Cleanliness is elevating,—simplicity is beauty, - love is Godliness, -but, style is not the key to Heaven.

# **IMMIGRATION**

# Fifteen Years Later

FRANK RIZZO

I was twelve years of age when I was taken away from school. I had been kept there for five whole years by an uncle of mine who had been kind enough to adopt me as a servant, so that while I went to school with his own sons, I could at the same time save him the expenses of hiring a person for the necessary family errands. So that, as anybody can judge, I was exploited upon by my own relatives, and at a very early age. If I had had at that time the principles and ideas

I have at present, I might have even lost that much; for, as far as my father was concerned, I could have remained ignorant: he had enough to do playing cards all the time.

Thus deprived of any further education, I felt like a boy who, deeply interested in a game, is abruptly and unreasonably interrupted. I had to resign myself to the following consequences, but the knot in my throat could never vanish whenever I met my former schoolmates. They came in elegant officers' uniforms for their vacations from the Seminaries. This I could not forget, not because I envied their prosperous, uninterrupted

careers, but because I felt I could have done the same if someone had given me the opportunity.

I could listen for whole days to their tales of college life, to the imposing talk of the former and the mild narration of the latter. My conversation with them was no longer that of a grammar school mate with his chums; my knowledge had to a certain extent receded, while theirs had progressed continuously, as even my limited imagination could picture at the age of thirteen or fourteen years. They had grown taller and so clean as to compete with the school masters themselves; witty in their conversation, frank in their actions, and friendlier than ever with all their acquaintances. All these qualities made me look on them as learned people, all the more because they could speak in foreign languages, such as French, Latin, Greek, or German.

How nice it must be for those fellows to be able to read those books that the grammar school teacher or the pastor hardly could read! Often I thought to myself, how wonderful it must be to be able to read books whose writers have long since perished, and whose names are so familiar in every-day life. What a satisfaction it is for these boys to be able to talk with someone from beyond the Alps, whose language seems nonsense to those who do not understand them. Then I went further in my picturing of them: one leading a regiment of proud soldiers towards unknown lands; another attracting the attention of a whole public from a damasked pulpit; and another, with Ciceronian eloquence, trying to free some poor delinquent from the grasp of the law.

These and many other similar thoughts have run in my memory since then, never forgetting, however, that I might have gained something by my ability had I, like the others, been helped to do so.

"Well, my son," said my mother to me one of those endless Italian days of summer, "it will be better for you if you could learn some trade, so that you may make a living."

"Be it so," was my answer. "What shall I learn?"

"Anything you wish," said she.

"I will go to Master Sebastiano, who made the old St. Joseph for the Parochial Church, and see if he wishes to take me as his 'discepolo.'"

Fortunately he did take me, but unfortunately enough, after a year or more of traveling back and forth to that blessed town, I could hardly shape an angel's thumb, for all I had done during that time was sandpapering the feet, hands, and faces of saints, angels, and fiends.

Discouraged as I was, I decided to change my

master. This one was an ornamental worker, whose chief occupation was carving mortuary caskets. He kept me doing all the rougher parts, while he incised all kinds of frightful figures on the surfaces of the luxurious boxes. But not very long after I went there he died.

What was left for me to do but to go back to the old Professor Sebastiano, who accepted me again, this time, however, showing me a little less consideration than before, by often giving me orders to go and pick up peaches, oranges, or figs for the "Mæstra." So that, dropping gauge or fish skin, as it was, I had to take "paniere" in hand and run to the adjacent garden.

This life lasted for five or six years, at the end of which I could hardly model a dog's head in clay or carve its paw in wood. I was old enough to earn my own bread, however, so decided to leave the master to go to do whatever I could.

Having worked a year or so to earn my passage to America, I embarked from Naples the 9th of December, 1904, landed in New York seventeen days later, and here I have been since then, but always with the memory of my school days lost and yet to be.

I have been working ever since and at all trades, from the humble shoe shop to the more profitable shovel, wheelbarrow, and pick; from the hod to the saw, square, and hammer again; from cabinet-making to drafting, the last and best occupation I ever had in my life, a real pastime in comparison with the jobs by which I began to earn "American bread."

But even this was not satisfactory to me with my restless thoughts and constant desire ever fixed on for school. This has finally been accorded to me, and I have succeeded in entering this school. How I ever got so far I am at a loss to say, but it has been my only desire for fifteen long years, from the time I was but twelve years old.

N. B. The above paper was written by Mr. Rizzo upon entering college. In the next issue he will relate his impressions of an American college.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not her own,
Is not easily provoked,
Thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." We have a "Vocational" department in this paper. In addition to articles appearing under that heading we hope to have from time to time descriptions of manufacturing plants, trades, and industries.

## A Visit to One of H. P. Hood & Sons' Model Milk Stations

EDITH GUERRIER

In the Boston City Record of December 23d an article, on the impurities to be found in milk, attracted my attention and caused me to think it worth while to know whether there was in Boston a milk firm that could be trusted to give us the pure article. I believe I have made the acquaintance of such a dealer, and through the columns of this paper I want to give an account of the manner in which H. P. Hood & Sons manage their milk business, to the end that our readers may feel, as I do now, that a bottle with Hood's seal on it stands for cleanliness, purity, and safety.

There are in Boston several receiving stations for milk from the five thousand or more farms from which milk is bought. A description of one of these stations, that at West Lynn, will answer for all the rest. As soon as the milk arrives it is emptied into large glass-lined receiving tanks and carried through sanitary pipes into an "agitator," where the milk is kept in constant motion by means of blades connected with the motor. This process prevents the cream from rising to the top, and assures an adequate amount of butter fat to the entire quantity. From these agitators milk is conveyed to the pasteurization room.

In pasturization the milk is heated to 145 degrees and held there for thirty minutes. A chart on the wall keeps a written record of the degrees of heat reached in the heating machine, and by means of an electrical device connected with this chart if the temperature reaches more than 145 degrees the heat is automatically shut off. But it is automatically turned on again when the thermometer again registers 144 degrees. From the heating device the milk passes into porcelain compartments, where it remains one-half hour, at the end of which time it is released automatically and passed to the cooler, which is made in three sections of copper tubing. "Through the top section is running constantly a stream of water; through the second below it, ice water, and into the third section is pumped brine at a very low temperature. Running over these sections, the milk is cooled in ten seconds to 38 degrees."

From the cooling machine the milk flows into an aluminum agitator, whence it passes through a filling device directly into the bottles, which are instantly capped by a capping machine, after which a perfectly clean, safe and pure food in a sterilized, clean, safe and pure receptacle slides along a sort of roller coast railway to the storage room, where, at a temperature of 45 degrees, it remains until packed on the teams for delivery.

So much for the pasteurization process, and the machine-devised methods which give a safe, clean article of food to the public at a price the public can afford to pay, and which guards against the possibility of the disease germs of scarlet fever, diphtheria, tonsilitis, tuberculosis and typhoid fever.

Extract from the Boston City Record, December 23, 1916:

"Undoubtedly the most efficient single safeguard against disaster from a milk supply which has become accidentally infected is efficient pasteurization as the last step before delivery to the consumer, with due precaution to avoid all possibility of infection subsequent to pasteurization. From the standpoint of the prevention of typhoid fever and other infectious diseases, pasteurization may well be considered an essential adjunct to all other safeguards, since, in all the other defences against infection, there are numerous breaks which can be guarded against only by this final measure of destroying such infectious material as may have slipped past the first lines of defence.

"The foregoing principles are well recognized and generally applied in the control of milk supplies, and it is well known that according to efficiency with which they are carried out the indicated measures reduce or, with thoroughly efficient universal pasteurization, probably eliminate the typhoid infection from milk."

The fact that in seventy years no case of infectious disease has been traced to Hood's milk speaks well for the efficiency of their methods.

Having the safety of the milk proved to my satisfaction, by personal inspection of the process and the intelligent information by the guide who conducted me, I proceeded to ask questions which brought forth the following interesting information. The milk business, in order to keep up the supply demanded, has a number of traveling buyers touring New England in search of desirable dairy farms from which to buy milk. When a farm has been added to the list of Hood's producers, the farmer receives a monthly score card with the following questions:

Station H. P. HOOD & SONS Dairy No MILK PRODUCERS SCORE CARD (Based on the Honor System)

January 31, 1917

1. Has all milk produced at your dairy during the month of January been cooled in water to a temperature of 50 deg. fah. inside of one hour after being milked, and held at or not above 50 deg. or below 35 deg. until delivered and was not at any time allowed to freeze?

Answer.....

2. Have you a milk house or a milk room used for nothing but milk and milk utensils, and is the water tank wholly within the milk house or milk room, and was all the milk produced in your own dairy during the month kept in this room?

Answer.....

3. Has your dairy barn tight walls and ceiling, and was it whitewashed between October 1st and November 30th, 1916?

Answer.....

4. Has your dairy barn at least 4 sq. ft. of window glass per cow, and not less than 500 or more than 1,000 cu. ft. of air space per cow?

Answer..

I hereby certify that the above statements are correct.

Signed.....

NOTICE: — In order to receive premiums the following rules must be observed:

Answer each question by either "Yes" or "No." No premium will be allowed on any item of the above not definitely answered in the appropriate column.

the appropriate column.

No score card shall be made out until the last day of each month, and must be in the hands of our agent, if there is one at your station, or if not, in the Boston office, by the 5th of the following month.

According to his answers he receives or does not receive a premium on his product.

This card is of course in addition to the score card kept by the Boston Board of Health, which is marked once or twice a year by inspectors sent to every New England dairy sending milk to Boston. This card has over ninety questions, covering every conceivable point affecting health as connected with the using of milk as a food. Copies of the answers are filed at the Boston Board of Health, at the dairy farm, and with the milk firm handling the product.

Recalling some old New Hampshire farms in the White Mountain region, I said, "How are you able to make the farmers see the virtue of methods their great grandfathers, their grandfathers, and their fathers never used?" "Through the Almighty Dollar," was the reply. "If a farmer needs more window space for his cows, if his barn wall needs whitewashing, if he has an unclean barn cellar, we say, 'If you remedy these defects we will pay you an extra price for every can of milk.' Last year we paid over \$40,000 in premiums of this kind. We have twenty-six men employed for the sole purpose of educating the farmers dealing with us."

In the clean, light, chemical laboratory I found the chemist applying his tests. He is at this work from morning until night. Of course each dairy is not tested individually every day, but milk from a certain number at one time. If any impurity is discovered, the different dairies contributing to the quantity tested are analyzed separately, until the offending one is located. In the laboratory, also, modified milk for babies is prepared according to the family physician's prescription.

"I have never been able to understand the dif-

ference between certified and pasteurized milk," I said. "Your pasteurized milk can be bought for ten and twelve cents a quart, but for the certified one must pay seventeen cents." "The difference between the ten and twelve cent pasteurized is with regard to the cleanliness of the milk, twelve cent milk being from Jersey cows only. As to the certified milk, it is all produced at our own Cherry Hill Farm, Beverly, Mass., and is certified by the Boston Medical Commission."

According to Dr. Galland, in an aricle written for the Mother's Magazine,

"Certified milk is the perfected product of perfectly equipped model Dairy Farms that are the culmination of nearly three-quarters of a century of painstaking, costly experimentation in scientific dairying—combining every advancement known to science and man in conscientiously safeguarding and certifying a milk supply.

"No fastidious housewife could be more scrupulous or exacting in the care of her home than we are in maintaining immaculate surroundings for our Certified Milk herds. The sleek, contented animals are tuberculin tested every six months. They are watched over, fed, and attended as systematically as nursing mothers would be. Employees, too, are selected with the strictest regard as to health—always clean and neat—medically examined regularly. The pure, rich milk is weighed, cooled and bottled with the utmost thoroughness and rapidity. Every surface it touches is steam sterilized. And it is kept cold until delivered in your home. There is not the slightest chance for contamination.

"It is certified by the Boston Medical Milk Commis-

As we discussed the various phases of milk production, we had been walking through the various rooms of the large plant, and had paused for a moment before the bottle sterilizing machine. The machine used here is similar to that used for washing and sterilizing the cans. I think I neglected to mention that all cans, as well as bottles, are furnished by the company at a cost for tin ware of over \$15,000 a year. The bottles, in steel cases, as they pass through the sterilization machine, are first subjected to jets of boiling water, next to a solution of washing soda, and finally, to live steam. From the sterilizing room the metal cases of clean bottles are railroaded to the clean jar storage room to cool, whence they pass to the pasteurization room to be filled. From the pasteurization room the filled bottles go to the refrigeration room, and thence to the shippers.

Noticing several wagons being loaded in the yard, I said, "You are so up-to-date in every way I wonder at your not using motor trucks for delivering milk." My guide laughed and said, "You could not expect a motor truck to follow a milk man from house to house as a horse does, now could you? But perhaps you would like to see the stable," and he led me to the most wonderful barn imaginable, the only place I have ever seen like it being the model cow barn at Vollendam in

Holland, the main difference being that the cows have lace curtains at their windows, which the horses have not, and the cowherd slept in the barn with his cows, which the stable men do not. Over one stall I noticed the legend, "Prince. 28 years, in constant service; 22 years delivering milk to the Lynn public." "He is on his route

now," said my guide.

"Your drivers seem wonderfully interested in the business welfare of the concern," I said. "We at our house received a Christmas letter from our route salesman, quite as if he were a stockholder." "He is," was the reply. "In the first place, every one of the drivers is paid a flat rate of \$21 a week, and by increased sales, on which he is paid a premium, as well as upon the care of his horse and wagon, he brings the amount up usually to over \$25 a week. Then fifty per cent of our employees are stockholders in the company. They can buy preferred stock at \$10 a

share with a guarantee of seven per cent interest. All stockholders have voting power, so, since no outsider is allowed to own stock, the policy of the business is literally outlined by those employed in carrying it on. If an employee leaves, his stock is bought back by the company for a sum twentyfive per cent in excess of what he originally paid for it. We have frequent meetings, in which suggestions are welcomed from anyone having suggestions to make. Mr. Hood, who is president of the concern, himself drove the first milk wagon owned by the company. He is one of us, too; knows us all by our first names, works as hard as any of us, and often attends our meetings to help arrange things for the good of the public and for the benefit of the employees."

"I thank you for a very pleasant and profitable morning," I said on taking leave, "and I shall let as many of my friends as possible know what I

have seen of Hood's model methods."

### THE LIBRARY

## A Few Valuable Reference Books

James M. Dearborn (Boston Athenæum)

"THERE is no man living, and none dead, whose writings have been so eagerly sought for, and no man whose whole life was so devoted to the good If superlatives are dangerous, they are not so viewed by the publisher of books, neither to-day nor vesterday. The subject of this eulogy may not first be guessed, save perhaps by the owner or subscription agent who "left" a copy of Dr. Chase's "Third, Last, and Complete Receipt Book and Household Physician, or Practical Knowledge for the People." A reference book? Yes, for may it not be affirmed that books en masse are, in the larger sense, reference books? And the volume in question, too, has this real kinship with reference books as commonly known through the fact of its having been consulted, it may be believed, more frequently than the dictionary in many homes. So that to attempt to mention a few reference books is a procedure somewhat like that of holding up for examination a few flowers.

If the old doctor's medical observations have among the enlightened now lapsed into innocuous desuetude, they at least serve to illustrate the point that reference books, like automobiles, are everlastingly getting out of date. But what a vast subject for one individual to attempt to illuminate!

A truth that is brought home, as one glances at the frontispiece portrait of the doctor and then at the seventy-four physicians, psychologists, and economists—the Reference Board—grouped in the initial pages of "How to Live," by Fisher and Fisk (1915). This is a wonderful example of colaborative effort on a big scale, though the contents are condensed into a paltry three hundred pages. Its purpose and scope are pretty clearly set forth in the title, and it is probably the most authoritative work in its particular field.

Another valuable book, also of the multum in parvo sort, is better known to most readers. If one would swap an admission ticket to the movies for a good, up-to-date reference book, how could one bargain better than to choose a copy of the 1916 World Almanac? Simply amazing is the store of useful information therein classified. To mention a few of the headings:—

Progress of Woman Suffrage.

Chronological Record of Events in 1915.

Review of Recent Legislature in the Various States.

Parcel Post Information.

Workmen's Compensation Laws of the States and Territories.

Concise Account of the Great War.

American Learned Societies.

Such themes as the above are usually of considerable interest to most everybody. Of paramount importance, if not of interest in these days,

however, is the ever-changing black cloud of the Great War. How shall one follow the struggle? Books and pamphlets upon it pour from the presses by the hundred; the newspapers are often far from reliable; much that is affirmed to-day will be denied to-morrow. To answer, it may be stated that there is surely at least one suitable source to which reference may be had, namely, the newest edition (1915) of our old friend Plætz, "Epitome," or "Manual of Universal History." Here is chronicled in a concise form the leading events of the war from the assassination of Arch Duke Ferdinand to the end of 1914. Though not, of course, exactly up to date, it will prove a useful compendium on the subject so far as its course runs.

On the bibliographical side of current European history, there is as yet but a single really important contribution, Lange and Berry's "Books on the Great War." Three volumes have already been compiled and a fourth will probably appear in 1917. How may one better become acquainted with the occurrences than through the medium of this annotated and well-indexed guide? And if Diplomatic Correspondence and Plans of Battle and the like do not attract, there are still the Personal Narratives and Ambulance and Medical Work, which must unfailingly rekindle within us a generous measure of real human interest.

Passing from the bibliographical to the biographical, it is pleasing to note that at last, under the masculine supervision of one John William Leonard, the first Woman's Who's Who of America has been launched (1915). About 10,000 brief biographical sketches are listed, and all the important lines of endeavor in which women

engage,—education, charity, journalism, social service, club life, official life, etc.,—are represented. Incidentally, the work augurs well for the future of woman suffrage, as 4,787 out of 5,560 women therein named who responded to a referendum on the subject expressed themselves as being in favor.

Of a more idealistic than practical value are books of quotations. Of such is Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," a collection of passages, phrases, and proverbs, both poetical and prose, chronologically arranged. For years a common household companion, further description of it is perhaps needless, except to say that, after having passed through ten editions, Bartlett's is still the best. Yet one further word, to make mention of the newest (1914) edition, edited by Nathan Haskell Dole, in which representation is given a select number of writers who attained standing since the early nineties.

Probably worthy of companionship with Bartlett is a compact volume, issued the other day, Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes." "It is difficult," said George Moore, "to find a simile when one is seeking one." This is "the first attempt to collect the best similes from the English as well as from all other literatures." About 15,000 examples are given, "ranging from the ancient Persian to the writings of 1916," though naturally the most are gleaned from English literature. So one may find the subway thief that eloped with one's pocket book was as "sly as a fox" and also as "elusive as a submarine"; and that in her latest she looked as "pretty as a picture," or was she as "pretty as a Pingree potato patch?"

#### **EDUCATIONAL**

# Poetry in the North End

An Interview with Miss Marion F. Dogherty of the Hancock School

YESTERDAY morning I went into a bookstore to buy several books of poems. While the very young man who waited on me was wrapping up my purchases I heard him say, "I buy only poetry, I love it better than anything in the world." "Pardon me, but why," I asked. With a most charming smile he replied, hesitatingly, "You see I write poetry myself."

There is inherent in every one of us a love for written poetry and for the poetry of life unwritten.

Much depends, however, on the way children are taught to approach the subject while thy are still very young. In the North End, more, perhaps, than in any other district, the necessity for intuitive guidance along this line is to be greatly desired, and we are most fortunate in having at the Hancock School a highly gifted and sympathetic teacher of this subject so much more important (excuse the heresy) than "2x2" or "a noun is a name word," etc.

The grade teachers have not the time necessary for helping the children to appreciate and love the great poems of the world. This love must be awakened, not by insisting that the children find out the exact location of Canobie Lea or how many turns there are in the Esk river, but by

causing them to love the poems because—because—well they mustn't be expected to tell why.

I recall the story of a little girl who was sent on an errand to a house where she saw framed and hanging on the wall, "Crossing the Bar." Looking at the poem with great joy she said, "Before I went to Miss Dogherty's room, I used to hate poetry, but now I love it." "What do you do to make them love it, Miss Dogherty," I said. "Why, first and last," she replied, "I love it myself, and I have never yet been guilty of making a child memorize poetry. It must be learned unconsciously, and never made a task of. The children enjoy the poems with me, and without being aware of the process, they learn them."

"A few days ago," I remarked, "I heard the 6th grade children reciting very beautifully, all together, 'Young Lochinvar.' What if you are responsible for a few elopements later on?" "Don't worry about that," she laughed, "the children will never think of that; they'll just revel in the glorious swing of the verse and be glad of

Allen's good fortune."

"What if there are words and phrases difficult to understand?" I questioned. "Those I always write on the blackboard before beginning, and explain difficulties," she replied. "Then I write the entire poem on the board, because I find it has a better result when the children's attention is concentrated on one particular spot; better far than if each child is holding a book in his own hand. The poetry stays with them, too. You remember A. L. who worked in that dark little provision shop on M. street. Whenever I met her she always said. 'I remember all the poetry I learned with you. I love to say it even now.'"

Miss Dogherty not only has charge of the poetry, but of all composition work done in the Hancock School. With regard to this she said, "I wish there were no such thing as a topic—we teachers are too arbitrary. We should treat every child with the respect due an author. Why, one may have any number of authors here—I sometimes feel as if I must shout from the housetops—"The strongest note in composition is freedom, freedom."

The results of the composition work can be best shown by a few compositions written by children of the different grades.

#### Mother

My mother is not only pretty but her character is a beautiful one. Her hair is black mixed with white and falls in soft, pretty waves. She has brown eyes that have a soft, tender look, while the rest of the face is not exactly pretty but the only word that would describe it is "motherly." We have a picture of my father and mother when they were sixteen and fifteen. My mother was very beautiful then. No one can comfort us more

than she when we are sick or in trouble. To me an old Hebrew saying, to the effect that as God couldn't be in the world to correct and help us He created mothers, is true.

#### Grandmother

Old grandmother Loo sits in her chair all day, with her snow white locks peeping out of her lace cap. Her light blue eyes, her winning smile and the kind old face with its happy look cheers me, but many a time I have caught grandma Loo wipe a tear from her eyes as she thinks of the past. When I have any sad troubles I ask grandma for advice and I feel as though she takes them away.

#### An Ideal Woman

When I grow up to be a woman I should like to be neat and attractive. I shall never be beautiful but my inside will be pure and clean. I hope I shall be loved by everybody If by chance some poor travelers come along without food or shelter I shall take them in and give them as much food as I can spare. I shall be noted for being hospitable. When the people leave me and go to some other country they will talk about me and therefore I shall have a great many friends. I shall take the bolts off my windows and doors and all the travelers shall be welcomed, for I am sure the people will do me no harm because I do them no harm. When I die, my children shall copy my character and their children shall, so that we shall have a world of perfect people.

#### Summer Time of Life

After the springtime of life comes the summer time of life. Some people think that the summer time is not so beautiful as the spring time, but Ithink it is. I know it is because my mother is in the summer time of life and she is just as happy as I am. In the summer time of life there is some joy and some sorrow. Marriage is one of the joys. It leads to all beautiful things. When we get married we have beautiful children to take care of and we sew. It helps us to think of the poor people, because we would think our children were in their place.

#### Signs of Spring

The days are growing longer and the sun shines till late afternoon. Every day is getting pleasanter and soft winds blow. Birds are coming to make their homes in the boughs of the trees. The Pussy willow is here. The boughs of the trees are getting ready to put on their coat of green. The rivers and brooks are beginning to flow and they feel happy to awake from their long winter sleep. The grass is beginning to grow and smell the fresh air.

#### If I had a Fairy's Wand

The very first thing I should do. if I had a fairy's wand would be to stop this awful war, which is killing so many men, breaking the hearts of so many mothers and children and which is only helping to spread batted throughout all the nations of the world. I would stop all the misery in the homes and I would make the cruel masters of any animals be kind to them. I would, also, give work to those who have none and would make every girl and boy have a good education. I would also, give women a good many more rights, not in the home, but in the outside world, because I think some women know a great deal more than some men about outside affairs.

The following outline is the one used by Miss Dogherty in teaching poetry in the Hancock School:

If there is any poem in the list which you do not enjoy teaching, please substitute for it one from

the additional list or else a favorite of your own . ADDITIONAL LIST FROM WHICH TO SELECT and let me know of the change. The poems suggested can be covered with ease in a half hour lesson each week in every grade below the seventh. The new course of study requires the memorizing of 100 lines in the fourth grade. This, of course, is the minimum. The teacher who enjoys good literature and makes her class enjoy it will find it not only possible, but easy, to teach a good deal more than 100 lines in a year. Please let the children have the "Land of Song" in their own hands occasionally and read the simple, beautiful poems with as little explanation as possible. Let the children revel in the rhythm and beauty of them. Most of the reading should be done by the teacher, whose inflections and intelligent interpretation will greatly help the child to understand.

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED BY GRADE 4 The Child's World September and October Land of Song Book 1 November Fable Emerson The Wind December Stevenson The Lost Doll January Kingslev February The Land of Story Books Stevenson Answer to a Child's Question March Coleridge Lullaby of an Infant Chief April Scott May Kingsley A Farewell Read to the children all you June can from Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses.

ADDITIONAL POEMS TO SELECT FROM Longfellow Daybreak

Wordsworth

Tennyson

March Celia Thaxter In School Days Whittier The Children's Hour Longfellow Home they brought her Warrior Dead Tennyson

Written in March What does Little Birdie

Say The Owl and the Pussy-

June

Edward Lear Cat The Fountain Lowell A Little Cock Sparrow Mother Goose

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED BY GRADE 5

October The Sun's Travels, Stevenson November and

The First Snowfall December Lowell Read and study Barbara January Whittier Frietchie

Read and study in School Days Whittier February The Daffodils Wordsworth To the Dandelion 1st and 3rd March stanzas Lowell April

To a Butterfly (Stay near me) Wordsworth May

Read and enjoy
The Children's Hour
The Village Blacksmith Paul Revere's Ride

Longfellow Read and enjoy

June

The Land of Song. Book 1

, SUBSTITUTES

Longfellow The Rainy Day The Fountain Lowell

A few Stanzas from Rain

Longfellow in Summer Thomas Carlyle To-day Sweet and Low Tennyson James T. Field The Captain's Daughter Lines from "The Ancient Mariner."

He Prayeth Well, etc.

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED BY GRADE 6 (except when it says "study or "read")

Lochinvar October and November The Night Wind Eugene Field December

READ AND ENJOY

The Planting of the Apple Tree, Bryant To the Fringed Gentian, **January** 

Robert of Lincoln, "Good name in man or woman," February

Shakespeare "Under the Greenwood Tree,

Ingratitude, March

RRAD AND ENJOY

Whittier The Barefoot Boy, In School Days The Palm Tree, Barbara Frieschie. To a Butterfly (I've Watched You Now), 66

April

Wordsworth May Flower in the Crannied Wall, Tennyson Read bits from Hiawatha, Longfellow

Enjoy "The Land of Song," Book 1 and 2 June

ADDITIONAL LIST

Leigh Hunt Kipling Abou ben Adhem, Shiv and the Grasshopper, The Village Blacksmith, Longfellow The Destruction of Sennacherib, Byron

POEMS FOR GRADE 7

To the Cuckoo, Wordsworth October The Chambered Nautilus, November Holmes December The Snow Storm, Emerson Breathes there a man Scott January Read to the children or, better still, February

with them the following: Old Clock on the Stairs Longfellow's Rain in Summer

Arrow and the Song The Rainy Day My Lost Youth 66 44 Daybreak ..

A Farewell Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead Tennyson's 66

New Year 66 Crossing the Bar 66 6.6

Lady Clare
The Bugle Song
Maud Muller, Telling the Bees, and Whittier's

Skipper Ireson's Ride The Quality of Mercy, Shakespeare March Music, Emerson April and May

The Rhodora, by Emerson Enjoy "The Land of Song," Book 2 and also a set of books, collections of Longfellow's poems, called "The Children's Hour.

ADDITIONAL LIST FOR MEMORIZING

The Reverie of Poor Susan,
My Captain,
Incident of the French Camp,
The Year's at the Spring,
Charge of the Light Brigade,

Wordsworth
Whitman
Browning.
"Tennyson

POEMS FOR GRADE 8

Shakespeare,

Ben Johnson

On Shakespeare, Milton
Passages from Shakespeare's plays,
A Man's a Man for a' That, Burns
She was a Phantom of Delight, Wordsworth
My Love, Lowell
An afternoon with Fields,
James Whitcomb Riley

Summing upof best known poems of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell.

#### THE NORTH END

# Boston Street Names and their Origins

GRETCHEN TREMERE

Strangers coming to Boston invariably complain of the wandering nature of our streets, and declare that they never know whether they are going toward or away from their destination. A true Bostonian, however, much as he may deplore their narrowness and general inconvenience, loves his streets and would not have them changed for all the modern boulevards. When he pauses to consider that his ancestors, the people who made it possible for him to be here at all, trod these streets on their way to church, business, school, and even to pasture, he follows their indirections and grumbles no more.

We have unfortunately not held to names as we have to appearances. Old landmarks passed away, the Revolution came with its new sentiments, and the general feeling for improvement caused many of the alleys to become avenues and the lanes to become streets, and with their growth to change as to name.

In 1708 the first official list of streets was published. There were one hundred names, of which thirty are still in use. Beacon Street, named from the hill which it crossed, and which took its name from the beacon on its summit to be lighted in a time of great danger, stood thirty-first on the list and is thus described: "The way leading from Mrs. Whitcomb's corner westerly through the upper side of the Common and so down to the sea."

Another street which had to do with the same Mrs. Whitcomb's Corner was School Street, on which stood at that time the Old Boston Latin School.

When the new Post Office was built there was discovered a spring of fresh water which had been used by the town before the Revolution, and had been approached by Spring Lane. Merchant's Row, whose name is self-explanatory, was also on that old list.

Trea-mount Street was at that time only a small

part of our present Tremont Street, other portions being called Common Street and Walker's Lane. Washington Street was even more broken up, having been called in various parts at various times Cornhill, High Street, Marlboro Street, Newbury Street, Orange Street, and finally, after a visit of the President, Washington Street. Other instances of our patriotism are Court Street, changed from Queen Street, and State Street, which usurped King Street, and these streets named after various governors, Adams, Bowdoin, Endicott, and Leverett.

Boylston Street, which once bore the euphonious title of Frog Lane, keeps in mind the old Boston family of Boylstons, while the Rev. Dr. Chauncy and William Ellery Channing are both similarly commemorated. Chauncy Street is one that has had a changeable career, having been known as Bury Street, Barrack Lane, and Berry Street.

Col. Shrimpton kept the Royal Exchange Tavern on Shrimpton's Lane or Royal Exchange Lane, as it was often called, now shortened to Exchange Street.

After one of Boston's big fires in 1760, Devonshire, a merchant of Bristol, contributed largely to the sufferers, and to show their gratitude they changed Pudding Lane to Devonshire Street, and added the parts called Joyleiff's Lane and Black Jack Alley. Christopher Kilby was also a large contributor at that time, and although not mentioned, it is likely that this is the man the town had in mind when they united Mackrill Lane, Cooper's Alley, Miller's Lane, and Adams Street, and called the whole Kilby Street. Milk Street was named from the old Milk Street in London, having been called also Fort Street as it had lead down to the South Battery.

To quote once more from the first list. "The way leading from Briscow's corner in Marlborough Street passing by Justice Bromfield's into the Common. This was afterwards called Bromfield Rawson's Lane, and is now Bromfield Street.

In the West End we find the governors represented again in Hancock Street. In 1729 one

John Allen opened a forty foot highway from his thirty foot way (afterwards Shute and Wiltshire Street and now part of Chambers Street) to another thirty foot way, later Copper Street, now Brighton Street. This, too, changes its name occasionally to return appropriately to Allen Street.

The Scollay Building, named for William Scollay, an apothecary at number 6 Old Cornhill, once stood in Scollay Square, and though the building was torn down section by section, the name still remains.

Fort Hill has also disappeared, so the name High Street has no significance for us, nor would Low Lane seem any more fitting now, yet both were descriptive of the present High Street at one time.

Last but not least, either then or now, we come to the North End of Boston, at one time spoken of as the island of Boston, Causeway Street being then a real causeway. Copps' Hill was at one time Snow Hill, from which comes Snow Hill Street. Hull Street cut through the field of John Hull, and so it seems only fair to call it so.

Charter Street well deserves its name, being called after the Province Charter; and it has been said that the Colony Charter was hidden at one time in the house of John Foster, which stood at the corner of Charter Lane and Foster Lane. Phipps' Place takes its name directly from the Governor Phipps' estate, which stood there.

On Love Lane or Street was situated the North Writing School, whose master was "Johnny" Tileston, a gentleman who taught the Boston round hand to all the young folks of the neighborhood, being so well liked that in 1821 his name

was made permanent in Tileston Street. Henry Sheafe, a merchant, is another whose name remains in that fashion. At one time Avery Street, named for John Avery, Secretary of State of Massachusetts, was called Sheafe's Lane, but the name remains finally in the North End.

Declination Passage or Day's Alley has taken the family name of Henchman, a person of note in Provincial history.

There were three principal streets in this section, and the one which transversed them all was naturally called Cross Street, being sometimes referred to as the Highway to Breeders' Wharf. Prince Street is one of the compliments to royalty—it was previously called Black Horse Lane.

In the Revolutionary times and before, there was a fort at the foot of Salutation Alley. Some say that it was from this that the street received its name, the fort being called the Salutation. Others say that the Tavern, which stood at the head of the street and had for its sign board a picture of a man with a lifted hat, was responsible. However, Salutation Alley it was then, and Salutation Street it is to-day.

The three principal streets were Salem Street, called Green Lane, and Back Street, Hanover Street, another tribute to kings, or Middle Street, and North Street, which rivals Washington Street in its diversity of names, some being Fore, Ann, Drawbridge, Conduit, Fish, and Ship Streets.

We have come to the Atlantic and the streets cease, but those who will turn again and meander through them with the memory of the past in their minds and hope for the future in their hearts will find them rich in interest.

# VOCATIONAL

# Opportunities in a Retail Store

EVA SHARAF

THE field of work in a retail store offers great advantages to a young girl starting on a business career, whether or not she has fitted herself for the work.

The average girl starts as a bundle girl, and while she is doing this work becomes familiar with the system of the store. Her next step is that of stock girl. Here she becomes familiar with merchandise and its values, and although she does not come in close contact with the public, she can watch the salespeople at their work, and benefit greatly by what she sees and hears. If she desires to advance herself in this line of work, there are many opportunities open to her. Most of the

retail stores now send the junior help to salesmanship classes, where a girl gets training which helps to make her an efficient salesperson. All of the modern stores demand and pay for efficient work, as they want the public to get the best possible service.

The art of selling is by no means a small thing. A salesperson, to be successful, must have first of all, a pleasing personality, and understand human nature.

Now a word about salaries. Most stores offer good salaries and a commission to efficient salespeople. If you have ability and confidence, you will generally get what you demand, providing you are worth it.

While the majority advance from stock girl to salesperson, there are many who are better adapted

for clerical work. For the girl who is always looking ahead, and is not afraid to do a little more than that which is required of her, opportunities will come for her further advancement.

Buyers are always on the lookout for good assistants. Preference is given to one who has grown up in the store. The task of assistant buyer is not a light one, as her duties are many. It is very essential that she work in perfect harmony with the selling force. She meets the public, and helps to adjust difficulties that arise. She must watch the stocks closely, and be able to inform the buyer about the merchandise most desired by the public. An assistant must be ever on the alert to fit herself for the position of buyer when the opportunity comes.

A buyer must be keen, intelligent and capable. The work is very difficult, as market conditions are continuously changing, but the salary attached to the position is a large one.

#### Life

A MODERN FAIRY TALE
Copyright by Edith Guerrier
Scene II.

. Cast of Characters

Antoinette, a French peasant
Marie, a French peasant
Jeanne, daughter to Marie
Elsbeth, a German peasant
Gretchen, daughter to Elsbeth
The Directress of an Hospital
Pierre, son to Antoinette
Dr. Heinrich, a German physician
Hans, a German gardener
Adolphe, a French soldier
Laon de la Nuit, a young man
A Chemist
Devils and Imps

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

A German cottage interior in the Black Forest. A roaring fire on the hearth. A sturdy peasant woman spinning in the corner. Gretchen, her daughter and Laon sitting on the floor before the fire. Gretchen plucking petals from dried edelweiss and Laon pounding them in a mortar.

GRETCHEN: Hear the storm roaring in the fir tops, while we sit, on this New Year's Eve well fed, warm and dry, as for the men in the trenches

LAON: Gretchen, why do the German people fight?

GRETCHEN: For freedom.

LAON: Have they not been free these hundred years.

GRETCHEN: Yes, but the English were getting ready to take away our freedom.

LAON: Then why were the English not ready with men and arms? What if you unjustly suspect them?

GRETCHEN: I am but an untaught peasant girl. It is for those above to think of things like these.

LAON: I thank Almighty God that I never heard a girl of France talk thus. You should hear my Jeanne!

GRETCHEN: But I have had no schooling.

LAON: Nor had she — but Gretchen dare once to think and tell me now truly. Did you or the women of Freiberg ever realize before this war that you were not free?

GRETCHEN: No.

LAON: And does it make you any freer that instead of being here to mend the thatch and feed the cattle and dig the paths, your father and fifty men from this town fell fighting their enemies? No, nor any man's, save those with greed for power and wicked lust for gain in precious metals bought with the lives of men.— In France, I saw a pink my comrade's dead father held in his hand; you show me a rose from the bush set on your mother's wedding day. Would these men have thought that freedom meant burning one another's homes, destroying one another's gardens and killing men, women and little children?

GRETCHEN: Ah, Laon, almost you make me believe that war is of the devil.

LAON: Could any but a devil set men to spend their lives inventing means to kill their fellows? Could any but a devil make a man believe that killing his fellow man would bring him peace. But Gretchen, in my dream of which I told you, it was on such a night as this that the great man with the evil face, who yet knew the secrets of life and death, came for my flowers.

GRETCHEN: When I think of what you have told me of green valleys, clustered hamlets with white roads and red-tiled cottages, roaring torrents, and at last the eternal snow glistening in the first flush of dawn and the wonderful field of pure white fur-petalled edelweiss stretching to the edge of the snow, I forget that war, cruelty, want and revenge are at our doors — (A knock is heard. Laon goes to the door. Enter the Head Chemist, an old man, with flowing white heard and long black cloak.)

LAON: (Struggling to close the door — the stranger helps him.) Ah, sir; you have braved a mighty tempest, this New Year's eve. H. C.: When one is intent on saving life, not even the spirits of darkness riding on wings of sleet in the heart of a tempest, can stop one from reaching his goal. You are the young man known as Laon de la Nuit.

LAON: I am—the flowers are ready for you there by the fire.

ELSBETH: Sir, your cloak and hat.

H. C.: I thank you — stay my crucible and other matters in the pockets. (He takes them out.)

ELSBETH: Sir, I will bring you bread and a cup of hot milk.

H. C.: Thanks, good frau, but not now — I must first test this powder of life. (to Laon) In your dream what was to be your reward for the service you do me?

LAON: You were to teach me the secret of life.

H. C.: You are over young to be willing to take such a responsibility as this knowledge gives. Though it means life to others, it may mean death to you.

LAON: I will take the responsibility.

H. C.: Will you women lend us the use of this fire for half an hour, and be deaf, dumb and blind to what we do?

ELSBETH: We will sit like statues, with our backs turned so you will not know we are here. Come, Gretchen.

H. C.: (Opening a small box.) These ingredients, you will see the names on the phials, I shall mix, you must watch me and ask no question—when a blue flame rises, cover it for about half a minute and then—we shall have ashes enough for the lives of a million men. (He works silently for a few seconds, and then the blue flame leaps up.) Cover, cover! (Laon looks about wildly, and seeing no cover, claps his hand over the crucible. The old chemist counts aloud thirty and then says): Remove your hand.

LAON: But I felt no heat, and my hand is unscorched.

H. C.: That is proof that the powder is a success. One grain of these ashes mixed with a quart measure heaped with flower dust, is sufficient for the lives of ten thousand men. Now you know the secret, and I more than fulfil my contract by giving you half the first mixture— The strain of this adventure begins to tell on me. After all, I am an old man, and I would sleep.

ELSBETH: The hot milk and bread are ready.

H. C.: No, let me sleep.

ELSBETH: It is very cold in the upper chamber, but there is a bed stuffed with goose feathers, a lambswool coverlet and a bearskin rug.

H. C: It is well, let us go. (Exeunt H. C. and Elsbeth.)

(Gretchen and Laon listen a moment.)

GRETCHEN: Laon, he is a cruel man; he will do you injury. Laon, do you believe the powder has life for men?

LAON: I do.

GRETCHEN: Then, while yet you have time, leave now, silently, and take with you the rest of the flowers.

LAON: No, I will take only half. As to my going, I believe you are right. (He draws the curtain and the wildly whirling snow is seen.) In my quest I have become hardy as a mountain lion, and I know not the thing men call fear. (While talking he is putting on his great coat and his cap, and packing the flowers in a sack. Gretchen is preparing bread and meat and pouring wine into a flask.)

ENTER ELSBETH: He fell down like a log on my good bed, with all his clothes on. (She looks at

Laon.) Yes, you are right — go.

GRETCHEN: (Handing him the food.) Laon, Germany has given you shelter. My people are Germans, and they love and hate as other men; use the life powder for — Germans.

LAON: (Vanishing in the storm, calls back with loud

clear voice) For my fellowmen.

(Immediately heavy steps are heard overhead and hounding down the stairway the Head Chemist bursts open the door and tumbles into the room. Elsbeth and Gretchen crouch in the corner trembling.)

H. C.: Laon de la Nuit. (He glares about wildly.) Give me a lantern before I wring your wreiched necks. (He sees one hanging from a beam, snatches a brand from the fire, lights it, tears open the door and rushes into the storm. Elsbeth and Gretchen using all their strength at last ciose the door.)

GRETCHEN: (Trembling.) He went straight toward the precipice — but Laon went the oppo-

ELSBETH: Ah, — what was that sound!

GRETCHEN: (Falling on her knees). O God, give us the dawn.

[Curtain.]

# North End Items

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

CIVIC SERVICE HOUSE has undertaken Naturalization inquiry within its immediate block. The object is to find out the citizenship outlook for the adult in this vicinity. Eight men from Harvard College have agreed to take a house to house census and make out first or second citizen papers for any men who are ready for them.

There is great rejoicing through the North End and particularly at the C. S. H., because the City Council has passed "The Morton Street" order for a \$200,000 playground in the lower North End. Mr. Philip Davis, one of the leaders in this movement says, "The three years' fight for a breathing spot in the North End has been won. Henceforth our Thanksgiving day will be observed on Monday, Dec. 11. No longer will the North End kiddies be scared black and blue in the midst of their games by express wagons, fire engines and automobiles. Mothers, too, will have a place to bring their babies for an airing. At the present time, the North End, which has a population of nearly 35,000 has two small parks, neither worthy of the name and neither accessible to the lower North End."

"The North End Improvement Association" has co-operated in bringing this movement about.

The North Bennet St. Industrial School. Social Service House.

The N. B. S. I. S. had at the Allied Baazar, in Mechanics building, an exhibition of their pottery in the Pottery Booth, and many attractive garments in the Lingerie Booth.

The Boy Scouts have a picked troop that is going to train new boys who want to be Scouts. Each boy will have a different part of the "Tenderfoot" examination to teach.

Owing to lack of space we are obliged this month to omit the book review; also "Interesting Articles in the January Magazines."

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#### Announcements

January 20, Miss Frost of the Women's Municipal League.

January 29 (Sunday) Musicale at Paul Revere Pottery, Brighton, at 3 P. M. Supper at 6 P. M.

February 3, Camp Reunion.

February 10, Business Meeting.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sarah Singer to Mr. Samuel Lucas, Dec. 24, 1916.

S. E. G. express their appreciation for interesting talks given by Mr. Byron Reed, Mr. Irving C. Tomlinson, and Miss Mabel Frost.

S. E. G. better ask to see the first issue of the T. E. G. Newspaper, which is a credit to the editors and to the groups.

The rehearsals for the operetta, "Boy Blue," are going on well and the first performance will be at the Winsor School, Saturday afternoon, February 18.

The vocation committee has been doing some active work in connection with the groups, and Miss Guerrier has had a conference with Mr. Meyer Bloomfield. Miss Bigelow, Mrs. Hale, and Mrs. Fitz have also been asked to take an interest in our experiment.

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# Aphorisms

#### FANNY GOLDSTEIN

The redemption of every man lies in his work. The social law should demand that for the general welfare of the universe each able-bodied person maintain himself, plus contributing a little towards the world's whole. He who deliberately abstains from work, feeding upon, and playing on the toil of others is a parasite.

Life is all a game. Living a perpetual contest. The accepted theory informs us "that all men are created free and equal." The wiser ones of the world say they are not. Why, just see the difference in brain and brawn. The idea of equality is sentimental. Opportunities at least, ought to be equal, — but even long abused — opportunity is hampered and far from equal.

The unbalanced disposition of material possessions is inevitable. It draws wide uncomfortable chasms It creates base motives in competition, deception, spiritual unhappiness, and the pressing woe cry of the day, "High cost of living."

The price of existence is in itself oft high, —

when it saps the courage and energies of youth, steals proverbial old age and comfort — and cuts a man off in his prime — we are confused by the enigma.

A fortunate few do live. The majority merely exist, and an inter-betwixt number struggle to live. As to which of these conditions is most conducive to happiness, — well, — fortunately, each one for

himself must solve the problem.

With the high livers we have an accentuated important blasé manner, and a lack of appreciation of their good fortune. In the case of those merely existing, we have a dull fatalistic passivity, resignation, — and an old adage exemplified, — "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." But, with those who struggle ever enward climbing a ladder of sharp-edged swords — we have the true dissatisfaction, and the spirit which is the world's progress.

Someone once said that "Pain (not physical) is the choice of the magnanimous, because, it is better to suffer all things,—but to do well and conquer." And herein comes the rub. It is one thing to be content with what God has given us, and another thing to be content with what we have. For instance, if the Almighty chose not to create me a man, I must be content to be a woman,—but, if He ordained too lean a purse to buy orchids in December, I may still gaze at the flower shop windows, and pick wild roses in June.

If a man, as we are taught to believe is created in God's own image, then he is most certainly also endowed with the faculties to conquer all. And all, hear means that we must commence with the little, pesky, annoying, disturbing, nerve racking occurences in our daily lives, to be content with simple needs, but high aspirations.

It is the conquering spirit which drove Columbus Westward, and has to-day linked the Atlantic to the Pacific,—which scans the sea bottom, and invades the ether.

The greatness, of greatness,—true nobility of character lies in its unconscious unselfishness. It is both encouraging and inspiring that with so much carnage and pillage, so much rending of heart and thought as the world now exhibits, that the truly great are still with us, quietly, modestly following the banner of human service, and administering to the world's better progress and truth.

The conservation of man's conquering faculties in the face of repeated failure and spiritual depression is a miracle. Such constant miracles are selfevident. We encounter them daily, when in the pursuit of sham living and hampering conventions the Real Thing peeps forth and shames us in our small desires. We shade our eyes as if before the Holy of Holies, are grateful for a glimpse of Truth and Goodness, inspired, because the Soul of Things still abides, we pass on,—encouraged, with a lighter burden and an open heart.

# Report of the Lincoln Daytime Camp

Mrs. James J. Storrow

Twelve girls, whose ages ranged from 13 to 25, and 7 women formed the personnel of the Lincoln Daytime Camp. We represented all kinds of conditions and circumstances, and degrees of acquaintance. Anyone was eligible, and the plan appealed to widely different types. Those who could not easily pay \$2 a week and for the materials for their costumes, went to work and earned the money beforehand. Most of the girls, and some of the women made their suits of khaki blouse, bloomers, and (for the women) skirts. Our ties were of green crepe and we found some very good looking paper hats for ten cents each.

Two days before camp opened we met for our medical examination. Heart and lungs were tested by a physician; chest and hips measured, height and weight taken, and the results were written on cards on which later other data was added, which will make a valuable record in the form of a card

catalogue.

Each girl was at this time numbered and each woman given a letter to use in working out the schedule. As the camp was to last twelve days, and there were just twelve girls, it was arranged that each girl should be captain one day in turn.

One of the letters was elected treasurer and one of the numbers her assistant, and later a letter was elected secretary with an assistant number.

The letters formed the council to decide marks and award the certificates, but on all questions put to vote numbers and letters had equal rights.

Originally we intended to hold the camp on the school grounds, but, as it was found impossible to carry out the plans for improving the grounds this

year we had to find another site.

Out of three possibilities we chose a beautiful spot offered by one of our townsmen on his farm, on the top of a hill where there was always a breeze, overlooking a pond, with a brook flowing by at the foot of the hill. Here we pitched the pavilion that we rented for \$25, which served as our general living and rest room.

On a lower level nearer the campfire and the

brook, we pitched a smaller tent to hold our kitchen supplies and utensils, and another small tent to hold our rugs, etc., and to serve as a dressing room when we went in swimming.

Our furniture consisted of three small tables, eight chairs for the older members and visitors, who were unused to sitting on the ground, and two chests with padlocks to hold utensils and supplies.

Each member provided her own knife, fork, spoon, cup, and plate, which she washed herself,

and a rug to lie down on.

The third week in July had been rainy and on July 24th, when we assembled at nine o'clock, it was misty and showery and the ground was soaking wet. The same weather continued for five days, soaking rain every night and showers during the day, sometimes drenching the cooks; but it failed to dampen our spirits or to interfere with our plans in any way.

Our first business was to start our camp fire. We chose a place about 15 feet from the tent in a depression in the hill, placed some big stones in a circle, gathered the least wet wood we could find, and tried, with the help of many newspapers, to start a blaze. We used box after box of matches without coaxing even the damp paper to burn.

It happened that in ordering our groceries we had included one quart of oil, intended for salad dressing, but as we had not explained the kind wanted, the grocer, with uncanny premonition, had

interpreted it to mean kerosene.

The temptation was too strong; we poured on liberal libations, and our first camp fire was started. We drove a forked stick into the ground on either side, placed a green stick across for a crane, and hung our kettles from it and warmed up the macaroni and string beans we had brought ready cooked for our first meal. With one exception, our two meals daily were cooked over the camp fire.

After dinner and rest hour we formally opened the Lincoln Day Time Camp with the little ceremony we had arranged. The captain of the day, raising the flag said, "This flag is the emblem of our country, the United States of America," then in unison we all said, "We promise to strive to fit ourselves to serve others, to work with and for our community, and above all to be loyal to our country, ready to serve her in time of need." Then we sang one verse of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Our first lesson was to be about some practical details of camp life, and our teacher arrived just as we finished our exercises. He began with a short lecture on the kind of wood for a camp fire, where and how to make a fireplace, how to lay and kindle a fire. With some diffidence we showed

him our first efforts in this line, but in spite of some misgivings we were unprepared for the burst of laughter, impossible to restrain, when he saw it. Everything about it was wrong. He then showed us a really good spot to make a fireplace, against a high bank, where the prevailing wind would blow the smoke away from the tent and from the cook's He laid the stones in two spreading lines like andirons (he called them "hand junks"), set up our forked sticks and crane firmly, then, taking us into the woods, he showed us how to select wood that would burn best, how it could be cut into lengths to carry on one shoulder, while the axe on the other shoulder, with the head under the log, helped to equalize the weight; how by splitting a stick you can get dry wood, how the dead twigs broken from a standing tree, will furnish dry kindling even in the wettest weather. Returning to camp he laid the twigs and pine needles between the hand junks, laid the smaller sticks and then the larger ones over them, and with one match started a vigorous fire most conveniently arranged for cooking.

Thereafter our fires were started with one or at the most three matches, and always without paper, and this in spite of the rain.

We cooked our supper, cleared up and sang for half an hour, ending the day with "America" as the flag was lowered.

Our daily schedule was very much as we had planned beforehand.

We met at 9. After the opening exercises, which included roll call, we went through our setting-up exercises for twenty minutes, then, separated in two groups, one to gather firewood (which meant chopping down a tree, cutting it into lengths, splitting the sticks, and collecting the twigs for kindling), the other half to draw water for cooking and drinking from the tap several hundred yards away, as the water of the brook was not pure enough for drinking, though it served admirably as a cooler and for washing.

Each day I letter (one grown-up) and 3 numbers (girls) prepared dinner, I letter and 2 numbers cleaned up, I letter and 2 numbers prepared supper, and I letter and 2 numbers cleaned up. This was arranged by schedule in such a way that the work of each person was changed each day, each girl serving for either wood or water, and one other job daily. The letters were scheduled for only one job each, but stood ready to fill in whenever the work was hard, or to take the place of any girl who had to be excused.

After getting the wood and water for the day, came either a lesson or practice, or a walk, or a row, while the letter in charge, with her assistant numbers, prepared dinner.

We ate sitting on the ground, getting up to help ourselves from the kettles on the tables.

After dinner came our rest hour, when even some of those who thought they could never sleep in the daytime found that occasionally they could drop off for a few minutes.

Then came ten or fifteen minutes for a conference or discussion before the afternoon work, which was sometimes a lesson, sometimes practice, sometimes a swim, or a row.

After supper we sang for half an hour, usually from a book of old English songs, and at 7:15 the captain lowered the flag while we sang "America."

Our principal lessons were in first aid, canning, and the use of firearms.

Our First Aid teacher was a seeond-year medical student who gave much thought and care to preparing five lessons, each of which lasted two to two and a half hours. He would begin with a lecture, followed by a demonstration, and then the class would practice. The last lesson was a series of arranged accidents acted out and the suitable remedies promptly applied.

Miss Sayles, a teacher from the Amherst Agricultural College, brought her canning equipment and spent a whole day with us, lecturing and demonstrating in the morning, and superintending the campers who put up peaches, raspberries, currants and string beans in the afternoon. These were exhibited at the Grange Fair this autumn, and will be consumed at future reunions. We borrowed an oil stove to use for the canning.

An expert shot who wins prizes at competitions of the Middlesex Rifle Club, brought his army rifle and other firearms one afternoon, and with care and precaution showed us how to avoid danger in handling firearms, and each of us shot at a target several times with the army rifle, a smaller rifle, and a revolver.

Four times we went in swimming and three times rowing, when those who knew how gave a little instruction to the others. We had daily setting up exercises and occasionally other physical training when we could get it in, but our daily program was so strenuous it was not possible to add a great amount of extra exercise.

The daily practical experience of chopping and splitting firewood, and cooking two meals a day taught us more than we could have learned from any number of lectures on these subjects.

Our food was excellent and abundant. By popular vote we cut out meat, except occasionally bacon or chipped beef, and depended for proteids on beans, split pea soup, black bean soup, milk, eggs, and cheese. With potatoes, macaroni, rice, string beans, beets, and corn bread we had plenty of nourishment, and to this was added apple sauce,

stewed raisins, preserved fruits, with chocolate and barley candy for sweets.

Each member paid \$2.00 a week. As there were nineteen the first week and eighteen the second, this gave us a fund of \$74.00. From this we paid for our food, \$25.00 for our tent, \$6.50 for the railway expenses of the canning teacher, \$3.70 for bandages to practice with, and various other incidental expenses, and we have left \$15.00.

Kind friends gave us at different times milk, eggs, bread, vegetables, preserves, cake and candy. The last three were luxuries which we did not need, and we could easily have paid for such necessaries as we received and still have a considerable surplus.

Our teachers all volunteered their services, but they were not amateurs. Each was expert in his line and it would have been difficult to find better instructors; but all were interested in our experiment and I believe it would always be easy to find people ready and eager to advance such a cause by giving their services.

We consider that in every way the camp was a success. The interest and co-operation of neighbors and friends was most gratifying, and there was a great enthusiasm among the members. We

plan to have the camp another year.

The foregoing gives an outline of what we have done, but I cannot put into words the real value of it all. It is the spirit of co-operation between old and young on a truly democratic basis, without fear, without chafing at restraint, but with respect for the rights of each and all. One girl, in answer to a question, said, "No one manages us, we are all on a level." Another said, "I had no idea the grown-ups had so much fun in them."

Yet there was no lack of discipline and there was no difficulty whatever in enforcing it. All differences of opinion were brought up for discussion and settled in open session. All camp rules were made in the same way, and were carefully observed. We all feel this is the beginning of a permanent association shining with possibilities of which we see as yet only a glimmer.

### **IMMIGRATION**

# College Impressions

FRANK RIZZO

This is neither a scientific investigation nor a critical discussion of colleges and universities. have merly formed these conclusions from events which came under my observation, and if my opinions sound somewhat pessimistic, it is not becouse I write from an American point of view, nor from an Italian "punto di vita," but from a focus which coincides with neither one nor the other, since di quest' orfano mondo al pari di voi spiriamo l'aere!" (" Of this orphan world like you we breathe the air.")

My comparisons of colleges are but of inferential sort, since I have only attended an American institution and never as yet been inside of a European college. Admission to Italian colleges is by diploma from the required preliminary schools, covering six years of grammar school works, five of ginnasio (high school) or three of liceo (technical school) according to the course one wishes to follow. As far as the entrance requirements are concerned things do not differ much from those of American universities.

Although Italian higher institutions of learning require a very reasonable fee they are nevertheless intended for the aristocracy alone. There is no definite law of exclusion nor restriction such as

there is in Russia, which excludes certain classes of people and limits others from entering higher institutions of learning; yet the possibility of a poor person going to an Italian university and still being able to earn his living at the same time, is very unusual. In America things are quite different. Many students attend college and support themselves by honest labor at the same time, although the American college fee is comparatively large and other school expenses rather numerous. Perhaps the exaggerated fee is due to the fact that the majority of universities are run by private corporations and only partly supported by the State. The possibility, though, of acquiring an education and of supporting oneself at the same time is open in America to everyone who is willing to make personal sacrifices, and has sufficient will-power to persevere.

College life is the same everywhere. Sports, military drill, and correlative paraphernalia of various characteristics abound in all institutions. The famous phrase that United States students go to college in order to graduate in "football," is nowadays seldom true. Students may play all that they wish to, but in recognized institutions with high educational standards, such types will never get through the courses without paying due attention to the prescribed curriculum. As to the value of an American education compared to that of other European colleges, people differ in their opinions, and each one naturally judges according to the standards which he brings with him.

Some Americans speak of a foreign education as being of little or no importance, while many foreigners still believe that America stands more for wealth than anything else. A North End doctor writing recently on this subject for an Italian newspaper said that "dal macellaio al dottore in America c'e che un breve passo." (In America from butcher to doctor, is but a short step.) This criticism brings forth two questions, namely:

Is it true that education is more readily obtained here than elsewhere?

If so, what makes it possible?

These questions might have answered themselves if the astute doctor had followed the poor butcher a little further than the butcher shop. Our critic doubtless did see the unexpected doctor sell meat during a few hours of the day, but failed to follow the same butcher, to see where he spent his evenings, and the rest of his twenty-four hours of each day, working and studying for, God only knows, how many precious hours of his life!

From all appearances we are obliged to admit that education is more readily obtained in America than elsewhere. This fact does not signify, however, that the courses here are any shorter or simpler. It is partly due to the splendid opportunities which this country offers to its newcomers in the advanced evening school classes. Many a person in America gets a degree through study in evening school work and university extension

courses, who would otherwise never have seen the inside of a college building. This excellent method of furthering education through evening school opportunities, is at present only in its infancy in Europe, whereas in America it is an established course of events.

Another reason which enables people to reach their goals here with seemingly less effort, is the inborn characteristics of those who come. Most of the newcomers are tired of the stagnating European life, disdainful of the aristocratic yoke which predominates everywhere, and unanimously rebellious against the insuperable laws and dogmas of their native lands.

A third reason which facilitates educational struggles and nurses hope is the greater freedom which newcomers enjoy, and the vast amount of natural wealth and resources which the continent offers to all.

To be sure, the educational undertakings of some butchers is more dangerous and heart-rending than the adventures of some Pole discoverers, especially when these temporary butchers have no wealthy papas to back them in their efforts. Their being exposed to the mercies of the world tends to make them stronger in their manhood, even if they are late in arriving, and lends them confidence in their own powers to persevere and trust the old proverb that "it is better late than never."

All colleges, whether American, European, African, Asiatic, or Australian, succeed only in as much as they aim to educate humanity.

# THE LIBRARY

# Reading for Education

Frank H. Chase (Boston Public Library)

More than two hundred years ago, a few men met together in Saybrook, Connecticut, for the purpose of founding an institution of higher learning; six of them brought small parcels of books, chosen from their own meagre libraries, which they solemnly gave as the first requisite for such a school. The outgrowth of those books was Yale College, and its history is only one illustration of Carlyle's words "The true university of these days is a collection of books."

All life — everything that we do — is education; day by day, consciously and unconsciously, we are carrying on, each for himself, the process of uncovering and drawing forth the personality which lies hidden and undeveloped within us, and which

grows inevitably to the last day of our life. Not all education is reading; but all reading, whether we will or no, is education — the part of our education over which we have most control; let us see to it that the product is one of strength and beauty, not misshapen, crippled, or dwarfed.

It is worth while to consider for a moment the direction in which we should like to be educated, and then see in what ways reading can assist us. We all want, I suppose, to be, in such fashion as is possible to us, larger, and finer, and stronger — if we develop in those three ways, our education is of the sort that we would wish. Translated into terms of mind and character, reading should give us breadth and depth, vision and sympathy, power, grasp, efficiency. These qualities will do two things for us: they will make all life richer and more full of enjoyment to ourselves, and will enlarge our influence, our usefulness, our achieve-

ment, in whatever field it may lie. We shall count for more in life, because of our reading—because of the man or woman that we have turned out to be as a result of the education that has come to us largely through books.

Some one says, "The moulding influences in our lives come from men, not from books"; yes, but "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," says Milton; and it is only through books that we can hope to touch—and be touched by—the world's greatest personalities. It was because they believed this that those six men gave their books to found Yale College.

We may classify books, considered as a means of education, into three groups: first those which inform; second, those which instruct; third, those which inspire.

And first, those which inform—which round us out, and give us breadth and stature. Here we should naturally place books of travel, of history, of biography—to mention only three classes, for all "reading maketh a full man," says Bacon. These books widen our horizon, as we traverse distant countries and become familiar with odd customs; they deepen our sympathies, as we enter into the experience of other men and find them strangely like ourselves, yet strangely different; they broaden our background, as we learn of the fates of nations and cities confronted by problems like our own, and passing through crises which are the counterpart of those which come to us. reader of these classes of books can ever be very narrow: he knows the swing of a camel, the roar of an avalanche, though he live by Massachusetts Bay; he respects the devout Brahmin, though himself an ardent Christian; he calls no man queer, after living through books in the homes of Tartar and Esquimau and Patagonian.

The books which instruct include, one may say, those which inform — indeed, the three classes which I have mentioned are by no means mutually exclusive; but here I have in mind books which are specially designed to teach us, books in which the method of presentation is quite as important as the subject-matter. Here is all the wide literature of the arts and sciences—books in which men set forth the products of investigation, in which the meaning of facts is explained, in which we are shown how to apply facts to the work of life. is these books which we require for the practical purposes of every day—which make us expert in thinking and doing, which help us to earn our living and to fulfil our duties of good citizenship. They occupy an intermediate place between the books which broaden our background on the one hand, and those which urge us to higher living, on the other: it sometimes seems as if they were the most useful tools of our education—they include all our school-books; as a matter of fact, the other two classes are quite as important, for they go to make us what we are, while these only avail to teach us how to do what we do.

Finally, the books which inspire—which set us standards and ideals, and stimulate us in the effort to attain them. These are the truly great books, the books of personality, which kept alive for us the "master spirits" who speak through them. In these we meet thought and feeling of a higher type than our own, and get a vision which is deeper and truer than that of our own eyes. Here belong essays like those of Emerson, penetrating life by flashes of insight: here, too, works of philosophers like Plato, interpreting experience by a practical wisdom lighted up by intense idealism; here finally the works of imagination—the world's great drama and fiction and poetry, in which life is presented to us in concrete forms, stirring us by vivid example to aspire to what is high and to shun what These books educate the souls of men, and are the reading which is of all best worth while.

No, one cannot read without being educated, in one direction or another; the good educates us for good, the bad or empty book educates us for evil, or for that carelessness of thought and act which is quite as vicious as positive evil. Nothing that we read fails to leave its trace-none the less real for being faint or unseen—on our character or our conduct. The title of this paper might as well have been simply "Reading"; all reading is reading for education. The choice of books thus becomes a matter of the greatest importance; it is, however, a personal matter for each individual. It is true of books as of foods that, of many excellent and nourishing sorts, not all are equally suited to all consumers. But for every taste, there are some good books: if one does not like the first great book that is recommended, he must not turn away to something cheap or meaningless, in the belief that good books are not for him. It is necessary to keep on trying, in the conviction that among the giants, each one of us has a kindred spirit; when we find him, we are devoutly thankful that we preservered in the search.

For education is satisfaction, when once we get the education that is suited to us; and education means usefulness, a full life, instead of futility and a shallow life. But we must never forget, and allow ourselves to think that all the education is in the text-books: they give us one limited sort of education, and we need all the sorts contained in the many kinds of books that I have mentioned. "We needs must love the highest when we see it"; and the highest is not in the text-books.

## THE NORTH END

## Old Landmarks in the North End

JENNIE S. SWARTZMAN

In the rush and bustle of these modern days, comparatively few people living in Boston are aware of the existence of any quaint and picturesque buildings of the early times which stand as instructive, though modest, reminders of the past. In the North End particularly, the very wandering nature of the streets, their narrowness and general inconvenience suggest small, weatherbeaten houses with gabled roofs and brass knockers, but these are pityingly few, and it is only by some old stone or weathered tablet that we know these ever existed.

The Old State House, which more than any other in the history of Boston has been identified with Municipal and State affairs, stands upon the site of the original market place. In 1656 Captain Robert Keavne, one of the founders of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, left in his will "the sum of 300 pounds current money" for a Town House which was to furnish room for the market, as well as for the courts, a library, an exchange, an armory, etc. This building was destroyed by fire in 1711. But the need for a Town House was so great that in 1713 another one was erected. Much of the interior was destroyed by a second fire, but the building was reconstructed as before and from that day to this no great changes have taken place in its appearance.

Walking down Washington Street, to Hanover, and a short distance down Hanover Street, is an old narrow passage way, of which there were formerly many in Boston. Marshall Lane was a wellknown and very convenient little thoroughfare, connecting Hanover and Union Streets. The name, Marshall Lane, comes from Thomas Marshall, one of the early settlers, who appears frequently in the old records from 1634-1660, as ferryman, shoemaker, land owner, selectman, representative, and deacon of the First Church. He had a house and garden on Hanover Street near this point, and in 1652 offered to the town a roadway across his land to shorten the distance to the drawbridge which stood where Blackstone Street now crosses Hanover Street. Marshall Lane has since become Marshall Street and here may still be found many old buildings dating as far back as 1796.

One of the most interesting relics in this short lane is the Boston Stone. It is embedded in the wall against the sidewalk, and does not attract general attention The name and date — Boston Stone, 1736 — do not explain its meaning, but only increase one's curiosity. There were many stories told concerning its origin, some supposing it to have been left by Indians, others that it had been used for grinding paint. Mr. Howe, the owner of the property on which this stone was found, decided to use it as a protector for the corner of his house against passing vehicles.

Perhaps no building in Boston has been more widely known in our history than Faneuil Hall devoted to market purposes and great popular gatherings. In the early Colonial period there was no regular market house in Boston, provisions were carried from house to house, or sold at certain convenient points in the streets. In 1740 Peter Faneuil offered to build a market house at his own expense, and give it to the town. In 1742 Mr. Faneuil enlarged his original plan, and added a hall above the market. The town gratefully recognized the gift, on which occasion the name "Faneuil Hall" was given to it to be retained forever. Here the great questions of the century touching the commercial, political, and philanthropic interests of Boston have been eloquently discussed by the foremost orators of the time. It is emphatically the peoples' hall, and will always remain so; for by provision in the City Charter, neither Faneuil Hall nor Boston Common can ever be sold or let for money. grasshopper weather vane on Faneuil Hall, made in 1742, is an interesting relic. The insect is made of copper. The eyes are of glass, and shine in the sunlight with brilliancy.

Through all the changes in the neighborhood Christ Church remains practically the same. Built in 1723, this is the oldest church building now standing in Boston. It was an offshoot from King's Chapel, and the second place of worship for members of the Church of England in the town. Although never in the Colonial period a self-supporting church, it had a good congregation and did much to promote the religious and social welfare of the community.

The steeple of the church also has an interesting history. When finished in 1740 it was 191 feet high. From its upper windows General Gage is said to have watched the progress of the Battle of Bunker Hill. In October, 1804, the steeple was blown down in a violent gale. A new steeple was erected in 1807 upon the old model, though not so high by 16 feet. As this church was the most northerly place of worship in the town, and the only Episcopal Church at the North Fnd, it became known as the North Church. The title "Old North" is comparatively recent, although

technically the name "Old North Church" belongs to the ancient church of the Mathers organized in 1650, and located in North Square. The Church is, perhaps, best known to the general public for the historical event of Paul Revere's Lantern Signals.

Directly opposite Christ Church is Hull Street, familiar chiefly to people who know Copp's Hill Burying Ground, to which it leads. This street was cut through the old pasture of John Hull, the mint-master, who conveyed the strips of land as a gift to the town "to be forever hereafter called and known by the name of Hull Street." Copp's Hill was a conspicuous elevation; a part of it was taken for a burial ground as early as 1659, being the second place of burial in Boston. There is hardly a name among the old North End families that is not represented here. Many of the epitaphs which are still legible give interesting histories of these old families.

North Bennet Street has acquired its greatest distinction from the School which was established here in 1713, and which, under various names, has

continued to the present day. The building was the gift of Thomas Hutchinson, one of Boston's greatest benefactors. His name would probably have been given to the school, had not his son, the Tory governor, incurred the popular displeasure. At that time the most respected man in the North End was John Eliot, the pastor of the North Church, for whom the school was named, and which name it still retains.

Amid all the changes that have taken place in North Square the home of Paul Revere still stands. The house was built soon after the great fire of 1676. The present building, like most of those which stood at that time, was constructed on their favorite Dutch plan, with an overhanging second story. The chief interest connected with this ancient house is the fact that it was the residence of the distinguished patriot during the most eventful period in our history.

All these quaint and old-time relics tell a story we shall never tire of hearing, — "the ever fascinating story of the grand heroic age in which the Republic was born."

### **EDUCATIONAL**

# The Worcester Trade School

JESSIE GUTTENTAG

"THE latest philosophy in education reënforces the demands of productive industry by showing that that which fits a child best for his place in the world as a producer, tends to his own highest development — physically, intellectually, morally."

This is the conclusion to which educators have come after investigating the needs for industrial education. In June, 1905, a group of citizens known as the Commission on Industrial and Technical Education started to investigate into industries and industrial conditions in order to ascertain whether or not there was any real need for Industrial Education. As a result of this investigation, trade schools were established throughout the state.

Six years after the first investigation, a Trade School was established at Worcester. Since that time the school has almost outgrown its quarters, for it is very popular. It is free to all residents of Worcester, because it is supported by that city and the state.

The Worcester Trade School is situated in what was formerly a dwelling house, therefore the arrangement of rooms is not what it ought to be for a school, but much has been done to improve

conditions of the place. The atmosphere one feels as one enters the building, is full of good fellowship, industriousness, and interest in the work.

The trade courses are open to all girls over fourteen years of age, preferably, grammar school graduates, who wish to receive training for industrial work. The day courses offered at this school are: Dressmaking, Power Machine Operating, Millinery, Trade Cooking, and Home Making. With each of these courses the allied subjects are studied as they are related to the work in the trades.

The dressmaking course is a two years' course for girls who have shown ability to become good trade workers. The first year the work is elementary sewing and preparatory dressmaking, beginning with a review of the work learned in grammar school. Next, the stitches and processes which develop in the garment construction of aprons, blouses, underwear and children's clothing are worked out. The preparatory dressmaking which follows the elementary work, consists of work on shirt waists, plain skirts, nurses' uniforms, etc. This work, if well done, is placed on sale.

The second year the girls are in the dressmaking shop, and work on cotton, woolen, silks, voiles, etc., for orders. There is a third year course offered for those who can afford the time, and who show ability to do independent work.

In Worcester there are many opportunities for women to engage in the trade of Power Machine Operating, and the school offers a two years' course on the subject. The first year the girls learn to control the machine and to use it on many different cotton materials used in simple garments which take in the fundamental stitches and processes. Each process is worked out on a practice piece first, but a garment which takes in the last process is given immediately. The second year, with the skill which has already been acquired, much more complicated work is done; and special machines, such as hemstitching, and button-hole machines, are used.

As the millinery seasons are not very long, and girls must have some artistic ability to do the work, the classes are not large. But in order to make up somewhat for the short seasons much hand work, especially sewing, is taken up with which to supplement the course.

Only those girls who are especially adapted are allowed to take up the Trade Cooking course. The first year the work consists chiefly of the care of supplies, and the preparation of simple foods.

The second year, menus are planned, and costs reckoned. Meals are bought, cooked, and served, and much time is devoted to the theory and science of cooking.

The academic work relating to the trade courses, is taken both years; Arithmetic and English the first year; and Textiles, Industrial History, and Geography as related to women's work, Apportionment of Income, and Citizenship, the second year.

The first year of the Art course color scales, good proportions, and trimming designs are studied; developing, the second year, into the principles of design as applied to dresses and hats.

The Physical Training course comes under this heading of academic work. This course is well adapted to the school, and the results are shown, by the way in which a girl starts to work again, after her physical training period.

The Home Making course is especially interesting, and fits a girl for all kinds of work in a home. The full course is four years; but a certificate is given for the first two years, in which time all the elementary principles of work in the home are taken up. The third year much of the time is spent in furnishing a complete house, which the girls are at liberty to use, if they wish to. The fourth year the care of children, home nursing, etc; are studied very carefully. All of this work is carried on in one of the rooms of the furnished houses, so that the girls may feel the freedom of

the home as they work. Of course the academic work also is carried on at the same time.

The evening courses at the school are open to all women over sixteen years, with the condition that they are at work either at home or outside. These are short unit courses; that is, a definite number of lessons are allowed for each course. The time required depends upon the rapidity of the average worker. Courses are offered in Millinery, Sewing, and Dressmaking. Each sewing and dressmaking course consists of twelve lessons, two evenings a week for six weeks. For those who know nothing about the work there is a very simple course, then the work advances with each group, but the millinery course consists of eight lessons during a period of four weeks.

The work throughout the school is most interesting. Every girl does her best in each line of work, for all the work is planned with much care and forethought, and the girls are helped to select that course which best fits their ability by the instructors.

The Worcester Trade School has accomplished much in the few years that it has existed and it takes but a glance through the rooms to judge the value of such a school,—and yet, when one has only paid a short visit, it makes one feel the need of Industrial Education and Trade Schools.

#### Life

A MODERN FAIRY TALE Copyright by Edith Guerrier

ACT IV.

Cast of Characters

Antoinette, a French peasant
Marie, a French peasant
Jeanne, daughter to Marie
Elsbeth, a German peasant
Gretchen, daughter to Elsbeth
The Directress of an Hospital
Pierre, son to Antoinette
Dr. Heinrich, a German physician
Hans, a German gardener
Adolphe, a French soldier
Laon de la Nuit, a young man
A Chemist
Devils and Imps

(Bench in hospital garden. Two men near a wall. One in the uniform of a French the other of a German officer.)

LA ROCHE: The fifth time I begged them not to give me the life powder. Fancy dying five times, being deaf to shot and shell and blind to blood and fire, and five times waking to pain and

fear and desolation. When I was no longer fit to fight they called me mad and sent me here, but how did you, a German doctor, have this wonderful

DR. HEINRICH: Do you call it wonderful to be brought back again and again to an existence which is a living, instead of an oblivious death? Well never mind that. You remember the night after we attacked hill 30.

LA ROCHE: I cannot remember it, for I died

as your guns began to fire.

DR. HEINRICH: I was working as I never worked before with no one to help me, when in the half light I recognized in a soldier whose breast was fearfully mutilated—a woman. She was half conscious and her efforts to tell me something were heartrending. At last I understood. She had the powder in a pouch by her side. When I had used the magic dust and she was gifted with full life, but destined still to suffer all the pain her wounds had given, she helped me through the long night and as fast as the men sprang to life so fast they sprang back to battle. It was many nights before I knew from this maid Gretchen that you French had the same help. There was an order, that any man who gave a grain of the life powder to an enemy—but who can find enemies in men helpless and wounded to the death. I gave the powder to a young French lad—and—my comrade shot me. It was for Germany, he said. Then your ambulance corps gathered me up "For France" I suppose. (The directress comes into the garden.)

DIRECTRESS: You men are no longer mad. Your eyes are clear as those of one waked from sleep. I must send you back to your camps.

BOTH: Madam, we are ready to go. (A bell

rings and she passes in.)

DR. HEINRICH: How comes she an American to speak French like a French woman and German as if she had been born in Germany.

LA ROCHE: Before her husband was ambassador he was professor of languages and what he taught to others he taught to his own family.

DR. HEINRICH: You have never finished telling me about her son that disappeared from the train, that sounds like such an unlikely tale.

LA ROCHE: Yes, it does. When last seen, the young American was leaning from a window watching a driving storm. His mother and the others were in another compartment studying a map.

When after a time they called the lad it was discovered that he was not on the train. As they were traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, with important despatches for Paris, they could not stop. The supposition is that in passing a

wide, deep river-1 forget the name-the young man became dizzy and fell from the window into the water.

DR. HEINRICH: And his brave mother, instead of nursing her grief, nurses the grief of others and loses herself to find herself. (Enter the

GARDENER: Here am I a graduate of Leipsic with degrees from Berlin, I who wear this iron cross for-well for sniping a score or more of French officers. Here am I almost in tears because some one has broken my finest rose tree, did either of you do this horrid deed?

Вотн: No.

LA ROCHE: Tell me, Hans, why you and all the villagers who love their homes and open their doors to the stranger make such good butchers of men?

GARDENER: Butchers?

LA ROCHE: Yes, butchers, you must kill with a

purpose. Why do you kill?

GARDENER: As I kill this cutworm which would otherwise destroy my plants. No, it has not done so yet, but it would if I let it live.

LA ROCHE: And we kill you for the same

GARDENER: Compare me to a cutworm?

Dr. Heinrich: Me to a cutworm?

LA ROCHE: Did our ambulance people leave you two to die?

DR. HEINRICH: Did I refuse you the last drop of water in my flask? Come on — cutworm! (takes off his coat.)

LA ROCHE: Worm (takes off his coat).

GARDENER: Comrades, comrades, this is the way war begins.

LA ROCHE: (Putting on his coat.) Ah, comrade, I had forgotten you were a boche.

DR. HEINRICH: (Putting on his coat.) Forget it again. (A young nurse passes.)

LA ROCHE: Jeanne, Jeanne, suppose you were

director of this hospital?

JEANNE: There would still be a God in Heaven to give me strength for the daily task as he gives it now.

LA ROCHE: Would you take here your enemies as our American directress does?

JEANNE: Are these my enemies?

Doctor Heinrich: No, my child; no.

JEANNE: Then, it only seems necessary to know one's enemies to find them friends, and if we kill our enemies, we have not the opportunity to know them; but friends, I am very tired; the directress has given me a little time in this garden. Will you forgive me if I sit quietly among the flowers — I want to forget. (She sits on a bench).

The Frenchman softly sings: (Tune of the Mar-seillaise.)

The moon looked down thro' oak trees tall, Is it Spring, quoth she? Is it Spring or Fall? Branches are bare,
No leaf buds show,
Beware, beware,
I sense the snow.
The oak tree murmured, buds a'sheen,
'Tis the snow of blossoms you sense, O Queen.
Dark is the night
Before the day,
Bleak winter's night
Is merged in May.

(Jeanne is now asleep, and the three steal away. Almost immediately Laon leaps over the wall. He stands still a moment, looking at Jeanne. She hears him and starts up wide awake.)

Laon: Jeanne!

JEANNE: Have I waked in Heaven?

LAON: Perhaps— for you have waked to peace.

JEANNE: Talk to me, talk to me! Let me touch you! O, I am afraid it is a dream.

LAON: You know, Jeanne, how I set forth on the quest. How many score of miles I wandered, I cannot tell you. Through lonely forests along the banks of mountain streams. Now and then coming to a little cluster of huts, where live men and women who work and share their joy in stars and flowers and plenty, and their sadness in sorrow and want, with pure hearts and simple faith in God, and I said to myself continually, why do we not all strive to make earth more lovely, instead of making it a very Hell? Finally, I came to the region of eternal snows, and won the flowers from which the life powder is made - and when I came with it to the battlefields - O Jeanne, I knew that men would curse me, for giving them back life - but I was bound to do it. I myself seemed to bear a charmed life. Night after night I spent among the wounded, and one night when the roaring guns were still, and the great golden moon showed the crumpled dead and the white wan faces of the wounded, I lay on the ground a moment, too weary to move, and as I lav, I heard a Frenchman and a German talking in French, and one said to the other: "This is the fifth time I have lain on With a mere thousandth of this awful this field. toil, my little homestead could have been made a Comrade, if strive we must, why not strive for beauty, instead of ugliness, for pleasure instead of pain. I and mine cannot eat nor wear more than so much, and a small roof shelters us. And the other answered, "I myself have been five times dead. You are a German, yet you speak my language, and when you saw me dving of thirst, you gave me the last drop in your flask. I, too, am of simple folk, who love simple things. We

do not want the wealth of the Indies, therefore, why should we kill one another, and ruin our sweet homes to give those we have never seen—what we do not want ourselves!" Ah, Jeanne, when I heard those words, I rose as one rises on a fresh June morn. My courage was mighty: "Brothers," I said to those men, "If you had remained dead, you never would have known this wonderful thing. It is living over and over that has shown you the futile horror of it all." Then, I anointed them with the powder, and they rose and walked with me.

JEANNE: I can see it all, and if I, an unlearned, unskilled girl feel it, then how about men who fling away their glorious lives for a poisonous dream.

LAON: Hear what the men said. There are of the like of us a million to one war lord—millions content to win with honest toil the things we need. Let those rulers who want the power and wealth we fight to win for them, get it for themselves. We be fellow men whether French, German, Serb or Russian.

JEANNE: They were but two.

LAON: Yes, but my heart told me they spoke the truth. As bearer of the life powder I have a charmed life. I was passed along the trenches as the air passes, and my German comrade of the battle field bore the word to the German maid who had the life powder among the others, and we two bore the word along the trenches from Alsace to the Carpathians, from the Tyrol down through Serbia to far off Turkey. We worked hard and fast for we had agreed that Easter morn should be our resurrection from the trenches.

JEANNE: And this is Easter even and all day long I have not heard the guns.

LAON: The guns stopped when the men on whom the burdens fall came to the knowledge that they were not pawns on a chess board and that their rulers were not gods, but men, spoiled by power millions of their fellows had given them.

JEANNE: I know. We do not like to think, and this is the price we pay when others think for us. But what of the life powder?

LAON: There is no more of that kind in the world and the secret I will never give. That kind of life is the gift of the devil, we want that kind which is the gift of God.'

(Enter the directress trembling with excitement.)

DIRECTRESS: Jeanne, Jeanne, they say there is peace, peace.

JEANNE: Lady, Here is the Messenger of Peace.

DIRECTRESS: My son. LAON: The veil is lifted.

#### North End Items

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

Civic Service House

Is engaged in a Legislative Campaign covering several important bills which ought to interest every resident of the North End. A bill to establish an Immigration Commission, which has had the support of the C. S. H. for four years, was this year introduced by the Chamber of Commerce and has the endorsement of the Governor in his inaugural address, as well as that of many important civic and social organizations.

Another bill of the utmost importance to the North End provides for the establishment of a deputy commissioner under the State Board of Education to supervise the education and citizenship of the non-English speaking people throughout the Commonwealth.

The third bill has the indorsement of the leading educators, provides for State aid to all schools, which have now, or will organize Vocational Guidance departments offering advice and information, as well as opportunity for vocational advancement to the end "that the young worker may be guided and directed towards progressive efficiency both as a worker and as a citizen."

This bill, if it becomes a law, will therefore place the benefits of the vocational guidance movement — which was first organized here in the North End, by Professor Frank Parsons, its founder - within reach of every worker in the State. It is signed by Philip Davis, Chairman Legislative Commission Boston Social Union.

#### North End Union and Children's House

It might be interesting to note the various clubs and classes which are held at the North End Union and Childrens' House.

Four afternoon dressmaking classes, one afternoon sewing class for beginners; one dressmaking class in the evening, where girls make their own dresses; one Italian mothers' club, the mothers bring their babies, and have the privilege of using the sewing machine; one knitting group for small girls; one housekeeping class, — in this class the little girls have a toy house, which they papered, and furnished; they dress dolls and keep their clothes in order; one singing group; five cooking classes, these groups are in charge of young women from the Practical Arts High School. There are only nine in a group, so that each child gets individual attention. Twelve children study the piano, three study violin. One afternoon a week is devoted to story-hour and games. The social clubs include Miss Perry's and Miss Frothingham's clubs, the M. P. I., Washington, Liberty and Italian Women. Wednesday evening is given over to Boys' clubs. There are the Columbia Outing, North End Union Juniors, Endicott Braves, and the Mazzini Club for men.

Dr. Irving Stowe, who was associated with the North End Union, has left to take charge of the Massachusetts Society for Social Hygiene.

Library Clubhouse

The Library Clubhouse groups are planning to give three performances of "Boy Blue." February 15, at 8 P. M., at The North Bennet Street Industrial School Hall, Saturday, February 17, at 3 P. M., at the Winsor School, and Thursday, February 22 at the Neighborhood Clubhouse in Newton. Angelina Dolce, Secretary.

North End School Centre

The work of the North End School Centre is now rapidly growing.

At the beginning the work seemed to move slowly, but now young and old are interested, and eager not only to learn. but to help others grasp the unlimited opportunities open to them. A word to those not acquainted with our work and aspira-The Centre is an informal institution of learning for all the people of the North End. Clubs of all kinds are organized and encouraged, and everyone is welcome to a place and to express his or her views — a need long felt. Here are a few clubs already fully established and enjoyed by

First, we have the Centre Council, a club in itself composed of delegates from the various groups. It undertakes and sees the larger affairs of the Centre carried through. Then, we have for girls, an Emproidery Club, with an expert teacher, a Choral Club for boys and girls, under the direction of the well-known Miss Rose Casassa; a junior City Council, Band and Orchestra, led by one of our leading Professors. Debating and Public Speaking, Dancing Classes, and most important of all a Citizenship Class, where our new arrivals learn not only to become citizens, but the finer ideals of American home and social life.

Now, the City provides for some of these teachers and workers for us, but there is a great need for more volunteers to help interest more people, and carry through this great work for the old and new neighbors of our community. Girls and boys! Let us get together and help our parents to have a little recreation, as well as knowledge of this American Progressiveness. Make them feel that they are welcome to come as well as their children to the dear old school building, where we first were fitted for a place in this great Commonwealth.

#### Book Review

#### CONTRIBUTED

MANY of those who think themselves well read have spent so much time on current reading matter that the pleasure of following the development of any one particular branch of literature has seemed so much like school day tasks that it has escaped them.

Professor Phelps in "The Advance of the English Novel" whets the jaded appetite for reading with his presentation of the delights of new old books, forgotten and dust covered on the shelves, nor does he neglect the very recent books which live up to the traditions of matter and style ad-

hered to by his predecessors.

The chapter headings, "The Present State of the Novel," "The Age of Anne - Defoe and Richardson, " "Fielding, Smollett, Sterne," "Eighteenth Century Romances," "The Mid-Victorians," "Romantic Revival, 1894," "Meredith and Hardy," "Conrad, Galsworthy, and Others," "Twentieth Century American Novelists," "Henry James," give the scope of the book, and the two quotations following serve to exemplify the author's charming style and broad knowledge of his subject.

"If a true novel be a good story well told, it is certain that the majority of so-called novels are not stories at all; of the saving remnant, only a few are good stories; and still fewer are well told. The great bulk of modern fiction may be divided into two classes — those that are merely rambling accounts of the lives of uninteresting characters, and those that are treatises on aspects of modern thought. Among the 'best sellers' of the past thirty years only a small number could possibly be classified as artistic novels."

"Artists who write to please themselves - that is, to satisfy the imperious demands of their conscience — are more happy, I must believe, than the successful caterers to the public. who writes novels to please the public is like an actor, a singer, a parlour entertainer; his happiness has passed beyond his control, and is in the keeping of others. A slight diminution in applause casts a shadow on his heart. Sometimes we hear the absurd remark that actors must be tired of coming before the curtain at the tenth or eleventh recall. Why, that is the very breath of life to them! Indifference or prefunctory applause destroys their happiness; and they are entirely at the mercy or the caprice of the public. serious artist, who does his best all the time, even with scant recognition, enjoys the pure delight of creation; lack of wide recognition cannot make

him unhappy, for the sources of his pleasure are elsewhere; and when, at the end, fame comes to him, as it is bound to come, if he really be a genius, then he has the pleasure of gaining the whole world and saving his own soul.'

His power of analysis is brought out in the following passage: "The first half of 'The Freelands' (1916) is wholly delightful. It has all the charm of 'The Patrician' with the added effect of even maturer art. In the burning of the rick the conflagration consumes not merely the grass of the field, but all the natural beauty of the story. which straightway becomes tiresome and pedantic, The boy is a prig, and we can only hope that Nedda will remain as blind to his inherent dullness after marriage as she is before. The great redeeming feature of this novel is the character of Granny Freeland. She is as real as life itself; no one who pays any attention to her can help loving her. The unselfishness, resignation, tenderness and gentleness that long years have taught her contrast sharply with the egotistic dogmatic assurance of her grandson. For, as Browning says, 'The young man struts along as though he owned the world; the old man walks the pavement quietly, asking for nothing, merely hoping that nobody will kill him." Her delightful little remedies are ironically shown up by the author; but, after all, they are real remedies for real (and curable) troubles."

### Announcements

PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

A series of conferences to be held at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston Street, Boston, at 4 o'clock, Wednesdays, on dates indicated below:

February 14. Nursing.

The General Field.

Miss Sara E. Parsons, Superintendent of the Training School of the Massachu-setts General Hospital.

District and Public Health Nurses.

Miss Mary Beard, Director of the Instructive District Nursing Association.

Dental Nurses.
Dr. Harold DeW. Cross, Director of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary for Children.

February 21. Secretarial Work.

A Doctor's Secretary.
Miss Carolyn Hawkins.

The Private Secretary of a College Dean. Miss Mary Louise Smith.

Secretarial Work in the Office of a Law Firm. Miss M. L. Rand.

Secretarial Work in a Business House. Miss H. L. McAllister.

February 28. Social Work.

Settlement Work as One of the Aspects of Social Service.

Miss Jane R. McCrady, Head Resident Ellis Memorial.

Probation Work.

Mr. Herbert Parsons, Deputy Commissioner on Probation.

March

7. Home Economics.

Lunch Room Management.

Mrs. Helen E. McLean, Superintendent, Massachusetts Institute Technology Dining Room.

An Apartment Hotel for Women.
Miss Charlotte F. Lesier, Resident Manager, Hotel Priscilla.

Home Economics and Girls' Club Work.
Miss Katherine Wright Scudder. Secretary, Girls' Club, Gloucester.

The above speakers will tell of the opportunities for women and the qualifications required in the work they represent. An opportunity will be given for informal discussion with the speakers

These conferences have been arranged by the Vocational Committee representing the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ co-operating with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

Admission by free ticket only, to be procured from the Main Office, Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

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#### S. E. G. Announcements

Feb. 17. Mr. Fisher, of Filene's, will speak on "Co-operative Business."

Feb. 24. To be announced.

Mar. 3. Mothers' party.

Mar. 10. Business meeting.

# Interesting Articles in the February Magazines

Atlantic: "Contemporary Novelists — Joseph Conrad."

Boys' Life: "The Story the Tracks Told."

Catholic World: "The Prayer of the Pope for Christian Unity, and the Christian Churches."

Delineator: "Popular Japanese Gardens."

Good Housekeeping: "Keeping Household Accounts."

Harper's: "The Psychology of Shopping."
Ladies' Home Journal: "The Best I Can Do
for a Dollar a Day."

Popular Mechanics: "A Compact Bungalow, With Folding Rooms.

Review of Reviews: "Carranza, After Two Years."

Scribners': The Glory of Ships. — A Poem."
St. Nicholas: "A Wise Man From the East."

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# S. E. G. News

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The regular editorial is omitted this month and the following tribute printed instead, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Josiah Henry Benton, for many years a faithful public servant and benefactor.

THE EDITORS.

## Josiah Henry Benton, L. L. D.

A Public Servant and a Public Benefactor

OTTO FLEISCHNER

Assistant Librarian, Boston Public Library

The readers of the S. E. G. News will not expect and indeed would not fully appreciate a biography of the late Mr. Benton as a great lawyer or as a useful citizen at large, but I take it, would like to read an appreciation of the man and some reminiscences of him by one who knew him intimately for many years, and who is fully acquainted with his fine character and his love of mankind and who loved him as a true friend, and I trust that the readers of the News will realize and keep in mind, that those who knew Mr. Benton best, loved him the most.

To give a few biographical dates, Josiah Henry Benton was born in Addison, Vt., August 4, 1843. He attended the Literary and Scientific Institute at New London, N. H.; and at the age of nineteen he enlisted in the Twelfth Vermont Volunteers, and was mustered out. In 1863 he entered the Albany Law School, was admitted to the Bar in 1866, and began to practice in Bradford, Vt. He came to Boston in 1873, and began a practice which soon carried him to the top of the profession in Boston and was known as one of the foremost railroad lawyers in the country.

He became Trustee of the Boston Public Library in 1894, and president of the Board in 1908. He gave his knowledge and more valuable time and care to the Library than any other Trustee who ever held that office; he had the interest of the city and the welfare of the Library at heart before any other interests, and his thoughts were ever for the employees of the Library. His magnificent bequest and the well-considered conditions under which it was left must prove that the Library was his beloved child.

An outstanding side of his character was his absolute sense of justice and his insistence on truth, and here I quote his advice to some young men on entering the law profession: "If a thing be not seemly, do it not. If it be not true, speak it not. For Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

He was open, honest and bold in all his dealings and conduct, and hated sham and subterfuge, and if he found you to be honest and true and trustful he became your friend, and was loyal to you to the end. While he was always positive, tenacious, and sometimes belligerent, he had under all a great heart full of kindness for the unfortunate, and tenderness for the afflicted.

He had an eminently legal mind, an active and restless temperament, and a high appreciation of poetry and literature and everything beautiful. How he did love a well-printed book! He loved children, and he loved dogs and horses, and he loved and knew birds and flowers, and he loved to wander in the woods and fields, and could grow enthusiastic over a well-kept farm or garden.

But the really distinguishing trait of his character was the veneration of the memory of his parents. The writer spent a delightful month of travel with Mr. Benton on a pilgrimage to the home of his boyhood and the grave of his mother. He then told me the pathetic story of the long and tedious journey of his parents from Vermont to Michigan, by canal boat, stages, and finally the lake steamer. He was only six years old then, and his mother in uncertain health had two other children in her care, one only three years old, and one an infant

in arms. I remember his words: "It was a weary journey for the frail young wife and her little ones."

Arriving at our journey's end at Clinton, Mich., where Mr. Benton's mother is buried, we did not go directly to the hotel, but went first to the farm where he lived and worked as a boy, and where his mother died. He did not allow me to leave the car with him, but walked alone up the lane; stopped and looked over the fence, passed through the yard-

gate and walked slowly towards the house. After a long communion with the memory of his mother, he showed me with some pride where he husked corn, where he ate green apples, and "better tasting apples than you can get now," and where he played many a day's prank.

Nobody could be a more delightful companion socially than Mr. Benton; he had his faults, which is the common lot of all, but he was a true man and loyal friend. He was a king among men.

#### EDUCATIONAL

## The Training of Teachers

KATHARINE H. SHUTE

ANY familiar adage that has been passed on from generation to generation for uncounted years bears testimony to the homely wit or wisdom of mankind; but the literal acceptance of such an adage serves as testimony of quite another, and a more unflattering, sort. "The exception proves the rule," quotes the literalist, and he solemnly offers the exception to prove the soundness of some theory that is in debate. A very hardworked bit of wisdom asserts that teachers are born not made. "Therefore," reasons the passive recipient of this wisdom of the past, "normal schools and so-called educational courses are futile; we cannot make teachers by any amount of training." A less slavish interpretation of this dictum, however, would probably be endorsed by all who have ever tried to make teachers; they know that candidates who lack certain essential qualifications cannot be transformed into teachers, even by the best professional courses or the most well-equipped schools. These qualifications are: first, a genuine liking for the companionship of younger people, -- children and growing boys and girls; and second, a certain natural pleasure in sharing with other people what one knows and cares for, and in helping other people to find out for themselves the truth about things, how things are done, and why.

There are hosts of people in homes, in business, and in other professions than teaching, who have these qualifications, and who are—to a degree—teachers, and good ones. On the other hand there are too many people in charge of classes and schoolrooms who lack these qualifications, and who might be labeled "teacher" until they attained the age of Methuselah without ever deserving the name. Nevertheless the person with the native sympathy and teaching instinct is not ready to step into a school-room to guide boys

and girls. He does not see education in any comprehensive way; he has not thought about the relative values of the processes that go on in the schoolroom; he has not considered how children's minds may do their work with the least friction and wastefulness, nor how the condition of their bodies affects the action of their minds; he may have no systematized knowledge of the very things in which children should become interested while in school; he may care very little for those great achievements of the human spirit, that we call Art, or for that greater manifestation of the Divine Spirit, that we call Nature.

By implication, as you see, I have been trying to suggest what professional training for teachers attempts to do. It strives to show the student what education really is - how large and manysided a thing. It undertakes so to deepen and broaden the student's knowledge of those subjects that he is to teach that he may have plenty of material to choose from, and may have, also, that sense of independence and power which comes from the happy consciousness of a margin beyond the mere facts that he wishes to impart. It attempts to awaken and foster a love for the beauty that Nature and Art have to give. It makes such a study of the human mind and human body as may help teachers to be intelligent and reasonable in their management and instruction of children. It provides opportunities for actual contact with children and developes a genuine sense of responsibility in dealing with them.

To illustrate this general statement of what professional training for teachers tries to do, let me say a few words about the way in which the City of Boston prepares many of its public school teachers. Through the Boston Normal School the city now offers two three year courses to graduates of high schools who can show the required high school certificates or pass the necessary entrance examinations. One of these courses prepares teachers for the kindergarten and

first three grades; the other prepares for all the elementary grades, but not for the kindergarten. Each course includes a number of subjects, such as psychology, biology, and English composition, which receive from the Harvard Administrative Board for University Extension credit toward the degree of Associate in Arts. Eight such courses have recently been accepted; consequently, a student on being graduated from the Boston Normal School, has already made substantial progress toward a degree. It has not been considered desirable to put all the studies of the school on a college basis; some of the subjects, such as methods of teaching the studies taken in the elementary schools, can be handled with greater freedom and can be better adapted to the needs of the student if they are considered from the normal school, rather than from the college, standpoint. addition to the time devoted to the two lines of work just mentioned, a generous proportion of time during the three years is spent in actual contact with children: in watching them as they are taught by experienced teachers, and in instructing them under the direction of such teachers. Each year provides such opportunities, but the longest period of observation and practice occurs in the third year, when each student spends five months in the schools of the city, working in several different grades.

To college graduates — both women and men — the school offers one year of training, half of which is spent in observation and practice in the city schools. A large majority of these students are planning to teach in high schools; consequently the training provided prepares them specifically for high school work.

Any earnest, industrious student, who has reasonably good ability and good health, can do the work of the school creditably. But it is not to be denied that the work is heavy and taxing. Young people who desire to have an easy time, should turn their attention in some other direction. Teaching is an arduous profession; and the preparation for it should not mislead the candidate as to the time and strength and devotion that it demands. It is true that there are superficial and unconscientious teachers to be found in any great school system; and the type is not unknown among the students in a professional school. However, the majority of teachers and the majority of students who are preparing to teach, are hardworking people, genuinely interested in the profession they have chosen.

One necessary evil clouds the sky of our city normal school: the students are graduated on a merit list in order that civil service principles may be applied to the appointment of teachers. Now

it is self-evident that in a class of a hundred or more, not every one can be among the first ten. A student's rank, in which the fitness for teaching shown in the periods of observation and practice plays a large part, is later modified materially by the work which the student does as a substitute or temporary teacher. Immediate permanent appointments are practically out of the question.

It is a long road to travel, is it not? Four years of high school study; then three years of normal school work; and then, in a majority of cases, a year or two of substituting before the coveted permanent position is won. And after that, promotional examinations must be passed to determine one's advance in the service. But do we respect very highly a position that is easily won? And is there not great need of all the culture, all the training, and all the practical experience that can be secured in these years of preparation?

In the struggles of the first years of teaching, when problems of discipline loom large, it is easy to underestimate the value of the long years of training and to feel that the preparation failed to anticipate the pressing needs of the actual situation. No professional school can prepare its students for the specific situations that they are The personal equation plays so tremendous a part that no clergyman nor physician nor teacher can be absolutely prepared for the human problems that await him. But in the long run it is only ignorance or self-complacency that permanently undervalues the years of training. are imperfect at the best, inadequate, and sometimes wasteful of energy and time; but to those who are humble enough to learn they have much to teach; to those who are grateful enough to appreciate, they have much to give.

The best things which a professional school has to offer never appear in the printed curriculum. One of them is the chance to work with other earnest young people who are bound on the same journey, to share in their hopes, to triumph in their successes. Another is the opportunity to study under instructors to whom teaching is truly a profession, a profession for which they are ready to make personal sacrifices. And still another is the possibility of learning to measure one's own limitations and one's own power, of developing steadily the sense of responsibility and the desire to serve. But we must never forget that all these serious conceptions are perfectly compatible with fun and lightheartedness and joy. Indeed, as Stevenson says, " if we miss the joy we miss all."

No teacher can watch a group of young people three years in succession without seeing and rejoicing in just such growth as I have suggested here. It is generally expected that pupils will respect their teachers, but few people realize how much teachers see to respect in their pupils. "Of course I go back to the reunions," said a high-school teacher of long experience, in my hearing, "that is what keeps up my courage—seeing how many of the flightiest girls develop into women of character and power." The teacher in a profes-

sional school does not need "to go back to the reunions"; the miracle often takes place under her eyes. A profession is a calling; to enter a professional school is to accept a call to service; such service should mean effort and sacrifice and consecration. To the sincere it means all these, but it also means joy.

#### VOCATIONAL

### The Social Worker

MARGARET FITZ

THE Social Worker is feeling more and more every year that he is doing a worth while work and is filling a legitimate place in society. In an ideal community, it is true he would hardly be necessary for if given a fair chance in the beginning, the majority of people could look after themselves and their children. But the fact is indisputable that we are not started out with equal chances, and therefore some people are handicapped throughout their lives.

Whole classes are too busy struggling for the bare necessities of life that they have little time to care properly for their children or to provide for the future. For these people especially do the numerous and various social service agencies exist, -- institutions with the avowed aim of bettering conditions in a given community. Social Service departments in connection with hospitals, District Nursing Associations, Milk and Baby Hygiene Associations; Day Nurseries, are all being wisely developed and correlated to care for vital needs in alleviating distress and in the constructive field of building up the public health. Settlements aim to give recreation and mental stimulus and to arouse in the neighborhood a spirit of civic consciousness. Charities help families through hard times and back again to a state of self-respecting independence. Child caring agencies look after dependent or neglected children and see that even though deprived of natural guardians, they may yet be placed in a good environment with every chance given them of becoming useful citizens.

Social Service is now being adopted even in connection with public schools, for we have learned that it is not enough to provide free education for the children, we must also see that they are physically able to benefit by it. If the community wishes the next generation to be worthy of the advantages which plain justice demands should be given it, many obstacles must be removed from the path of the children. This latter branch of Social Service will probably be more developed

later on, for the State has its greatest hold on the future of the country in the school children of to-day, and work for the next generation is preventive and constructive. In many districts, school visitors are now trying to bridge the gap between the school and the home, to clear up misunderstandings and to see that all children get as large a share as possible of their heritage of healthful, happy childhood.

The workers connected with all these agencies should be persons who from constant dealing with the problems arising out of adverse circumstances become fitted to meet the difficulties which would be discouraging to the less trained mind. ing for Social Service in any special school is desirable, but not by any means essential. The qualities needed are a strong feeling that the work is worth while, courage, patience, tact, and above all experience. The best way to enter the field of Social Service is probably to ally oneself with some settlement, or agency, and then having learned the methods, to help, wherever possible, those people who through force of circumstances need it. Most workers at first run the danger of wishing to cover too large a field, whereas, concentrated, intensive work in a single direction, will probably in the end, accomplish more.

A Social Worker's first duty is to attempt to diagnose the causes of our various social ills and then to undertake reconstructive work. Let a Social Worker ask himself the following question in every first case: "What caused this hardship, this poverty, sickness, ignorance, — whatever it is, to exist? Is it primarily the result of some trait in human nature which we must therefore endeavor to stamp out, or is it due, chiefly to unjust economic conditions?" That is the great question which is vital to everyone. "Where shall we lay the blame for so much unnecessary misery?" "How much of it is preventable, and how can we avoid its recurrence in the future?" A Social Worker of years of service has an unusual opportunity to. answer such momentous questions intelligently. He should have attempted to answer them in every individual case he tried to help; he should have

studied human nature, and should know well the conditions of environment, and its relative importance in the formation of character.

A doctor's greatest service to humanity lies not in curing the diseases of individuals, but rather in discovering their causes and so showing the world how such diseases may be avoided in the future. In the same way a social worker's greatest contribution should lie in his attempt to discover the forces which are working for social justice and happiness, and those forces which are retarding it, and are causing so much misery, which we know could be prevented by human intelligence.

#### **IMMIGRATION**

# The Effect of the European War on Italians in America

FELICITA C. PELLEGRINI

To an individual living in this country, reading of the turmoil and strife now going on in Europe, comes the question: "How are the peoples of the warring nations who reside in the United States affected by the European War?" This question is of particular interest to the American public, since these peoples form a large part of the population of the United States.

Let us take for example the case of Italy. Before the war she contributed the largest number of immigrants to this country. Many of these men, who were "contadini" (peasants) in Italy, after arriving here worked as laborers. In many instances work was to be had only during the warmer months, and the remainder of the year was spent at home; not through choice, but lack of work. But when war was declared in August, 1914, Italian men able to do military duty were at once forbidden to leave Italy. Although Italy did not enter the war until May, 1915, she started to mobilize nine months previously. Her men of military age were recalled throughout the entire world, to return and help her regain her lost provinces. Many responded to this call to duty, for over fifty thousand men from the United States alone returned home.

## The Violin

FANNIE LEVIS

How often you hear people say: "Next to hearing the human voice, I prefer the violin," and that is because the violin like the human voice, is unlimited in its expression. All the emotions from the deepest pathos to the wildest jollity belong to it, while all sorts of embellishments can be executed on it.

Then again, like the human voice, it is melodic:—that is—you produce a single note at a time, and although harmonies or more than one The result of this exodus is obvious. Laborers became scarce; those who remained asked for and received higher wages, and in line with this country's general prosperity, the periods of work have become longer. This also is the case in regard to certain industries. Italian food-stuffs, such as macaroni, etc., that previously were imported, have so increased in cost, owing to infrequent sailings, higher transportation rates and cost of production, that they are now as a result being successfully manufactured in this country.

In by-gone years men left their families in Italy and migrated to America. Here they remained a few years, looking forward and working towards a day when they could return to their native villages and become owners of small cottages surrounded by a few acres of land, where they could spend the remainder of their lives in peace and tranquility. This, too, has changed,— for failure to respond to their native country's call means exile or years of imprisonment on returning to Italy. Men are now sending for their families with the intention of permanently establishing themselves here. Formerly few of these men interested themselves in civic duties, but now has come the realization that assimilation is the first duty of the naturalized citizen in the United States.

Almost every Italian family has some dear one fighting in this war, and is hoping that he will be spared until victory is theirs, and peace once more reigns.

note is often produced, the real character of the instrument is melodic, and therefore needs the support of another instrument to bring out its full effect.

The violin originally comes from the Orient, the ancient Hindoos having had an instrument of that kind. Later it appeared in Europe, but it is only within the last two centuries that its full value as the king of instruments is understood. The golden period of violin making was from about 1650–1750. Then lived the great masters such as Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius, but their art died with them and if to-day you wish to purchase

one of the old master's violins, you are fortunate to buy it at any price. They are precious, indeed, like the old paintings.

The strings of the violin, are always spoken of as being made of catgut, but, as Mr. Louis Elson says, "The cat is innocent of making violin music at least" the strings are really made of the intestines of the sheep or goat, the G string being the only one wired — at times the quality of tone is altered and much diminished by applying the "mute," a small weight placed on the bridge of the violin, lessening the vibrations of tone. The quality of the tone, however, depends mostly on the

pressure of the bow. A very effective mode of plucking the instrument, like a guitar. This is called "pizzicato" and produces woodeny sound in the high register, and a hoarse one in the low register.

Whenever one speaks of the violin the name of "Paganini" seems to hover in the background. He was the greatest violin virtuoso who ever existed. Some of his brilliant cadenzas have never been excuted, even by the wonderful masters of the violin to-day, and so he stands alone a remarkably

unique figure in the history of the violin.

## Christopher Columbus

In different parts of the State of Massachusetts, librarians are reporting the need of books about American history in foreign languages. Experts in immigrant work tell us that dramatic presentations in foreign languages of scenes of United States history are very helpful to those among us who do not yet speak English, but are interested now in the history of this fine country of ours.

The following play has been written and presented for the purpose of helping to supply these needs. They are given under the direction of the Committee on Civic Education of the Women's Education Association. The aim in giving the play in Italian is to preserve in the younger generation their mother tongue. This not only makes a valuable asset for the young people themselves, but makes them far more helpful in the community in aiding those who have not yet acquired the power of speaking English.

This play of Christopher Columbus was originally written by Miss Esther W. Bates for the Association. It was afterward translated and adapted to arouse Italian interest by Dr. George La Piana of Harvard University who coached it also. The organizing of the players, the staging and costuming was done by Miss Hester W. Brown and Miss Lotta A. Clark who are directing the civic

work of the Association.

Two very successful performances have already been given, — one at the Hancock School, and

the other at the Boston Public Library. A third performance will be given in April.

The audiences have been enthusiastic because the play shows delightfully the picturesque Italian life which surrounded the youth of Columbus; because the trials of the great explorer are made very real to us; and because the young Italian Players present the characters so earnestly and faithfully that we feel that we have here with us in our city much of the spirit and color of beautiful Italy itself.

## Christopher Columbus

Dramatic Action in 4 Episodes

First Episode

Columbus a youth in Genoa

The scene takes place in Genoa in about 1465. Columbus is about 16 or 17 years old; he has already been on sea voyages many times and his dream is to become a great sailor and a discoverer of new lands. He lives with the humble families of the fishermen on the Riviera and to all he speaks of his dreams and hopes: but the old sailors and his fellow youths make fun of him. There is one girl, however, who has faith in him: Bella. Theirs is a little youthful idyl which is

## Cristoforo Colombo

Azione Drammatica in 4 Episodî

Episodio Primo

Colombo fanciullo in Genova

La scena ha luogo in Genova verso il 1465. Colonibo è un giovanetto di sedici o diciassette anni; ha già percorso il mare diverse volte e sogna di diventare un grande marinaio ed uno scopritore di terre nuove. Vive con le umili famiglie dei pescatori sulla Riviera e parla a tutti dei suoi sogni e delle sue speranze: ma i vecchi marinai ed i giovanotti si ridono di lui. Vi è però una ragazza che ha fede in lui: È un piccolo idillio di gioventú che resta spezzato dalla partenza di

ended by Christopher's departure. An uncle of his, who is Captain of a Genoese mercantile ship, arrives from Constantinople and is to sail immediately for Lisbon; he decides to take Christopher with him on this voyage. Father Bartholomew, who has taken much interest in Christopher, educating and instructing him, encourages him in persevering and Christopher departs after having said adieu to Bella, the girl whom he loves and whom he is never to see again.

The scenes in this episode are imaginary and are merely intended to give an idea of the good and simple life of the Genoese fishing folk, among whom Columbus spent his early youth, dreaming of future discoveries and great adventures, near to that sea over which still shone the glories of the old Republic.

#### Characters

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, 16 or 17 years old.

BACICCIA, old sailor, about 60 years old.

UNCLE PETER, ship's captain, 45 years old.

FATHER BARTHOLOMEW, Franciscan Monk, 65 years old.

GASPER, fruit seller, 25 years old.

ANTHONY )

LEOPOLD young sailors, 17, 18 years old.

CATHERINE, wife of BACICCIA, 50 years old.

BELLA, daughter of Catherine.

MARY ) sisters, cousins to Bella, 17, 18

MARGARET ( years old.

ĭ

Michela, gipsy, 40 years old.

(Catherine, Bella, Mary, and Margaret in a group sitting on stools, are mending various parts of a sail.)

Bella (suddenly jumping up and sucking the middle finger of her right hand): Oh, mother! I have broken my needle, and it has hurt my finger! This sail is so hard to sew! Won't you give me another, mother?

CATHERINE (in a tone of reproof): This is the third you break since this morning! And they cost a lot! But where is your head to-day, Bella?

MARGARET (smiling meaningly): Perhaps she thinks of Christopher—

MARY (the same): Or of the lands where there are golden trees—

MARGARET: And birds made of rubies -

MARY: And rivers of milk and lakes of wine —

MARGARET: And lovelorn youths —

MARY: And where flowers are dewed with pearls and emeralds grow like thistles —

Bella (in a vexed tone): I know it, you are all mean and love to make fun of me; but it's from envy that you talk.

CATHERINE: Oh, daughters! When will you make an end of your bickering? And you, Bella,

Cristoforo. Uno zio di lui, capitano di una nave mercantile genovese, arriva da Constantinopoli e deve ripartire subito per Lisbona; egli decide di portare con se Cristoforo in questo viaggio. Fra Bartolomeo, un frate che si è preso cura di Cristoforo, educandolo ed istruendolo, lo incoraggia a perseverare e Cristoforo parte dopo aver detto addio a Bella, la fanciulla che egli ama e che non non rivedrà mai più.

Le scene di questo episodio sono immaginarie e vogliono solo dare un'idea della vita semplice e buona dei marinai genovesi, fra cui Colombo passó la sua fanciullezza, sognando di future scoperte e grandi avventure, vicino a quel mare su cui rìfulgeva ancora tutta la gloria della vecchia Republica.

#### Personaggi

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO—16 o 17 anni.
BACICCIA—vecchio marinaio—sui 60 anni.
ZIO PIETRO—capitano di nave—45 anni.
FRA BARTOLOMEO—frate Francescano—65 anni.
GASPARE—venditore di frutta—25 anni.
ANTONIO giovani marinai—17-18 anni.
POLDO giovani marinai—17-18 anni.
CATERINA—moglie di Baciccia—50 anni.
BELLA—sua figlia—16 anni.
MARIA Sorelle, cugine di Bella 17-18
MARGHERITA anni.
MICHELA—zingara—40 anni.

Ι

(Caterina, Bella, Maria e Margherita siedono in gruppo, su sgabelli, rattoppando una gran vela in vari punti.)

Bella. (scattando in piedi, e succhiandosi l'indice della mano destra): Oh, Mamma! Il mio ago si é rotto e mi ha fatto male alle dita! Questa vela è cosi dura a cucire! Mamma, me ne dai un altro?

CAT. (con tono di rimprovero): Questo è il terzo che rompi da stamane! E mi costan tanto! Ma dove hai la testa, tu, oggi, Bella?

MARGH. (sorridendo maliziosamente): Pensa forse a Cristoforo! . . .

MARIA. (lo stesso): Ed alle terre dove ci sono alberi d'oro . . .

MARIA. E uccelli di rubini . . .

Margh. E giovanotti innamorati . . .

MARIA. E dove le perle spuntano sui fiori e gli smeraldi fioriscono come i cardi selvatici . . .

Bella. Lo so, che voi siete cattive e che vi piace di canzonarmi: ma tutta invidia che vi fa parlare.

CAT. Oh, figliole! Quando la finirete con uesti pettegolezzi? E tu Bella, prendi un altroq go and get another needle in that basket over there, and look to what you do, father will soon be here and this sail must be ready.

Bella (walks away to a basket which is on a stool some distance back of the women, and while seeking for a needle stops to look off to the right, then exclaims in a tone of surprise): Oh, girls! Do you know who's coming?

MARGARET: Who?

Bella: Michela, the gypsy, who reads one's fortune in the palm of one's hand.

MARY: Call her, Bella, call her! We'll have

her tell our fortunes, too!

MARGARET: Not I. I'm afraid of hell, I am! Bella: You're just a child. What harm is it, after all?

CATHERINE: If Father Bartholomew hears of

it he will give you all a good scolding.

MARY: Oh, come; what harm is it? They say that even the Duchess has had Michela come and tell her fortune. (She goes toward the back and calls), Here, Michela! Michela! Won't you tell me my fortune?

H

MICHELA: (Enters from the back, stops a moment to look and then begins saying, in a monotonous and mysterious tone): Like pullets are these girls ever picking, picking to fill their crops; but this old—

Bella (interrupting her): Oh Michela! don't be bothering us with your sermons—we understand that you know more than we do; but since you began to get old you do nothing but grumble. Won't you tell me my fortune?

MARY: Mine, too!

MICHELA: And you, what will you give me? Bella: When father goes fishing I'll give you a basket of mullets to fry in olive oil, or if you like it better I'll give you a big boiled polypus.

MARY: Father is a calker: don't you want a piece of tar? You can use it in your witchcraft!

MICHELA: No, I'm afraid! If I tell your fortunes you'll say I'm a witch; then you'll go and tell Father Bartholomew, and he'll tell it to the Archbishop who will have me caught, and then they'll burn me on the Market Square. No, no, girls, I'm afraid, and I value my skin!

Bella: We'll not say a word, you know Michela. We'll be as silent as fish. And besides the boiled polypus I'll give you a lobster that will become as red as fire when you'll have

boiled it!

MICHELA (after a moment of hesitation): Hold out your hand, Bella. (She observes her palm for some moments, then shakes her head as a sign of bad news.) Bella! Bella! There is weeping in store for your eyes! There is some one who will go

ago, là nel canestro, e bada a quel che fai; babbo ritorna presto e bisogna che la vela sia pronta.

Bel. (va in fondo, dove sopra uno sgabello c'è il canestro e nel cercare l'ago, si ferma a guardare verso destra, e poi con voce di sorpresa). Oh donne! Sapete chi c'è?

MARGH. Chi?

Bel. Michela, la zingara che legge la fortuna sulla palma della mano!

MAR.: Chiamala Bella, chiamala! e ci farem dire la fortuna anche noi!

MARGH. Io no; io ho paura dell'inferno, io!
BEL. Tu sei bambina. Che male c'è in fondo?
CAT. Se lo saprà Fra Bartolomeo, vi sgriderà
ben bene—

MAR. Ma si, che male c'è? Anche la duchessa si dice l'abbia fatta chiamare e si è fatta dire la fortuna! (va versa il fondo e chiama). Oh, Michela! Michela!

#### H

Mich. (entrando dal fondo, si ferma un istante a guardare, scuote la testa e poi dice con voce monotona e in tono di mistero).

Son le ragazze come le galline che beccan sempre e riempiono il gozzúle, ma la vecchia . . .

BEL. (interrompendola): Oh, Michela! non c'infastidire con le tue sentenze — Lo sappiano che ne sai più di noi. Ma da che cominci ad invecchiare, borbotti sempre. Mi dici la fortuna?

MAR. Anche a me!

Mich. E voi che mi date?

BEL. Quando babbo va alla pesca ti darò una cesta di triglie da friggere nell'olio, o se ti piace meglio, un polipo bollito.

Mar. Babbo è calafato: vuoi un pezzo di

pece? Ti servirà per gli scongiuri!

MICH. No: ho paura! Se vi dico la fortuna voi mi chiamerete strega, e poi lo direte a Fra Bartolomeo, che lo dirà all'Arcivescovo, che mi farà pigliare e poi mi bruceranno sul Mercato. No, no, ho paura, ragazze, e la pelle mi preme!

BEL. Non diremo nulla, sai Michela: Staremo zitte come pesci. Ed oltre al polipo ti darò una aragosta, che diventi rossa come il fuoco quando l'avrai cotta!

MICH. (dopo un po' di esitazione) Dammi la mano, Bella. (osserva la palma un poco e poi scuote la testa in segno di cattive notizie). Bella! Bella! Hanno da piangere i tuoi occhi! C'è qualcuno che andià lontano, lontano, lontano: Non so dove; e non

far, far away; where, I don't know; but no one has been there. And you will remain here, always, and he will never return again; no, never again; he will forget. Bella! Bella! Shut your eyes and never look, shut your lips and never speak, join your hands (taking Bella's hands and putting them together) and do not tell him good-bye. Handsome eyes are never lovely without tears -

BACICCIA (loudly from behind the scenes): Ho there! Women! Is that sail ready?

MICHELA (starting): Mercy on me! Here's Friend Baciccia! If he sees me I'll get a beating: (hastening away) good-bye, children and— Bella, remember, I want that lobster!

BACICCIA (entering): You're as slow as a breadless day, my good women! There's come up such a promising breeze, and the sea, it's like oil! But with no sail you don't go fishing, good women, and if you don't fish you can't have any fire under your big cauldron!

PETER (entering on the left): Friend Baciccia! And how's my old sea wolf (effusively clasping his

hand).

BACICCIA: Why! Master Peter! It's a for-

tune to see you!

PETER: And Christopher? What's gone with Christopher? that scapegrace nephew of mine?

Bella: He was here this morning —

PETER (looking round at her and interrupting): Why, little Bella! You've grown up since I last saw you! And Christopher, he'll be grown up too.

Bella: He's grown so much, Uncle Peter!

And he's learned so many things!

PETER (meaningly): And it seems that he comes here every morning -

Bella (bashfully): Why, he comes in the eve-

ning, too, sometimes.

PETER: He does, does he? And do you know where he is now?

Bella: He told me he was going to see Father Bartholomew, the monk who lives up there in the church of the Carmine, from whom he was going to get a book which tells about the distant lands that are way off beyond the sun.

PETER (laughing loudly): The lands that are beyond the sun? And who is it who's been there

to see them?

Bella: Why, I don't know — some one must surely have been there, since they've written the.

BACICCIA: Master Peter, I really believe that Christopher has a sick brain; he's always telling these stories and he can't talk of anything else but distant lands still to be discovered, and of the marvelous things that exist there.

c'è stato alcuno. E tu resterai qui sempre, e non tornerà più, no, non tornerà più; dimenticherà. Bella! Chiudi gli occhi e non guardare, chiudi la bocca e non parlare, chiudi le mani (gliele chiude colle sue), e non gli dire addio. Occhi belli non son belli senza pianto . . .

BAC. (a voce forte detro la scena): Olà donne!

E pronta quella rete?

MICH. (spaventata): Misericordia! Compare Baciccia! Se mi vede mi bastona (allontanandosi in fretta). Addio bambine e ricorda Bella, voglio l'aragosta (scappa: Bella resta melanconica e pensierosa.)

#### III

BAC. (entrando): Siete più lente di una giornata senza pane, le mie donne! S'è levata una brezza da levante che promette bene, e il mare è come l'olio! Ma senza vela a pesca non si va, le mie donne, e se non si va a pesca non s'accende il fuoco sotto il pentolone —

PIETRO. (entrando da destra): Compare Baciccia!! come state, il mio vecchio lupo? (strin-

gendogli la mano con effusione.)

BAC. Oh! Mastro Pietro! Beato chi vi vede! -

PIETRO. E? dov'è Cristoforo? quella buona lana di mio nipote? —

Bella. E stato qui stamattina . . .

PIETRO. (guardandola ed interrompendo): Oh, Belluccia! Sei fatta grande da che non ti ho riveduta! E Cristoforo, sarà grande anche lui.

Bella. È cresciuto tanto, zio Pietro! Ed ha

imparato tante cose!

PIETRO (con intenzione): E pare che ci venga tutte le mattine qui -

Bella. (con imbarazzo) Viene anche la sera qualche volta.

Pietro. Meglio: e sai, dov'è adesso?

Bella. Mi disse che dovea andare da Fra Bartolomeo, il padre che sta lassù alla chiesa del Carmine, perchè gli dovea dare un libro che descrive le terre lontane che stanno al di là del

PIETRO. (ridendo rumorosamente) Le terre che stanno al di là del sole? E chi c'è stato a vederle?

Bella. Oh! Io non so - certo qualcuno ci sarà stato se hanno scritto il libro.

BAC. Mastro Pietro: io credo che Cristoforo abbia un pò il cervello malato. È lui che le racconta quelle cose: e non parla di altro che delle terre lontane da scoprire e delle grandi meraviglie che vi si trovano.

PETER: I'll soon get all these notions out of his head. You know, Friend Baciccia, that he's an orphan, and you know how much his father begged me, before dying, to care for him. I have planned to take him with me on this trip to Portugal; and so he'll have to work, and won't have time for dreams.

Bella: You're going to take him away with you?

PETER: Doesn't that suit you?

Bella: No. Why take him so soon? Father Bartholomew says that Christopher is the brightest boy he's ever known; and he'd like to take care of him—to teach him and—

BACICCIA: (interrupting) and then to make a monk of him, too.

Bella: (hastily) ()h, no! not that!

PETER: (laughing) Not that, no? Then he'd better come with me, else, good-bye Christopher, they'll either monk him or marry him.

Bella: Where would be the harm in that?

PETER: (jestingly) Brazenface!

#### IV

(Gaspar's voice comes from behind the scenes, crying out his goods.)

GASPER: Fine fruit — sweet pears, oranges from Palermo: try them, try them, they're like gold! — (he enters; he has a hamper on his shoulders and a basket on his arm.)

BACICCIA: Hey, Gaspar! Is it your stomach makes you shout like that!

GASPAR: I'm trying to earn my bread, Friend Baciccia. And don't you shout worse when you're on the market place selling your fish? Why! Master Peter — what a chance to see you again; where have you been?

PETER: First give me a pear to sweeten my mouth.

GASPER: Help yourself, Master Peter; Ah, you're so rich, coming as you do from Eastern ports. That's where one makes the money!

(Peter picks out some pears and hands one each to Bella, Catherine and the other girls saying):

PETER: You taste them, too, fair women. Fine fruit and girls that wait to wed are well coupled! (He turns and gives a few coins to Gasper.)

GASPER: Thank you, sir.

PETER: They're truly delicious, not even in Pera and Galata at Constantinople have I tasted such sweet ones! Yet, there's God's bounty in those lands.

Bella: Is it true that Constantinople is more beautiful than Genoa?

PETER: (Scratching his head) I don't know, to me Genoa is more beautiful. And then — Constantinople — it can't last long. (with feeling) Those dogs of Turks —

PIETRO. Adesso gliele faccio passare io tutte queste melanconie. Voi sapete compare, che egli è orfano e che mio fratello prima di morire me lo raccomandò tanto. Ho pensato di portarlo con me in questo viaggio in Portogallo: lavorerà e non avra più tempo di sognare.

Bella. Ve lo portate via?

PIETRO. Ti dispiace?

Bella. Si — Perchè cosi presto? Fra Bartolomeo dice che Cristoforo è il giovanetto più intelligente che egli abbia mai conosciuto e se ne prenderebbe cura — lo istruirebbe e . . .

BAC. (interrompendo): e farebbe un frate anche di lui.

Bella (vivacemente): Oh, questo no!

PIETRO (ridendo): Ah questo no? E allora è meglio me lo porti via, se no, addio Cristoforo; o me lo fanno frate, o me lo fanno sposo.

Bella. Che male ci sarebbe?

PIETRO. (scherzoso): Sfacciatella! -

#### IV

(Si sente, dietro le scene la voce di Gaspare che grida la sua merce.)

Gasp. Frutta fresche—pere zuccherine, arance di Palermo; Mangiale, mangiale—sono come l'oro—

(Entra sulla scena: Ha una sporta sulle spalle ed un canestro con frutta in mano.)

BAC. Ohé Gaspare. Hai il male di stomaco che urli in questo modo?

GASP. Cerco di guadagnarmi il pane, compare Baciccia. E voi non fate peggio quando andate sul mercato coi vostri pesci? Oh, Mastro Pietro — beato chi vi vede: dove siete stato?

PIETRO. Dammi una pera prima, che mi umetti la bocca.

GASP. Fate pure Mastro Pietro; giá voi siete ricco e venite dagli scali di Levante. È li che si fanno i denari.

(Pietro sceglie alcune pere, ne dà una per ciascuno a Bella, Caterina ed alle ragazze dicendo): Assagiatele anche voi, donne belle. Già, frutta fresche e ragazze da marito stanno bene in compagnia! (dà alcuni soldi a Gaspare):

GASP. (prendendo il denaro): Grazie, signoria!
PIETRO. Gustose davvero: Neppure a Pera ed
a Galata in Costantinopli ne trovai di così saporose! Eppure anche là c'è tanto ben di Dio!

Bella. E'vero che Costantinopoli è più bella di Genova?

PIETRO. (raspandosi la testa): Non lo so: per me Genova è piu bella. E poi Costantinopoli—la dura poco, in mano di quei cani di Turchi—

GASPAR: There's where one could use one's fists —

Bella (who meantime has walked to the left and is looking towards the wings, joyfully): Oh! here's Christopher with Father Bartholomew (calling) Christopher, Christopher, Uncle Peter is here and he wants you!

V

(Christopher and Father Bartholomew enter from the back of the stage. Christopher has a book in his hand: he sees Peter and runs to him; they embrace.)

CHRISTOPHER: Why, Uncle Peter, you here in Genoa!

PETER: Yes, since this morning. I came in on the victualling galleys. I am leaving again to-night for Lisbon with a cargo of spices. And you, you'll come with me.

Christopher (joyfully): 1?
Peter: Yes, won't you like to?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, yes! — Uncle Peter; don't you know that the sea is my passion, and that I want to become a great sailor, a discoverer of distant lands —? Let's start Uncle — let's start?

PETER (clapping him on the shoulder): That's my fine lad! You've the stuff to make an old sea wolf! (seeing Father Bartholomew who, meantime, has come forward) Oh! Father Bartholomew! I kiss your hands, how are you? (He bends and kisses Father Bartholomew's hand.)

FR. BARTHOLOMEW: I thank you, Master Peter! I am happy to see you again, and have a care—do not let this boy take a wrong path. There is some good in him—Who knows—?

Gasper (laughing): — whether he won't become Doge of Genoa?

FR. BARTHOLOMEW: I did not say that, but there is something in that head. Who can see in the future?

Bella: The gipsies can, they read it on the palm of one's hand! (Mary pulls at her arm to silence her.)

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, Father Bartholomew! Do you think that it is possible?

BACICCIA: Ah! There he goes again! He's back with the distant lands, that are way off beyond the sun, as Bella says — (they all laugh).

CHRISTOPHER: Why do you laugh? Yes, those lands exist, they must exist —

GASPAR (jokingly): Who knows, perhaps I'll be

going there to sell melons —

CHRISTOPHER: See that, Father Bartholomew? They just think I'm crazy. Yet I have seen those lands. I had a vision a few evenings ago, while I slept there (pointing to a pile of cords). I saw islands, huge islands, there were strange and beautiful trees on them, and birds of a thousand colors — and there

GASP. Li si che ci sarebbe da menar le mani— BELLA. (Che frattanto si è avvicinata a sinistra guardando verso le quinte.) Oh! ecco Cristoforo con Fra Bartolomeo. Cristoforo, Cristoforo, c'è Zio Pietro che ti vuole!

V

(Cristoforo, Fra Bartolomeo entrauo dal fondo. Cristoforo ha un libro nelle mani; vedendo Pietro, corre a lui e lo abbraccia.)

CRIST. Oh, zío Pietro! Voi qui in Genova? PIETRO. Si, da stamane; sono arrivato con le galee dell' annona. E riparto stasera per Lisbona con un carico di spezie. E tu verrai con me.

Crist. (con gioia) To? Pietro: Si; ti dispiace?

ÇRIST. Oh, no! — zio Pietro, non lo sapete che il mare è la mia passione e che io voglio diventare un grande marinaio, uno scopritore di terre lontane? Partiamo zio — partiamo! —

PIETRO. (battendogli la mano sulla spalla): Bravo il mio ragazzo! Stoffa di vecchio lupo di mare! (vedendo Fra Bartolomeo che frattanto si è avvicinato al proscenio.) Oh Fra Bartolomeo! Vi bacio le mani, come state? (Si piega a baciargli la mano).

FRA B. Grazie, mastro Pietro! Sono contento di rivedervi, e badate — non mi mandate a male questo ragazzo. C'è del buono in lui — Chi sa? . . .

BAC. — che voglia diventare doge di Genova? FRA B.: Non dico questo: ma c'è qualcosa in quella testa. Chi può conoscere l'avvenire?

Bella: Le zingare lo sanno, quelle che leggono sulle mani! — (Maria le afferra di nascosto il braccio faccadole segno di tacere.)

CRIST. Oh Fra Bartolomeo! Credete voi che sia possibile?

BAC. Ah! siamo da capo! si tratta delle terre lontane, che stanno al di là del sole, come dice Bella — (tutti ridono.)

CRIST. Perchè ridete? Si, le terre ci sono, ci debbono essere —

GASP. (Scherzando): Chi sa, se potrò andarci anch'io a vender cocomeri?

CRIST.: Vede, Fra Bartotomeo! Mi prendono per pazzo. Eppure io le ho viste quelle terre. Io ho avuto una visione, mentre poche sere fa, dormivo lí, in quel posto (accenna il mucchio di gomene). Ho visto delle isole grandi grandi con alberi strani e bellissimi, con uccelli dai mille colori— e c'era gente anche. Gente strana che

were people too. Strange people, people who do not know God and who need to be enlightened -

PETER (smiling): Was Bella there too in that island?

CHRISTOPHER (bashfully and looking at Bella): Why no, she wasn't there, but she can come, if she wants to, afterwards. (They all laugh.) But why do you laugh? Do you see this book? The man who wrote it travelled and he too had been to distant lands far, far away - (Anthony and Leopold enter on the left.)

ANTHONY: Say, Uncle Baciccia! There's a fine breeze: aren't we going fishing to-night?

BACICCIA: The sail isn't ready yet: wait a bit, boys.

CATHERINE: It'll be ready in two minutes. LEOPOLD: You'll come, too, Christopher?

Christopher: No, Leopold; I'm going off with Uncle Peter this evening. I'm beginning my travels to new lands.

ANTHONY: Already? I'll go with you too!

Leopold: I want to go too.

Peter: What a hurry you're all in! Softly, softly, children! I'm not going to discover new lands: I'm just going to Libson with a cargo of spices. If you want to come, you're welcome; but you'll not find any new lands but a lot of hard work, down in the hold and up on the masts with the sails. Then if your good will gets faint or you grow any fancies, there'll be a good rod to strengthen your wills and clear your brains!

Bella: Even for Christopher, Uncle Peter? PETER: Yes, even for Christopher, if he doesn't

get done with his dreaming!

CHRISTOPHER: I know it; they all think I'm mad. But the man who wrote this book wasn't mad, and he has seen with his own eyes - but no

one believes in me (with much feeling).

Fr. Bartholomew: Listen, my son; don't take things so much to heart. You are still too young, and it is too soon for you to be believed. I know that you are not mad; I know that far away across the seas something awaits you! And perhaps it will please God to use you for His glory. But be patient; your day will come. Study now, and learn, and when the right time comes God will provide.

BACICCIA: Well said, Fr. Bartholomew!

PETER: Yes, yes, some day God will provide; but now it's I who have to provide. And the sun will soon be gone and we must be weighing anchor — (The bells ring out the Angelus; six slow strokes; all kneel in various attitudes of reverence, while the monk, standing in the center of the stage, recites the prayer).

non conosce Dio, e che ha bisogno d'essere illumi-

PIETRO (sorridendo): C'era anche Bella in quella isola?

CRIST. (un pò imbarazzato e guardando Bella): No, non c'era, ma ci verrà, se vorrà, dopo, (tutti ridono). Ma perchè ridete? - Vedete questo libro? L'ha scritto un uomo che è stato in terre lontane anche lui --

#### VI

(Antonio e Poldo entrando da sinistra).

ANT. Olà zio Baciccia! La brezza tira a buono; si va stasera alla pesca?

BAC. La vela non è pronta ancora: aspettate ragazzi.

CAT. Due minuti ancora ed è finita.

Pol. Cristoforo, vieni anche tu?

CRIS. No, Poldo; io parto stasera con Zio Pietro. E comincio i miei viaggi per le terre lontane.

ANT. Di già? Vengo anch' io con te!

Pol. Anch' io veglio venire!

PIETRO. Che furia!! Calma, calma, bambini! Io non vado a scoprire terre nuove: vado a Lisbona con un carico di spezie. Se volete venire, tanto piacere; na non vi saranno terre da scoprire, bensi ci sarà da lavorare molto nella stiva e su per gli alberi con le vele. Che se poi vi manca la voglia o vi vengon la fantasie, ci sarà una buona sferza per rimettervi a posto il cervello!

Bella. Anche per Cristoforo, zio Pietro?

Pietro. Anche per lui, se non la finisce di sognare!

CRIST. Lo so: Mi dicono pazzo. l'uomo che ha scritto questo libro non era un pazzo, ed egli ha veduto con gli occhi suoi — Ed a me nessuno vuol credere. (con vivo rammarico.)

Fra. Bart. Senti figliolo: Non ti accorare cosí. Tu sei ancora troppo giovane e non è tempo per te di esser creduto. Ma io lo so che tu non sei pazzo: io lo so che forse al di là dei mari c'è qualcosa che aspetta! E forse il Signore vorra servirsi di te per la sua gloria. Ma abbi pazienza! verrà l'ora tua. Ora studia ed impara, e a suo tempo, Dio provvederá.

BACICCIA. Ben detto Fra Bartolomeo!

PIETRO. Si, si Dio provvederà; ma per ora bisogna che provveda io. Ed il sole intanto se ne va e a momenti bisogna levar l'ancora — (suona L'Ave Maria a lenti rintocchi: sei in tutto. Iutte s' inginocchiano in varii atteggiamenti di pietà, mentri il frate in piedi, nel centro della scena, recita la preghiera.)

FR. BARTHOLOMEW (in a solemn tone, slowly): Hail Mary, of many graces, the Lord is with you, you are blessed among women, and blessed be Jesus, the fruit of your bosom. Holy Mary—give your blessing to this earth of ours and to the enterprises of this youth, for your glory—(he makes the sign of the cross.) In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen! (They all rise.) And now, my children, good-bye! Good-bye, Christopher (embracing him).

CHRISTOPHER: Good-bye, Father (kissing his

hana).

FR. BARTHOLOMEW: Have courage and place your trust in God (the women kiss his hand). May God bless you all; and you too, Master Peter, good-bye; may your journey be happy. (Exit.)

CATHERINE: Here's your sail, all mended.

Baciccia (shouldering the sail, together with Leopold and Anthony): Ho boys, let's get on; it's already late. Good-bye, Christopher!

LEOPOLD AND ANTHONY: Good-bye, Chris-

topher!

CHRISTOPHER: Good-bye! good-bye! You'll come over and join me some time. (Baciccia,

Leopola, and Anthony exuent.)

(Meanwhile Catherine and Margaret have gathered up the fishing nets and are carrying them to the house. Christopher and Bella are left alone on the stage. Evening is falling and the light is rapidly failing.)

Bella (approaching Christopher and taking his hand): And so you're going, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, Bella! I must go; I must follow the voice that calls me.

Bella: And - will you remember me?

CHRISTOPHER (sadly): Oh! Bella! Bella! The world is so vast, and the sea is so infinite, we are only poor boats beaten by the wind. Who knows if I shall ever return to Genoa? Who knows whether I shall ever again see these shores, these skies? Whether I shall ever again see you, Bella!

Bella (covering her face with her hands, with a sob): I know it; I know it; I shall never see

you again — the gypsy told me so!

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, Bella, you know it, don't you? You only have been a good friend to me. When all the others wouldn't believe in me you had faith in me; you believed in my visions; you smiled with me and hoped and exulted with me! No, I shall never forget you, Bella.

BELLA: And you will return, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know; I may die in my enterprise, but I shall always, always remember you — (a sharp whistle sounds; the signal for the sailors to weigh anchor).

(Sailors' voices from within, in chorus, loudly):

Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!

Fra Bart. (con voce lenta e solenne): Ave Maria, piena di grazie, il Signore è teco, tu sei la benedetta fra tuttle le donne, e benedetto il frutto del tuo seno Gesú. Santa Maria, benedici la nostra terra e benedici gli ardimenti di questo giovane per la tua gloria (fa il segno della croce). Nel nome del Padre, del Figliolo e dello Spirito Santo: così sia! (Tutti si alzano). Ed ora figlioli miei addio! Addio Cristoforo (lo abbraccia).

CRIST. Addio padre. (bacia la mano al frate.)

FRA BART. Abbi coraggio e fede in Diò. (Le donne gli baciano la mano.) Il Signore vi benedica tutte; e addio anche a voi Mastro Pietro, e buon viaggio (via).

CATER. La vela è pronta. Eccola qui.

BAC. (caricandosi la vela con Poldo ed Antonio). Su ragazzi, andiamo, che già si fa tardi. Addio, Cristoforo!

CRIST. Addio! Addio e venite a raggiungermi poi! (Baciccia, Poldo ed Antonio escono.)

(Caterina, Maria e Margherita intanto hanno raccolto le reti e le portano dentro. Cristoforo e Belta restano soli sulla scena. È il crepuscolo e la luce si smorza sempre più.)

#### VII

BELLA (avvicinandosi e predendo Cristoforo per mano): Così, vai via — Cristoforo?

CRIST. Sì Bella! Bisogna che io vada, ch'io segua la voce che mi chiama.

Bella. E . . . ti ricorderai di me?

CRIST. (con malinconia): Oh, Bella! Bella! Il mondo è vasto, il mare è infinito, e noi non siamo che povere barche sbattute dal vento. Chi lo sa se io tornerò più a Genova? Se rivedró più questi lidi e questo cielo, se rivedró più te, Bella!

Bella. (si copre il viso con le maui e poi con un singhiozzo): Lo so, lo so, non ti vedrò mai più; me lo

ha detto la zingara!

CRIST. Oh Bella, tu lo sai: tu sola sei stata l'amica mia buona, e mentre tutti gli altri sono stati increduli, tu sola hai prestato fede, tu sola hai creduto alla mia visione, hai sorriso ai miei sorrisi ed esultato alle mie speranze! No, non ti dimenticherò Bella.

Bella. Tornerai Cristoforo?

CRIST. Non lo so: Forse morrò nelle mie imprese, ma ti ricorderò sempre, sempre.

(si sente un fischio acuto; è l'ordine dato ai marinai

perchè alzino l'ancora).

Voci di Marinai Dentro. Issa! Issa! Issa!

CHRISTOPHER: Do you hear? I must go — good-bye, Bella!

Bella: Good-bye, and if — you should never

return —?

CHRISTOPHER (embracing her): We shall meet again, up there beyond the stars —! (exit running.)

Bella (stretching her arms out towards direction in which Christopher has just disappeared, then turning and casting her eyes to the heavens, exclaims): Oh, Mother, Mother! protect him from harm!

(Curtain.)

CRIST. Senti? Bisogna partire—Addio Bella!
BELLA. Addio e se . . . non dovessi tornare
più? . . .

CRIST. (abbracciandola): Ci rivedremo, lassú dove risplendono le stelle —!! (via di corsa.)

Bella. (tende le braccia dalle parte d'onde Cristoforo è scomparso e quindi rivolgendosi al cielo esclama): Oh, Madonna, Madonna, proteggilo Tu! (Sipario)

#### S. E. G. Announcements

Mar. 17. Business meeting at 7 p. m. Miss Wills, Lincoln House, 8 p. m.

Mar. 23. (Friday) Miss Heloise Hersey.

Mar. 31. Mrs. Barrett Wendell.

Apr. 7. Vacation.

Apr. 14. Business meeting.

Miss Frances Kaplan was married to Dr. Benjamin Friedman on Wednesday evening, February 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pearlmutter (nee Rose Singer) announce the birth of a son, William Herbert, February 21.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Crehore to Mr. John Galt of Honolulu.

#### North End Items

R. G. HEIMAN

All the Houses in the neighborhood are cooperating to have a successful meeting of North End people at the Eliot School, March 16th at 7.30 p.m. The subject for the evening is "Women and War." Mrs. Winona Osborne Pinkham will speak in English, and Mr. Ubaldo Guidi in Italian. There will also be an Italian band, folk-dancing, and singing. It is hoped by this meeting to arouse public interest in the present war crisis and woman's relation to it. All are welcome to attend this meeting.

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# S. E. G. News

The Official Library Clubhouse Paper Published by the Saturday Evening Girls P. O. Box 15, Hanover Street Station Boston, Mass.

MAY

1917

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#### **Editorial**

## What is Democracy?

FANNY GOLDSTEIN

WHAT is Democracy?

In the first place it is a question never answered in the whole, and a term often much abused, for under its wings many queer actions take shelter.

Democracy? What is it that in dreams conjures up so much, and yet in daily practice works so little?

The Century Dictionary defines the word as "a state of society in which no hereditary differences of rank or privileges are recognized . . . opposed to aristocracy." Truly an impossible state according to present indications, and a definition too far fetched and out of focus with the times. As vet we have neither social nor political equality economic, physical, nor mental equality, and hereditary differences of aristocracy and conventions are still very much in vogue.

The learned Britannica says, "Democracy is based on the extension of citizenship to all adult persons with or without distinction of sex." This definition is too humorously evasive and inconsistent. Else why then, for example, such energetic agitation on a simple question like Woman Suffrage?

Then what is Democracy? If such learned definitions do not suffice, then what is this imaginary, picturesque, elusive state of society of which the dreamers have so long dreamt, and for which we still so ardently hope?

If Democracy means equality, as we have so long been taught to believe, does it mean a merging of distinguishing characteristics into one perfect human type in a state that presents no handicaps?

Does it mean stereotyped action? No impulse? No spontaneity? No individualism?

Does it mean an accomplished smile in public over an inner volcano?

Does Democracy mean, as we often are led to infer, all talk - just publicity, no privacy, no truth?

And what does it mean to be a Democrat?

In order to be truly Democratic does it mean to share equally with one's fellow men all possessions, all work, all pleasures?

Does it mean that because one shares his bread he must also share his toothbrush?

No, this is not Democracy—only words, Words, WORDS!

In attempting to define Democracy, I fear that I must treat the subject from a somewhat personal point of view, with the hope that I may not be misconstrued.

Democracy had for many years been my ardent belief and ideal. I verily believe that I listened to discussions of Democracy long before I could spell the word. With all my heart and all my soul and all my courage I looked for actual Democracy in daily life. I idealized, I dreamed in my inner self of the perfect state to come—I refused to admit the realistic. For years I have had occasion to observe life in its various phases, struggling as I thought towards Democracy and a harmonious adjustment of things. I childishly believed in the theory that " all men are created free and equal" - that in itself surely was a sufficient basis for Democracy. I continued to dream, and to suppose that Democracy merely meant an honorable equality of give and take, and in so much I aimed to be truly

Then came a prolonged period of forced com-

parisons and reflections. Contrasts and impossibilities heretofore never conceived were forced home to me. The practical side of my heritage dominated, and I said, "Bah! The wildest optimist cannot make me believe that this is Democracy, when the talk and deeds of men as applied to preachable and practical Democracy differ, oh so much!"

Unfortunately practical Democracy to-day means one of two things — to one type it means "How much can I use you?" — to another "How much can you amuse me?"

And so I thought further on the matter of Democracy until I concluded that Democracy based upon a condition of equality was impossible. Nay it would even be boring to society to have it thus, for variety is the spice of life — and therefore some must ever remain the bountiful givers and others the grateful recipients.

Democracy is in reality composed of three factors, economic, social, and political. We cannot have true Democracy unless these three states are evenly adjusted.

So long as we continue to have so unbalanced a disposition of material possessions, we will have social unhappiness and political unworthiness.

When a man's material wants are satisfied he

awakens to Democracy — in society he tastes Democracy, in politics he fashions Democracy.

A man's mental capacity to consider Democracy is insufficient until his economic wants are gratified and he attains a footing of self-respect and independence. Then the social conscience awakes and the Golden Rule commences to mean something to him. The sense of responsibility and service develops later — right for right's sake, justice to all, and we have the opening for political Democracy, which is doubtless the acme of man's Democratic visions.

Men are different. Opportunities are different. States are different — still the hope of a future Democracy is universal.

Only youth is impatient. If Democracy is ever to come we must have an infinite amount of faith and patience.

To be truly Democratic means to develop your own character, to be self-reliant, to retain your courage in the face of obstacles, to have faith in the conquest of good, and a desire to serve mankind.

Democracy at its best is still but a spiritual conception of a state that will offer equal opportunities to all men — and a strong belief in the uncommon good in the common man to make good — because he is God-like.

## What is Democracy?

#### A SYMPOSIUM

The Saturday Evening Girls have for several years been testing an experiment in practical democracy and aimed for a true definition of the word. We have this month asked a few friends and representative people to help us define and to give us in about one hundred words their definition of "Democracy."

We take this opportunity of thanking all the busy people who so cordially co-operated with us in our modest efforts, and publish with pleasure the interesting answers received.

THE EDITORS.

Prof. Emily G. Balch Wellesley College, Mass.

By Democracy I mean a state of society in which each personality has the fullest possible opportunity to develop to the best of which it is capable. This connotes freedom and justice; it also connotes the prevalence of warm and active brotherliness. Political democracy and equality before the law (with ideals only imperfectly realized as yet) are only one part of democracy. Economic democracy is even harder to achieve and richer in its promise. True democracy, in its social and personal aspects, is at once the condition and the result of political and economic democracy. War tends to undermine them all.

#### MEYER BLOOMFIELD

Director, The Vocation Bureau, Boston, Mass.

We may differ in definitions of so big an idea as democracy, because language is at best none too sharp a tool. But our attitude toward so tremendous a dramatization of the idea as Russia has just given us is clear enough. The American spirit felt an invigoration when news from Petrograd came of the great miracle such as mankind must have been privileged to enjoy not more than few times in all history.

A new faith in human freedom has come as one of the war's fruits—a striking lesson that the people as a whole through laws of their own making are better fitted to rule than any line of rulers.

We have learned further that any system of rulership other than that which the people themselves control spells final misery and ruin.

So democracy is at once a spirit and a system—only the spirit is the more important. Democracy holds that every individual is unique, and has an unbargainable right to make the utmost use of gifts of service on terms which make for self-respect and develop the social soul.

\* \*

# DR. RICHARD C. CABOT Boston, Mass.

I am trying to keep and make myself democratic in action. I regard definitions as often sterile; hence I do not care to undertake a statement such as you ask. The times demand action.

\* \*

#### MEANS THE OTHER FELLOW

#### GEORGE W. COLEMAN

Director, Ford Hall Foundation, Boston, Mass.

Democracy is the practice of the Golden Rule in all the relationships of life,—social, economic, industrial and political. In religion we pray for it; in politics we play with it; in business we slay it. The democratic idea — brotherliness — is as old as the hills, but it is only a little over a hundred years since we began to apply it to governments on a large scale. We are only just now beginning to think about applying it to business. We are still horrified at the mere suggestion that it be applied to economics. We are gradually waking up to the fact that if we can hope to keep what we have of Democracy, we must have more Democracy and have it quickly.

\* \*

## James V. Donnaruma

#### Editor, Gazzetta del Massachusetts Boston

Democracy is government by the people and rests upon the principle that the people shall rule. It knows no class or privilege; it is the application of God's law as laid down in the immortal Declaration of the Colonists proclaiming the dissolution of the union of the Colonies with Great Britain, that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Democracy is the antithesis of Monarchy—where heredity proclaims the ruler and the people

have no other choice than to acknowledge its decree — though it makes government a mere mockery.

Democracy aims to make the general welfare of Society the end and object of law; it is the most progressive form of Constitutional Government.

Modern problems of government beget preplexities. There is a growing tendency on the part of the government to get away from the people, but the underlying principle of Democracy, that the consent of the governed must be had, keeps government in the hands of the people.

\* \*

# President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot Cambridge, Mass.

I have not had time to write a definition of Democracy for you. I think you would find what you want in James Russell Lowell's address on Democracy made while he was Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

\* \*

# Mr. A. Lincoln Filene Boston, Mass.

The best definition of democracy is contained in the President's last message to Congress. Democracy means freedom from autocratic rule and equal opportunities for all persons to voice themselves on matters which immediately affect them in their welfare and welfare of others.

\* \*

## REV. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

## Arlington Street Church

The word "Democracy" is made up of two Greek words which mean the people rule, or the people are strong. As a system of government, therefore, Democracy can be successful only when the people are fit to rule, and are strong enough to rule with wisdom and justice.

Democracy does not, as so many people think, imply equality of condition, it implies equality of opportunity. The Declaration of Independence asserts that "all men are born free and equal." It has been pointed out by critics and philosophers that neither statement is wholly true. None of us, it is said, are really free, and all of us are manifestly unequal. On all sides of us, and involved with our temperaments and inmost nature are things which put and keep us under a régime of necessity, so that a large part of our seeming freedom is illusory. And, what is true of free-

dom, is still more true of equality. For, how unequal are human beings, — unequal in abilities, capacities, physical development, mental endowment, and all the rest.

Leaving all this aside, however, we may fairly enough say that Democracy stands for equality of opportunity, and freedom for individual development. As a system of government it rests upon the principle that every one should have a chance. It removes handicaps, in every way possible, and says that so far as external things are concerned, the field must be free to all. What we need nowadays to remember, however, and what we are having taught us is this — that Democracy means not only equality of opportunities, but equality of responsibility. A free, or popular government, while it leaves us free to get, also places on us the duty to give and serve. We, the citizens, are the government. We, therefore, must be willing to sacrifice ourselves and help! For this reason, among others, I believe in universal compulsory military training, of which we hear so much at the present time. believe in it not simply because it is democratic, in the sense of treating all alike; but because it enforces the great principle of Democracy that all have a common burden to bear, and a common duty to discharge.

\* \*

#### EDITH GUERRIER

## Custodian, North End Branch Boston Public Library.

Democracy is that force which converts individuals into one mighty power of thought and action, by causing each person to unite with his fellows in the common consideration of a great constructive thought, and in the performance of the resulting act. The true democrat is the one who sees his well being in that of his fellow man. The one who believes in the vision of a united people; the one who lives and works for the realization of that vision, undiscouraged by failures; whose belief never falters, who remains throughout the years joyous, tireless, unconquerable.

\* \* \*

#### SAMUEL F. HUBBARD

## Superintendent, The North End Union Boston.

Democracy is a system of government wherein the will of the people is expressed in all laws, either directly, as in town meeting, or through representatives chosen by them.

It is a government "by the people, for the people, of the people." Its legislation is based on

mutual service, recognizing the principle of "All for each and each for all," and has a due regard for the rights of every individual.

A strict definition of democracy would include social equality and social justice.

\* \*

#### WILLIAM F. KENNEY

Pres. of Trustees, Boston Public Library.

Democracy — A word dear to the hearts of the people of the United States. Before its influence the thrones of kings totter and fall; under its glorious banner the rights of mankind are recognized. The fundamental principle of the fathers, —that each one is entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is strikingly exemplified to-day in the masterly action of our government in entering the World War for the regeneration of the human race, and the perpetuation of Democracy. We are living in an age fraught with great dangers, but the voice of the people will be heard.

The United States, made up of the children of all lands and races, has thrown down the gauntlet to the autocracy of Europe. The triumph of Democracy,—The soul of the people—will teach the world that the best government is that which governs the least, and that the consent of the governed is the permanent safeguard. The hope of the future lies in the desire of men to love their neighbors as themselves, and with God guiding their actions, to see that Justice and Equality prevail.

\* \*

#### RABBI HARRY LEVI

#### Temple Israel, Boston, Mass.

Democracy is "government of the people, by the people, for the people." And it can be for the people only when it is by them. Democracy is representative government. The people may not rule, but they must be permitted to have a say in determining who shall rule. And they must exercise the privilege, else their government is democracy in name only. Democracy means the right "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for every person sharing in it. Democracy means more than the right, it means protection in exercising the right. What avails a privilege people cannot enjoy? Democracy means equality of right and of recognition, though not necessarily of opportunity and ability. Democracy means equality before the law, as religion means equality before God. Democracy is more than a form of government, it is a way of life. We have no democracy until we know how to live democratically, and we fall short of the understanding until we live not only beside each other, but with each other, until we have achieved brotherhood and co-operation, and tolerance and mutual respect. In a real sense democracy is as much a religious as a political institution. The first real democracy was therefore a theocracy. To-day real democracy is rather an ideal, a hope, than a reality. But we are on the way.

\* \*

#### FRANK L. LOCKE

President, Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

Replying to your request for a definition of Democracy, I understand the word to mean:

That social organization in which the rule of the people prevails as opposed to rule by hereditary power or aristocracy. The real spirit of Democracy is perhaps well defined in these words from our own Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, etc."

In these words and in what I understood Democracy to mean there is, I think, implied a sort of complete Brotherhood, the enjoyment of rights and privileges, yet not without regard for the rights and privileges of others, and I understand also that true Democracy recognizes and even enforces an obligation to share in the responsibilities and duties of government and citizenship.

\* \*

#### IRVING C. TOMLINSON

Member Boston Chamber of Commerce.

Democracy, Autocracy, which shall it be? Behold a warring world in these two camps. Autocracy, waging a ruthless warfare to impose the will of the few upon the will of the many. Democracy, giving its life blood to preserve and

transmit the rule of the people, dearly bought through age-long struggle with Kings, Emperors and Tzars. Shall one autocrat through his hirelings, do the thinking, voting and governing for an entire world? Or, shall the people do their own thinking and their own governing, by their own servants, elected by their own votes? Autocracy means Cæsar, Kaiser, Tzar. Democracy spells free speech, free press, free ballot, free schools and free men.

Autocracy is a government of the King, by the King, and for the King. Abraham Lincoln defines Democracy as a government of the people, by the people and for the people. On which side are you fighting? There are but two, for in this day there can be no neutrals. There is, then, but one answer. All Americans will fight and work for the right of the many to think for themselves, to act for themselves, and to rule for themselves. Every man, woman and child in the free United States of America will give his all, if need be, to preserve his rights, and give all mankind the blessings of a free republic, a world-wide democracy.

\* \*

#### MRS. EVA W. WHITE

Director, Extended use of Public Schools, School Committee, Boston.

Democracy is not a mechanism of government; not a theory, but a code of everyday action based on fundamental ethical conceptions. It is not a panacea by which all difficulties are smoothed away and one gains ease and comfort. Neither does it permit us to do exactly what we choose. Democracy stands for that order of society when we shall all pull together for the common good; when mutual co-operation, established by focussing the accomplishment of each man and woman on the general welfare shall be a fact, and when the body politic shall truly represent the will of the people. Nothing will bring democracy to its own but the application of the simple Golden Rule in the relation of one person to another.

## THE NORTH END

## What the North End Needs

EDITH GUERRIER

I have been asked to write on this comprehensive subject: such a space filler would require an addition of the scope of the encyclopædia Britannica, and the two columns I have to fill could be merely padded with reams of reasons why I cannot produce an article.

At present every one is crying from Back Bay housetops that the North End needs gardens, but none excepting those who have tried to produce them know the difficulties. On the Library Club House roof, which was floored with slate tiles, lighted with electricity and furnished with a sill cock with hose connection we had about 60 feet of roof boxes—these were filled by a gardener

with rich earth in which he planted geraniums, and vincas. All went well till the hot weather came, then on the high roof which received the full force of the sun, constant watering was necessary, this was attended to, but with August came some very beautiful flies with irridescent backs and rainbow colored wings—which specked the leaves not only causing them to look unsightly but to curl and dry up. I tried spraying the plants but without effect, and after hours of labor gave up. What the flies did not do, the coal smoke and fumes from the gas house accomplished.

Each summer we tried again—nasturtiums, begonias, foliage plants, marigolds, ageratum, zinnias, petunias and other plants experienced people recommended, the only things we succeeded with was scarlet runners, marigolds and ageratum. People who saw the roof always said "How lovely"! and so it was from a North End point of view. It meant, however, little time outside the day's work for anything excepting caring for that garden. In short, it meant trying to do things on too large a scale without adequate help.

It is perfectly possible to have at least three window boxes and to have them beautiful all summer. The main thing is for individuals not to attempt gardens in the North End on too large a scale. In the first place one must have sufficient initiative to get to the office of the North End Garden Association at 39 No. Bennet St. There window boxes can be bought for fifteen cents each—and good rich garden earth for one cent a pail, one package of seed is given with every pail of earth and as much other seed as one needs can be bought for a small sum and instruction about planting will be given, also a person competent to give advice will visit and inspect roof and window boxes on request.

Most of the Italians in this district succeed in raising sufficient basilico and mint for "minestra" and it is proposed this summer to try a few other simple vegetables, together with marigolds, scarlet runners, morning glories, sunflowers and zinnias.

As for raising anything in this district in a back yard it is impossible, 1st, for the lack of sun and air; 2nd, because of cats; 3rd, because of soft coal dust and smoke which settles in the yards and areas and does not blow away as it does on the roofs and window ledges. We have the Germans to thank for the fact that the gas tank has been emptied and we have not the gas fumes to contend with.

People who wish extensive garden plots should apply to the Public Safety Committee, at 33 Beacon St., or to their representative, at 39 North Bennet St., and a small plot, within a five cent fare of Boston will be assigned to each person,

furthermore, he will be given potatoes and kidney beans and the plot will have police protection. The Italian is a natural gardener, but there may be a few things that even the natural gardener does not know and at the North End Branch Library we have collected the bulletins from the United States Department of Agriculture, The Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, The Amherst Agricultural College and the Massachusetts Agricultural Chemical Co. at 92 State St., which we believe are most useful to the people who wish to do intensive gardening. These pamphlets can be obtained free from the various Departments.

United States Department of Agriculture:				
Pruning	Farmers'	Bulletin	No.	181
Tomatoes	6.6	"	46	220
The Home Fruit Garden	"	66	66	154
Soil	66	46	66	257
Cucumbers	46	46	4.6	254
Beans	66		66	289
The small Vegetable Gar	den "	- 66	66	818
Insecticides, Fungicides		Circular	66	2
Massachusetts Agricultural College:				
How to Grow more Corn		6.6	6.6	15
Plan for Family Garden	•	46	46	16
Plant beans in 1917		66	"	21
Planting table for the Home				
Vegetable Garden		66	6.6	22
Farmers' Home Garden		66	66	23
Boys and Girls' Club Gard	den	66	6.6	24
Cropping and Fertilizer Suggestions				
for 1917		66	6.6	25
State Board of Agriculture:				(1)
The Spiny Elm Caterpilla	ar Natur	e Leaflet	No	. 6
Bordeau Mixture	"	6.6	"	17
The Destruction of Weed	ls			
by Chemical Treatmen	t "	6.6	4.4	47
The Home Vegetable Ga	rden "	66	66	42
The Gypsy Moth	"	66	66	27
Tent Caterpillars	66	46	- "	2
American Agricultural Chemical Co:				
How to get a crop of Potatoes				
How to get a crop of Onions				
How to get a crop of Beans				
How to get a crop of Cabbage				
How to get a crop of Tomatoes				
t Com				

What the North End needs along with community spirit, better housing and cleaner streets is a little Public Garden properly protected. There is a story of a bronze lion, in the square of a foreign city with a back so tempting that no boy could resist it. The city fathers finally decided to plant a flower garden around the base of the statue and strange as it may seem, it is yet perfectly true, that the lion was thenceforth riderless; the boys respected that flower garden too much to trample upon it.

How to get a crop of Corn

Lime a fertilizer

Copps Hill Terrace, for instance, might be made really beautiful and given sufficient protection of the right sort, I mean, supervision by the kind of person willing to help inculcate respect and desire for a beautiful city, and to teach that waste of order which brings disorder and waste of beauty which brings ugliness is unpatriotic to the last degree. That rising to salute the flag and loudly shouting the "Star-spangled Banner," means nothing if the next minute a boy who does these things chalk-marks Municipal buildings, pulls refuse from the ash-barrels and throws it on the street, or wantonly destroys what few trees and plants the Park department allows the district.

#### The Rest of It

ALICE CLARK

"I doubt if you'll get to Europe at all," said my cheerful friend, "what with mines and bombs, and the rest of it."

It was very much in that vague state of mind that I sailed from New York, bound for "mines and bombs and the rest of it."

As a matter of fact, the mines and bombs were simple, very simple. The mines you sailed around, and as for the bombs — much as I hate to disappoint you — there were n't any. But oh, the rest of it!

Had I but known the miles and miles of red tape that awaited me, I might have turned tail, and gone back to New York via the peaceful mines.

My experiences in Rotterdam, brief as they were, did not exactly make for self-confidence. I ask for a comfortable room, intending to enjoy sleep untempered by life boat drills — and I get an uncomfortable hole with two women thrown in. I ask for fire, and a round-eyed servant opens the windows wide. I ask for tea — I get beer.

Elated at leaving this hopeless place and having gladly paid an exorbitant bill, I looked benignly on the placid Dutch scenery flying past the train windows. I could afford benevolent feelings with the hope before me of soon being in a place where I could talk and be understood. At Bentheim, the first German town on the border, all passengers were neatly lined up on the station platform, and allowed to file, one by one, into the building to have their papers examined.

I advanced, holding my passport in readiness. It's very difference of shape caught an officer's eve. He reached over eagerly, took it, and glanced it over.

"An American, hm, hm, so," he said in a non-committal voice, pulling at his mustache. "You have come from Rotterdam, Fräulein?

I agreed, cautiously. "You have spent there a night, no?"

I agreed, coldly, remembering the night.

"There is on this passport no permission indicated to have done so."

"Bitte?" I ventured, a cold, clutchy feeling at my heart.

"Even so," says my officer complacently, and calling one of his men gives him this order: "Take Fräulein on to the next train back to Rotterdam, there to get her consul's signature. You may leave your baggage, Fräulein," and my officer turns to the next traveler, a compatriot of his, who volunteers this cheering remark, as she catches my eye: "Ja, ja, mein Fräulein, so ist das Leben."

I wondered if she would have retained her unruffled calm had life selected her for this little detour. In Rotterdam the consul assured me I needed no permission, no signature, no seal, but I firmly resolved not to leave until my passport had been signed, countersigned, dated and stamped.

I realighted at Bentheim towards night, and was told that "die Herren Offiziere" were at supper; however, I might wait — in fact, sit on a bench.

"Ought I not have a permission to sit here?" I flippantly asked a solemn soldier, who at once considered this in all seriousness, contenting himself, however, by lining up a soldier at each end of the bench and placing sentries at the door—a procedure which thrilled me.

After an hour's time the officer of the morning came back and reopened fire. My keys were given to two soldiers with enormous hands, who slowly unpacked my bags, placing all letters and books on a pile. The former were burned, the latter sent to Berlin for examination, and forwarded to me later. While the officers were still quizzing me, one of the men approached and stood attention.

"Well?" said the officer, curtly.

"We have found a weapon in Fräulein's effects, Herr Leutnaunt." The officer shot me a glance as much as to say: "Here, then, is your precious innocence," and turned eagerly to gaze on the "weapon." Carefully the soldier handed him my aluminum shoe trees.

I looked for mirth. Not at all. I found myself explaining their use at length, all of which was duly set down in writing by a very young soldier in spectacles. This matter settled, I looked for my deliverance. Surely now my guiltlessness was established. But here I had not counted with the famous German thoroughness. One thing was needful.

A neat woman with a white apron appeared suddenly from nowhere, bore me with her into a small room and began — with an utterly expressionless face — to undress me deftly.

"But, Fräulein," I objected feebly.

"Frau," she corrected me promptly.

"But, Frau," I ventured.

"Ja, Fräulein?" and my outer garments were off.

Instinctively I reached to help with the hooks of my skirt.

"Bitte, Fräulein," and I found my hands firmly clasped. No interference tolerated here, evidently.

Before I could emit another "Aber, Frau," I was neatly rolled up in a sheet-like blanket, and deposited with some finality on a stool, while "Frau" herself steamed out of sight with my clothes. Before I could lose much time in wandering about things to come, she was back, had convinced herself that my scanty hair contained no papers, dressed me in my "censored" clothes, and turned me back to headquarters. My admiration for her was unbounded.

"Danke sehr," I proffered humbly.

"Bitte, Fräulein," she said crisply, and vanished.

It was rather a dazed person that boarded the night train for Berlin a few moments later, neatly ticketed:

"Gepruft und unverdachtig." (Examined and free from suspicion.)

I never felt less like a person and more like a

In Berlin I spent three days getting permission to spend one night there. I sat through peaceful hours in ante-rooms waiting for officials to return from their breakfast, dinner or "Kaffee," as the case might be, to confer on me more signatures, dates, seals and permissions.

Thus duly sealed and signed I got myself to Dresden, where I spent a happy week sight-seeing, while the police decided whether or not I had a right to stay there.

On the Austrian border the military mind seemed to run to shoes. A soldier insisted on seeing a peculiarity about mine. Of course once you have seen your duty — and so I sat in a big station with light blue bedroom slippers on, while the soles of my only oxfords were being ripped off.

I remember being an object of interest to a woman who, pointing to my feet, asked the soldier guarding nie, in a hoarse whisper: " "Warum?" (Why.)

"Eine Amerikanerin," was the answer.

"Ach, so," she said, and the wag of her head told more eloquently than words what she thought of a country whose women traveled — and so far from home — in light blue bedroom slippers.

Since then I have traveled with and without my coat lining, with and without my hat lining, with and without my buttons, and with sewed and ripped skirt hems.

I have scattered photographs in twos, fours, and sixes at all consuls needed to get in and out of Switzerland. I have become an expert in having my thumb prints taken.

I have left records of my life and the life of my ancestors wherever I have chanced to pass.

A few months ago I was back in Bentheim, this time outward and homeward bound. The examing officer searched the photograph on my passport keenly.

"This is not you, Fräulein. Take off your hat."

Blind obedience had become second nature. The officer viewed me closely. "It is you," he said finally with relief, a relief I shared. "But, ach, how you have in looks changed!

The "rest of it" had done it.

## THE LIBRARY

## The Simmons Library School

June Richardson Donnelly, Director

READERS of the S. E. G. News are naturally interested in libraries and perhaps a little curious to know how librarians are made and what they have to learn, so your editor gives me to-day a little space to tell you how some of them are started on the road, right here in Boston, in a school planned just for that purpose, the Library School of Simmons College.

Not every librarian goes to a library school, some

start in at the bottom in a library and gradually pick up the work. Others have gone to libraries like those in Springfield or Brookline, which have apprentice courses of several months, where the girls are taught and also do practical work in the library at the same time.

Until about thirty years ago those were the only possible ways to become a librarian, but about that time the first library school was started at Columbia University and now there are a dozen in the country.

People have very queer ideas of what a librarian

has to do. They say "it must be such easy work, just reading all the latest books." Quite often people come to me and tell me they want to become librarians because they have had a break-down in health and cannot do any hard work, but they love books.

You who know the North End Branch would laugh at such ideas, and understand why I usually say to them that good health is the first thing a librarian ought to have, because she does hard physical work as well as mental work.

People do not always realize how much a good active librarian has to be on her feet all day, and that she works often in the evening, and handles heavy books and does many other things that need strength.

So we warn off those who are looking for an easy job, for we want people to join the library workers because they believe that libraries are very useful, and because they want not merely to earn their living, but to do everything they can to make people like to come to the library and get all the service they can from it.

Not lazy people then, not selfish people, but energetic people who are interested in everybody, and eager to be helpful are the ones libraries want.

Starting with the right kind of girls, the next thing is to see that they have the best kind of education and training.

Just think of all the different people who come to libraries. There is the little tot who wants to hear stories, and the librarian has to be able to tell the story simply, and yet she has to know the great stories from fairy tales and myths and history of all times. There are foreigners, who perhaps can speak English very little, and the librarian may have to talk to them in their own language and cannot help them much if she does not know something about their country and its customs.

In fact a librarian may be asked for anything from a recipe for coloring a lace waist to the story of Paul Revere.

So it seems that a girl who wants to be a librarian needs the greatest amount of education she can possibly get. All the library schools admit only people who are at least graduates of a high school, and some of them also give entrance examinations that are harder than the average high school graduate could pass. Most schools then for a whole year teach only library work.

Two library schools will not take any students who have not already been four years in a college, and then they must spend two more years at the library school before they go out to take positions in libraries.

Simmons is different from all other library schools in one point, it combines in a four year

course of study usual college subjects, like English, History, Science, modern languages, and the study of library work.

It admits high school graduates and for the first year gives them no "technical," that is, library work, and not much the second year, but in the third and fourth year they divide their time between library subjects and the ordinary college branches, so in the end about one-fourth of the whole four years is given to library work. All library schools make a great point of modern languages, requiring at least French and German.

Just what do I mean by library work, then? Well, first, the study of the book, how it is made, the way it is printed and illustrated and bound. Then the choosing from the many, many thousands of books those the library ought to buy, next the ordering them and keeping the financial accounts very carefully, because the library's money comes from taxes and belongs to all the people and not a cent should be wasted.

After the books come to the library someone must see what they are about, and put each new book with others about the same subject. That is classification and is studied at the library school, and so is cataloguing which teaches one to make the cards in the catalogue which show whether the library has a book by Longfellow or one about Russia or "The Bird's Christmas Carol."

In short, all the duties of a librarian are studied, the way to charge books to those who want to take them home, the quickest way to find answers to questions that people ask, how to take charge of the children and help them in looking up their school work, or in finding a good story to read, and many other things which come into the day's work of the librarian.

Besides this four-year course Simmons gives another which takes but one year, but this is because girls enter it who have already been to other colleges, such as Wellesley or Boston University, and have their general education, so all they need is one year given entirely to the study of library work.

So you see, library work is not something to be learned in a day, but something to be carefully prepared for and then improved upon by every year of actual experience in a library, but librarians are pretty sure to tell you that it is a kind of work that grows more interesting every day, and gives a good return for the time and work of making ready.

In the summer, when the regular students are away Simmons gives a simpler, six-weeks' course to any person who is now working in a library, and wants to know more about the reasons for doing things or perhaps to learn better ways of doing them.

### **EDUCATIONAL**

# The Massachusetts Industrial Accident Board

MARGARET M. LAVEZZO

In 1910 a Commission was appointed of five persons to look into and to determine a plan for compensating employees for injuries received in the course of their employment. It resulted in the establishment of the Massachusetts Industrial Accident Board on July 1, 1912. This Board consists of five members who act as chairmen at arbitration hearings and conferences. In connection with the direct work of the Board, there are three departments, the reporting, arbitration, and statistical. There is also, in addition, a Medical Advisory Board which diagnoses and prognoses cases, and an Inspection Department which investigates disputed cases. The prevention of accidents and adjustment of claims are the important features of the work.

The Board administers the Workmen's Compensation Act, which provides compensation to employees for injuries sustained in the course of their employment, and to dependents in fatal cases on the basis of 66% per cent. of their average weekly wage after an employee has been disabled for ten days. Employees are also given free medical treatment and hospital attendance for a period of two weeks, beginning with the date of the in-Every accident, wnether the employer is insured under the Act or not, must be reported to this Board and when insured, to the company insuring the employee. Notices are posted at most industrial places informing all employees of the rules and regulations in administering this Act. Sometimes these notices are also posted in the prevailing foreign languages. The Board does not recognize ignorance of this Act, or of the law, because everyone has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with it. Formerly, when injured, employees resorted to the courts of law, the process was very long and expensive and as they usually employed professional interpreters and not always the best lawyers, they many times agreed to a settlement of their cases for much less than they should have received under a fair and equitable settlement. The Industrial Accident Board in its administration of the compensation act, bends every effort to bring about a just settlement and has thus secured the full confidence of all parties concerned in these cases, and the least intelligent workmen have shown a grateful appreciation of the very apparent interest of the Board in each particular case. The Supreme Court has given wide scope to the powers of the Board in its administration of the Act, and its intent, and the absence of regular and hindering court formalities has thus brought about a speedy trial and settlement of industrial cases and has created an atmosphere of good feeling and confidence among all parties which no other court can produce, as it is plainly discerned that equity and justice toward all is the slogan.

On the whole the average workman is anxious to get back to his task as quickly as possible, but there are many cases where employees are oversensitive and imagine their condition worse than it actually is. This delays their return to work, when all that is needed is a little courage on their part and an effort to forget their ailment. The insurer, of course, is anxious to return the employee to industry, and in order to determine the exact time of the cessation of disability a conference is called, with a Member of the Board presiding, at which time the opinion of the medical advisor is important. If a conference is unsuccessful in adjusting a case, the matter is set down for a hearing before a Committee of Arbitration, which hears a case to the finish and renders a decision. If either party disputes the decision of the Committee of Arbitration, the case may go before the full Board for a review under Section 12, Part III of the Act, at which time the decision of the Committee is either affirmed or revised. There have been instances of extraordinary and complicated cases, which it is necessary to bring to the Supreme Court in order to obtain a final decision.

The work has many interesting features and a large educational value. During the course of such work it is possible to acquire a considerable knowledge of matters of law and medicine, as well as an insight into the lives of the "other half;" in fact, there are so many interesting phases, pleasurable and otherwise, connected with the handling of cases of industrial accident and occupational diseases and the possibilities of their prevention, that it would be impossible to discuss them at large. I personally, in my work for the Board, do a great deal of interpreting in cases where Italians have none or very little knowledge of English, and am called to all parts of the State to interpret at hearings and conferences. Many Italians who are injured in the course of employment and who come under the provisions of the Act have no knowledge of the English language and cannot make their cases clear without the assistance of an interpreter, whom the State now provides free of charge to them. Such hearings and conferences have so increased in number that within the last three years the Board has appointed interpreters to act for Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, Armenians, Finns, Swedes, Portuguese, and Spaniards. Each of these interpreters, in addition, performs regular work of an important stenographic and clerical nature, and when necessary translates foreign correspondence and legal documents relating to cases. There is besides the general routine work, the particular interest which each case holds in connection with the causes and effects of accidents and the attitude of mind of the poor victim.

The following letter sent to the Board by an Armenian, is a specimen of some of the letters we receive:

" DEAR SIR:

"The November eight be a unfortune day for me, when I was working at once the roel to jump out and strike my lefth hand a forth finger. Your Doctor in the Corporation Hospital they cut my finger of from first joint. So I lost my finger. Consequently I sent my petition to you gentle Mens and I to pray would you please do me a compensation because I am a poor and child owner man.

"Yours very respectively

"K. M."

The following cases are cited as illustrations of the variety of problems decided by the Industrial Accident Board:

An employee received an injury to his right eye, and according to medical testimony, the sight of the eye will probably be lost completely. accident happened while he was at work in a shed. He was struck in the eye by a piece of wood which came through a window. It had been thrown by a fellow-employee at some cats which were making a "dreadful racket," and the noise was so great that they "couldn't hear themselves talk," the employee himself having told his fellowworkman to "chase them away." According to the provisions of the Act, the Committee of Arbitration was compelled to find that the "throwing of missiles at cats" was not an accident arising out of or in the course of employment, and, of course, compensation could not be awarded.

In a fatal case, two employees were checkers, the fatally injured employee having the reputation of being a quiet and peaceful man of even and steady disposition, and his assailant being known to his fellow-employees and the superintendent as a man who was in the habit of drinking to intoxication, and when intoxicated being quarrelsome and dangerous and unsafe to be permitted to work with his fellow-employees. Not being satisfied with the way in which the employee was performing his work, the assailant began to quarrel with him, the employee only defending himself and trying to get away. As a result of the beat-

ing administered, the employee died, leaving a widow and one child.

The Board found that the injuries to the employee arose out of and in the course of his employment, and that his dependents were entitled to compensation.

In another case, a foreman in a produce gas plant was required, in connection with his duties, to see that the furnaces which produced the gas were properly supplied with coal, burning evenly, at the right color, and to prevent incandescent spots, caused by a forced draught. It was in evidence that a man in the performance of his task was obliged every few minutes to keep the watersealed cover of one of these holes open twenty minutes to look at the fire. The ordinary inside heat of the furnace was 15,000° F. The heat coming through these holes burns the hair and eyebrows. In addition to the heat and the resulting glare, certain noxious gases escaped when the holes were opened, such as carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, carbon sulphite, and other impurities contained in anthracite coal. There was some medical evidence of "tabes," but this was withdrawn by the insurer at the hearing before a Committee of Arbitration, the medical evidence of the two specialists called — one for the employer and the other for the employee - testifying that in their opinion, the employee's blindness was caused by the poisonous gases, and was not due to other physical causes.

It is held that the employee received an injury arising out of and in the course of his employment, and that he is entitled to payment on account of total incapacity for work, in amount \$3,000, and to additional payments for loss of vision, in amount \$952.

In another case the deceased employee, having remarried after the death of his first wife, left a widow and four children, one by his first wife, and an "agreement in regard to compensation" was filed with the Industrial Accident Board providing for the payment of half of his average weekly wages to the widow. Later, a guardian who had been appointed for the child by his first wife, raised a question as to the right of said child to a share of the weekly compensation under the statute.

The Board rules that the widow, living with her husband at the time of his death and surviving him, is entitled to the compensation.

The Supreme Judicial Court rules that there should be an equal division between the widow and the daughter of an earlier marriage, who has no surviving parent.

In another case, the deceased employee received

an injury in the course of and arising out of his employment through a splash of molten lead into his eye, on September 17, 1913. He was treated at a hospital until October 13, 1913, when, as was found by the Industrial Accident Board, "while insane, as a result of his injury, he threw himself from a window and was fatally injured." The Board found further that "this insanity was brought about and resulted from the injury," and that, while the evidence was very close upon that point, the death "did result from an uncontrollable impulse and without conscious volition to produce death." The Arbitration Committee, whose findings were affirmed and adopted by the Industrial Accident Board, put it this way:

"We find and decide as a fact that the accident injured the eye-sight of the deceased, caused the loss of his eye, caused a nervous and mental derangement, caused insane hallucinations, and caused him, while mentally deranged, in a state of insanity and under the influence of hallucination, by an irresistible impulse, to commit suicide, and that the accident was the sole, direct, and proximate cause of the suicide."

During the past four and one-half years, this

Board has supervised the speedy payment of over \$11,000,000 to injured employees and their dependents. About 500,000 cases of injuries to employees have been reported to it. The thousands of cases handled by the Board have been settled at an average administrative cost of 43 cents per case. Nearly a million employees in Massachusetts are now under the provisions of the compensation law. The Board has accomplished this great task with very little friction with insurers, all the parties concerned striving to work together to accomplish its object—the automatic furnishing of benefits to workmen and their families in the time of their greatest need.

More than any other court work, the humanitarian side is foremost, and I should be happy to tell of some of my personal experiences with some of these unfortunates, their childlike simplicity and dependence, and the little cheer and comfort that I have been able to give them; and how I have accompanied them to physicians, to insurance offices, and to the "vapore" to see that, after having been crippled or otherwise disabled in the course of their labors here, they were enabled to return to their mother-country—sunny and beloved Italy.

## VOCATIONAL

## Vocations for High School Girls

LAURA F. WENTWORTH

Practical Arts High School

Before entering any vocation, the High School girl should definitely decide to do the following things:

1. Survey the field open to a girl of her training.

2. Measure her own possibilities against the requirements of the different occupations.

3. Choose a lofty ideal and determine to succeed.

4. Throw herself into her work heart and soul.

5. Be ready to change her vocation if not satisfactory.

6. Be determined eventually to be well trained for some definite piece of work.

Let me discuss in detail the various processes in the order above mentioned.

In the first place, too many girls stampede either into the first line of work of which they hear, or else they go into some shop where they have friends, regardless of whether they are fitted for the line of work. This is of course entirely wrong. The only satisfactory thing to do is to carefully survey the lines of work to which they are eligible. This may he done by reading such books as:

(1) "Profitable Vocations for Girls," by Eli Weaver.

(2) "Vocations for Girls," by Laselle and Wiley.

And then following up the lines of work described by definite investigation into them by visits.

The second step for the girl should be a study of her own possibilities and a measuring up of these capacities against the requirements of the various jobs.

In order to accomplish anything in this complex industrial world, the young worker must choose a very lofty ideal, and must constantly strive for it, not allowing disappointment to discourage her. Let her remember that "where there is a will there is a way."

Many a young girl takes the stand in going to work that she will probably be married so soon that it really is not worth while for her to settle down and do a satisfactory piece of work. This attitude is not fair to the employer or to the girl herself, as it means that the girl will not do a good bit of work for which she is being paid, and neither will she be happy in her work. In order to do work which is both satisfactory and satisfying, the girl must throw herself into it heart and soul.

One of the most fatal attitudes for a young girl to take when she begins work is that she will remain forever in the establishment where she starts in. The successful girl is the one who does as well as possible the first piece of work undertaken, but is constantly on the lookout for a bigger opening in the same line, or possibly in something radically different.

If the young girl finds that the line of work which she first takes up is not that which she really wants, let her train herself outside of her regular business hours for some better kind of position. The trained woman is the one who succeeds in this world. At this point the young girl might get much help and inspiration from "Vocations for the Trained Woman," published by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

There are various openings for the high school girls of Boston in clerical work of all sorts, in telephone operating, in dressmaking, in millinery, and in salesmanship. This will provide either opportunities to work up in these same lines, or else they will be the means of earning enough money to enable the girls to go on and train for more highly organized work, such as nursing or teaching.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have been trying to point out that the thing which counts in this world is not where the young girl starts, but where she finally arrives. Let her choose as wisely as possible at the beginning, then gain the necessary preparation for a definite position, and she will in the course of time be a trained and successful worker.

## North End Items

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

"Baby Week"

One of the most interesting and vital exhibitions ever given in the North End took place during the week of April 14th. The Baby Milk and Hygiene of the North End Union, The District Nursing Association, Board of Health Nurses, Hull Street Mission, Associated Charities, North Bennet St. Industrial School, Children's House, Social Service House, and Civic Service House were

the organizations which undertook to enlighten the Italian, Polish, and Jewish mothers of the North End as to the care of babies, according to the most modern methods.

Gordon's Olympia Theatre gave a free program of Health pictures on Saturday morning April 14—" Baby Sabbath"—for the children of the North and West Ends. Dr. Michele Nigro and Dr. Carl Percy spoke at a mass meeting at the N. B. S. I. School on Sunday April 15—"Baby Sunday." Music was renderd by Mrs. Meyer Bloomfield and the Salandri Quartette.

During the week Dr. Agnes Vitor, Dr. Raymond P. Bonnelli, and Dr. Harry Finkelstein gave talks, in Italian, on the "baby," Dr. Holsey of the Forsyth Dental School spoke on the care of the teeth. Mr. Jordan of the Health Department gave an illustrated talk on how to feed, bathe, and clothe the baby.

There were practical demonstrations on life-size dolls — showing the way a baby should sleep, and eat, and dress. The exhibition was very well attended which means that the North End mothers are ready and eager to improve their methods in bringing up children.

\* \*

"Caliban by the Yellow Sands," is a Cummunity Masque, written by Percy Mackaye. "It is a great outdoor drama, a play in which hundreds of people are actors at one time, a spectacle of ten lands and twenty centuries. To produce this play five thousand men and women, boys and girls, from all sections and all social groups of Greater Boston will meet together around the huge "Caliban "stage next June . . . . " Caliban "will make a united Boston. It was the realization of "Caliban's" power to arouse the community spirit which led to the choice of this great play as a means of helping Greater Boston to become a better and a happier city. In this spectacle everyone will have a part. If his talent is acting, dancing singing, organization, clerical work,-whatever it, is — " Caliban" has a place for him. All nations, all peoples, every civic and social interest will be represented in this great Community Masque . . . Only as a united community can the people of this widely extended city of Boston truly serve the state and the nation in whatever task it undertakes.

The proceeds of "Caliban" will go to the Red Cross. June 12-22, is the date.

### Notice

Owing to lack of space in this month's paper the "Little Operetta of Puss in Boots," will be concluded in the June number.

## Interesting Things in the May Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: "From the land of the living death."

Boy's Life: "The letters of a Boy Scout in war time."

Catholic World: "Some war impressions of a chaplain."

Delineator: "Betty Marchand: The real story of a real girl."

Good Housekeeping: "The Confession." A new story by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Harper's Monthly: "Immigrant's luck."

Information: "Current events alphabetically arranged."

Ladies' Home Journal: "How four girls discovered Maine."

National Geographic: "Russia's democrats." Popular Mechanics: "Beginnings of reconstruction in France."

The Rosary: "The woman who ran away."
Scribner's: "Our future immigration policy."
St. Nicholas: "Marie Sklodowska Curie:
"The heroine of radium."

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# S. K. G. News

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#### Americans All

FANNY GOLDSTEIN

We have been asked to say something on the attitude of our foreign parents towards the present war situation and the Draft Bill. It is indeed difficult to try to convey wholly uninfluenced to our readers fired with enthusiasm and patriotism for the national honor, their point of view. The philosophy and experience contained in their epigrammatic idioms are non-translatable. To really grasp and appreciate their standpoint one has to have racial sympathy and comparative insight;—for although they appear to be doing little in the present crisis, they are far from being cowards, as sacrifice and suffering have long ceased to be a novelty to them.

To begin with they hate this war. The whole war situation to them is incomprehensible. The murder at Sarajevo, Austria's curt ultimatum, Germany's long preparedness with hatred and malice aforethought meant nothing to them. "With such troubles" they will tell you "let the diplomats struggle." The mobilization of Russia, the ruthless spoilation of Belgium, and

"War Brides" in the "Movies," brought the thing home to them.

Then scientific warfare with its ceaseless slaughter of the innocent appalled them; the subsequent European suffering stunned them also; our own present situation means them too; while the thought of the future haunts us all,—for all—all reasonable people hate this war even though necessity demands action, the heart faith, and the

spirit prayer.

All war is terrible. It is too abstract to say in the face of it "What is the death of the body to honor and the freedom of a man's soul?" Can a slaughtered man's soul really soar when it is chained to the earth with memories of sorrow and suffering and the broken heart of his mother? Does "Somewhere in France" mean very much to the average person who does not know the map of Europe? And yet to that "Somewhere in France" our parents too must soon heroically and dumbly contribute their quota of young manhood!

Preparedness? What shall they do about Preparedness who even in the time of the country's prosperity live from hand to mouth by the veritable sweat of their brow? What shall such as these prepare for,—and on what? Economize? How,—when every day spells an essay on economy?

The wealthy can well afford to give up luxuries and needless extravagances, but when the poor must and are deprived of necessities it is a different story. The sacrifice in behalf of the national welfare is truly greater, and honor and duty and patriotism of the highest type are dearly paid for.

How much since August 1914 has left this country as voluntary contributions for foreign relief from the masses, and which represented such self-denial as no millionaire can experience in signing away a million,—is only written in the book of deeds.

As the war progressed abroad and the "High Cost of Living" increased here in leaps and bounds due to the unpatriotic and almost traitor-like actions of those who cornered the markets for personal aggrandizement, whilst they prattled of "Preparedness" and called themselves Americans, the workmen, although their salaries did not increase proportionately, submissively paid the price and accustomed themselves to gradually do with less.

They did not talk "Preparedness," nor indulge in khaki, nor knit mufflers, nor take "First Aid Courses," nor preach conservation, because their regular daily life was already too crowded with actualities to leave room for fads.

In the meantime their slow minds were groping to understand the world situation and to adjust themselves in these critical and shifting times. Atoms only, but praying and hoping that God in His mercy would soon strike "Dem Kaiser" and end this horrible destruction,—but at the same time doing their uninteresting, nerve-racking little jobs at hand steadily, faithfully, undramatically.

The war — " the war in Europe" — they hoped and hoped, and hoped would come to an end soon, and America would act as peacemaker. Was not that America's glorious mission to make peace and

help the needy?

When instead of this Congress on April 2 declared America to be in a state of war and the Draft Bill came under discussion, fear gripped their already weary spirits.

Bloody memories of forced conscription, tales of the brutality of the Czar's officials, and the suffering of their kinsmen in service is burnt into their very souls. Military training to them is a nightmare. They seek no martial glory. The fashion for military service and their enthusiasm for it was killed long, long ago. The horror of conscription alone brought myriads of immigrants to America. No suffering nor sacrifice was too great in order to exempt their children from such service, because they are rather a peace loving and law abiding people who prefer a spiritual victory to a bloody conquest with the sword.

Now America too calls their sons!

Ruthless warfare is to have its pick of the flower of the Nation's manhood. The young, the able-bodied, the promising ones only,—these will go, and leave in their wake—the old, and the blind, and the helpless! And the world calls this Glory,—the Nation Patriotism,—man Honor,—but parents—they call it "Darkness"—and in sorrow they live-and-HOPE.

Duty no longer whispers low "thou must." It is daily enblazoned before us in ghastly letters, yet all - all are ready to do their bit, - and fear - fear must die, whilst hope and service create

only victory.

Our parents did not want war. They hate the They do not want their sons to go as food for shot and shell—the toll of a Nation's honor! They cannot even understand why we are in the But—now that America is at war and the men must go, they too stand ready to serve and send their sons on call in the same spirit of obedience and faith which led Abraham to offer Isaac on the altar of God.

And because of this spirit America shall not find her hidden servants wanting; because,—like all true Americans they love this land which typifies liberty and opportunity, and are in gratitude bound to the country which has for so long been a haven to the weary wanderer.

In such a crisis there are no "Old Americans" nor "New Americans" — only Americans — all for the Right, World Democracy, and Peace.

#### THE NORTH END

## For a Playhouse in War-time

ALICE O. DAVIS

In these days the obvious thing to do is to enlist — if one can — or to dig potatoes — if one can't. But in spite of this the greater part of the people must go on with their work and their play, even if the play comes in homœopathic doses. The question is "What sort of play is worth keeping at all?" Clearly, our spare time is of much more importance than it was before, and mere aimless "amusement" will fall into the discard for all except chronic "slackers." only forms of play which can really meet the test of the times are those which give definite training in the virtues which the war, like any other great crisis, teaches us to value. The soldiers in the trenches and the women who work at home are learning how to obey instinctively, how to act

quickly and to think still more quickly; how to make plans, if they have been chosen leaders, how to carry out these plans, if they belong to the rank and file; how to "do their bit" without question, as a part of the big thing they are pulling toward.

There are few forms of play, or of work, which teach these lessons so well as the staging of a good play. Once a coach is chosen, her word is obeyed as absolutely as that of any general; and the play is only successful if every person from the butler who proclaims "Milord, the carriage waits," to the heavy villain, forgets himself and pulls toward the single result. Obedience, quick thinking, quick action, unselfishness are the invariable byproducts of a good production. And this is only the beginning of the possibilities for training and development which exist in the least serious group of players.

The war, too, apart from its demands upon our

strength and courage, has brought home to us the need of a better organization of democracy. Democracy must be made something more then a mere word or even a feeling, if we are to fight for it and keep it. We must learn how to obey the leaders of our own choice; how to lead if we are chosen. Here, again, the theatre has much to offer. It is already organized on the basis of ability, with a fair try-out for every comer, and it trains its heroes and its mobs, its property-men and its stagemanagers to put their best work to the best advantage. It teaches a democracy which means, not that every one can play the "lead," but that every part has a value of its own, and that a member of the "mob without" well done is better than a poor heroine.

Each group of players has in it the germ of "a working democracy"; but the most successful groups have been those which are organized on a "neighborhood" basis, where the people of a neighborhood furnish the audience, the actors, and the staging the play. The Neighborhood playhouse on the lower East Side of New York is a

good example of this type of organization. At present it has a theatre building of its own on Grand Street. But it began some years ago with small plays given at the Henry Street Settlement by groups of young people. It has undergone gradual development, tried bigger and bigger plays, until it was really prepared to take over the running of a theatre. In just the same way, I feel that the Library Clubhouse Groups would do well to organize their various acting groups and work slowly toward a Neighborhood Playhouse of their own in the North End. A group of outside people interested in staging and coaching plays could, I think, be worked up to take over much of the routine of such an organization, and there is talent enough in the various groups to put on an unlimited number of plays. I urge that this undertaking be started, not in competition with the war work which must be carried on, but as a piece of organized democracy, which, if successful, will contribute its bit to the thing for which we are fighting.

#### **EDUCATIONAL**

# What Keeps the Long Service Grade Teacher Alive

MARY McSkimmon

Our graded schools all over the land have tens of thousands of teachers grown gray in the service. These women have taught sometimes in the same grade for a generation. Promotion has passed them by. No special increase of salary has ever come to them. Their names are unknown beyond their own tiny circle. To a casual observer they look as if they were plodding along without ambition. One young friend of mine wonders if they are not stranded on life's shore with powers atrophied.

In contrast, see the opportunities offered to young women in business. A few months in one department, the mastery of conditions, promotion to the head of a department, perhaps growth from travel, always the quickening of her powers by the attrition of rubbing her intelligence against the greater ones of her superiors. So it happens in the life of the office girl, who may become second only in breadth of grasp to the president of the company, and is often that potentate's right hand. So in research work, where any day may reveal a discovery that will redound to her undying honor, and make a living name of herself.

Now contrast the teacher's position. How straight and narrow are the limitations of her one grade. The high school and college teachers have the inspiration of the noble literature they teach. They have the mental joy of gripping new problems in science, in economics, etc. The field is ever widening, both material and method call for every ounce of their powers.

But the grade teacher has little hope of promotion to a larger field. If promotion comes it is to an administrative position where she must often sacrifice her life work of teaching to the attention of training a machine. You shrink from a life of

such monotony? Look closer.

Every good seed that will enrich and ennoble life must be planted early! The world's tares are sown in every empty field and they never wait for a more convenient season. Your grade teacher knows her opportunity, and rejoices that she may plant this plot with seed that promises a harvest of one hundred fold.

Then every little human being is an entirely new problem in himself. Get close enough to him and you will see that he is no mere epitome of his father, or brother, or any being who ever lived. He is new and he reacts upon the world in a new way at every turn. This same grade teacher must help the child to see the world

steadily and see it whole, and that is life's job to accomplish for one child. She has to do it for forty-two at a time. He must have a healthy body, clean, strong, whole teeth, with eyes and ears free from distortion that report to the soul within the world as it truly is without. The teacher can do more than any other one human being to accomplish this.

Although the multiplication table and spelling book remain unchanged, the problems of life are new and strange. This wisdom of the past, hoary with the centuries, has failed to solve the simplest of these—how to live and let live. In a land flowing with milk and honey, how to keep children from hunger. It is to the solving of these problems that the grade teacher dedicates her life through the vicarious service of the generation

now in the primary schools. These children are the only hope of the world. Spare your pity for the grade teacher. The high places of earth where wealth rules are not hers, but she craves them not. The truncheon of command will not be wielded by her hand, but in her heart dwells not lust for that kind of power. She is learning that the great, enduring qualities of noble character in her children are to be her reward. Her motto, in the words of the saintly James Martineau, is "To teach children what to love and what to hate, whom to honor and whom to despise."

With the salvation of civilization depending on the kind of work the grade teacher can do, dream not, oh measuring soul, that she stays in her little vineyard because her powers of brain and soul are atrophied. These vines have tender grapes.

#### VOCATIONAL

# A Glimpse into the Profession of Law

SOPHIE LAGER

Most people care little nor are they interested in the dry rules of law or the forms of practice and procedure in our courts, but everybody is interested in the drama of a great trial where the life, liberty, reputation, or property of a human being is at stake.

Our leading newspapers publish detailed accounts of not only controversies that reach our courts but accounts of every occurrence of general interest long before such matters reach the stage of litigation. Many controversies and disputed questions of fact that daily demand the attention of the newspapers perhaps never reach our courts and the reading public, like a jury, weighs each step of the evidence and render their own verdict upon the truth or falsity of any question.

In our private life, in business and even at the club, we are constantly confronted with the problem of determining the right and wrong of any dispute or question and it is this difficult problem that lawyers battle with in open court or in the confine of their offices. Getting at the truth of any dispute, when it lies hidden beneath human motives and enmities and when met with conflicting and perplexing evidence and facts, requires such ingenious methods as only the skillful advocate can accomplish, and herein rests the duty of the successful lawyer.

To remove from what appears to be a mass of inconsistent and inexplicable evidence buried beneath hostile prejudices, and to successfully weave

it into a chain of circumstances leading to justice, is the tremendous task of the lawyer.

The terms lawyer, attorney, and advocate are loosely used as having the same meaning. The profession, however, well recognizes two distinct branches - court procedure and office practice. Consequently the term "advocate" is used by men in the profession to designate one engaged in the trial of cases in court and whose special business is to deal with facts, to elicit them from the witnesses and present them to the judge and jury. The less arduous duties of the office practitioner or office lawyer or attorney as he may well be called, whose tedious attention to detail, patient study of the law books and laborious plodding over papers and accounts, finds him with a personality comparatively unlike that of the advocate. We cannot compare the rapid thought, clear and quick comprehension and prompt decision required of the advocate with the slow and placid judgment and plodding methods of the office lawyer, who lives in an atmosphere of books and papers.

However obvious the fact that the two are opposites in their legal tastes, the young man to-day when first the portals of this great absorbing field are thrown open to him, first perhaps to gain experience and in the majority of cases the pinch of necessity to earn a livelihood, invites any and all trade that comes within the scope of the profession. The variety of work affords him a wide experience and unsparing knowledge of matters and often develops such natural endowments and qualities as go to make up a good trial lawyer.

Both advocate and office practitioner, besides being required to have a knowledge of law in order to be successful, must be well equipped for his work by education, general knowledge, and keen insight of human nature. This is particularly true of the advocate whose duties require a great intelligence and broad knowledge of men and things since his attention is turned to work of all variety. To-day, he may be called upon to try a damage suit against a railroad company, to-morrow, to defend a client in some commercial case involving knowledge of manufacturing or perhaps some intricate questions of bookkeeping, one hour, to defend a man for some criminal offense and the next a homicide case involving a knowledge of physiology and medicine.

The law profession more than any other calling requires particular mental and physical endowments. The successful advocate must have a strong mentality, quick perception, sound judgment, good forsight and above all fluency of speech and eloquence to persuade and convince, and further, he must have the physical attributes that can withstand the shocks and surprises caused by unexpected testimony from his own or adversary's witnesses.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the strain of court work. Spectators at a trial who watch the advocate with seeming ease, skillfully drawing the truth out of witnesses, arguing with the court, making speeches to the jury, all without apparent effort or labor, can hardly realize the long hours spent over law books. Let us then observe the advocate in open court. He enters the court room with facts and law bearing on the particular case well fixed in his mind; has examined his witnesses, perhaps taken their own written affidavits, as has been found to be wise, and so stands before the court and jury well prepared, as one might suppose. The case, however, does not proceed along the same lines as had been originally expected.

The witnesses become confused when crossexamined, and tell a different story on the witness stand, new facts appear from the testimony of witnesses on the other side, and the whole case takes on an entirely different aspect. The advocate with training and skill quickly perceives these changes and knows just how to meet the situation. He has no time to ponder over a thought or stop to devise a line of defense. He must understand and grasp each phase that is brought out as fast as speech can convey it, for when we consider that any little turn in the evidence may make for victory or defeat, we can fully appreciate the power of the advocate to meet such a situation. The ability to meet every emergency that arises comes to the advocate after long practice and experience.

It is sometimes said that strict justice is not always obtained in the court room, that partiality is shown counsel or clients on account of either religious, social or political influences. This is a common error made on the part of those unfamiliar with court procedure, for to the experienced habitué of the court room, a verdict either by a judge or jury is usually fair and in accordance with the law and the evidence, and only in rare cases does the jury or judge err, and then only when they are personally charmed or swayed by the magnetism of the attorney to whose side they lean. The frailty of human nature is such that it frequently happens that the personal magnetism and oratory of a lawyer may sway the hearts and minds of the jurors to render an unjust verdict.

In closing I want to say that the legal profession not only serves its clients as individuals but society as a whole through the masterful and forceful power of its leadership.

### THE LIBRARY

## The Value of Story-telling

FANNY GOLDSTEIN

It is never easy to define the exact value of any given thing, and especially is it difficult to define the value of a custom that is so old and close to men's hearts as story-telling.

"Value," we are told, "is a term expressing the relation of exchange between commodities," and we are always prone to use the term in its economic sense; for then the value of a commodity simply means "its power of commanding other things in exchange." The modern standard of values is thus a monetary one, and it is difficult at all times to conceive a value that does not correspond to dollars and cents which in the end is equivalent to either utility or pleasure. When we therefore come to weighing intrinsic things like story-telling, or music, or dancing, we are at sea, for such intrinsic arts demand to be measured by other standards, and only the human heart and its emotions can justly be the balance scales. The custom of story-telling is so old and its value is so intrinsic, that even its origin has melted into the history of the ages, and its only memories are the joys of man's living.

The history of story-telling is without date. In the beginning of the world man was a very little thing in the face of a big universe, until at last the spoken story began to interpret and to reveal to him by means of outline and comparison a purpose in all and a united Triple Alliance of Heaven, Earth, and Man. Story-telling has outlived many forms and customs. It was a developed art long before music, dancing and acting were introduced as a means of entertaining man, for when all is told, the great underlying purpose of all art is to give joy to the world.

Although the delightful, old-fashioned, rambling practice of story-telling will always find a welcome in the hearts of men, the modern professional story-teller differs from the old, because specializing is a peculiar phase of the Twentieth Century. This ancient form of recreation is therefore to-day being perfected through specialization. Amusement alone does not suffice; a definite constructive policy must now be observed, and definite results should follow from the telling.

It is always the results of any movement which determine its value. A function like story-telling, it appears, must answer three very important tests, viz: recreational, educational, and ethical. These results seem a fair and true test upon which to base an analysis of values, and the story hour fortunately is wholly justified by this trio.

I personally deem the artistic or recreational motive in this field of prime importance, because anything which contributes to the joy of living is in itself both an educational and an ethical asset, for "art when all is said and done is a suggestion which refuses to be explained." Or in other words, the emotions respond to an appeal before the intellect, and play pure and wholesome is an invaluable stimulant for later reflection.

The story hour for children should primarily be only one of the many so-called features of "normal recreation for the young." In this manner we counteract less worthy amusements and respond at the same time to the child's first emotional craving, the search for play. In spite of the varied modern arts and activities, this search for pleasure and the story's usefulness also holds true in the case of adults, for whensoever there is a lull in an entertaining program some tactful person again starts the social ball rolling with a funny story.

It is always very evident that the recreational value of story-telling is well sustained. As to the educational phase of the Story Hour "no movement of recent years in the field of education is more significant than the revival of interest in story-telling both as an art and as a profession." The very origin of the Story Hour was the result of a teaching impulse, and all the earliest schools of philosophy were conducted on a story-telling plan. Since the spoken word has always more

life and vigor than the printed page, story-tellers rank as the first teachers, and stories, even to-day, are still the oldest form of transmitted culture.

Mr. St. John; in his book on "Story-telling," says: "Long before teachers, or text-books, or libraries appeared, instruction was given in a story form to children who gathered about the mother's knee; and modern mothers too, not knowing why they do it, use the same magic to gain the same ends." Partridge, in "Story-telling in Home and School," says: "Story-telling ought to be regarded as one of the most natural and necessary tasks of the parent. One might go so far as to say that the parent who does not know how to bring to the child the lessons of the race through the story is not completely a parent."

The telling of noble stories, that is the best which the world has to offer, is one of the most effective methods of furnishing childhood with literary materials. We may emphasize the literary because all well informed people are expected to have a knowledge of the world's general development and activities, and the literary field is so vast and varied that with its open doors it makes a knowledge of all other things possible. Later years afford a very small margin of time, therefore, the story as an aid in the memorization of the best literature in childhood is apparent.

The educational value of constructive storytelling is indisputable, and the present day story hour has tremendous possibilities. The story then commences with the mother in the nursery as a preparation for the school. The kindergarten takes it up in a spirit of play. The higher grade schools develop it in teaching the arts and sciences; but, it is finally left to the library to refine and supplement all these teachings, for here is the true treasure house of knowledge. The library's place in the community as an educational factor is already well established. Since it must furnish the school extension courses through its books, it is largely through the spoken story that its books are advertised and made popular. The library story hour has within the last decade received a tremendous impetus, and it will not be long before every library in the country will have adopted the story hour as a feature of its legitimate work.

Every good story must have a hero, action, a plot, and a solution, and all stories fit for telling naturally group themselves into two divisions, namely, idealistic and realistic stories. Of the two types, idealistic stories would include the fairy, folk, myth, legend, epic, and allegory. These are easier to tell, because they adapt themselves to telling more readily, the action is swift, offense is always duly punished and virtue rewarded, and the

play of imagination that surrounds such stories is keener at all times.

Realistic stories on the other hand are stories of people and things that profess to be actual happenings; like history, biography, reminiscence, science, or animal stories. This class of stories is more difficult for general telling because the absolute truth is so very essential that it sometimes limits the imagination. Especially is this true if they are told from an educational or a scientific point of view. But in all types of stories frankness in telling is necessary at all times and some preparation on the part of the teller.

Preparation is always necessary, but dramatic action on the part of the story-teller should be the result of spontaneity, and not of stilted, artificial mannerisms acquired through mirror study; for any story that is really sensed and felt can be made both educational and entertaining without a pretense at acting.

A word or two here about the various kinds of stories. As for the good old nursery classics, the charming and human fairy, folk stories, and myths, any mother's education is incomplete who does not know and love them, or who cannot draw her children about her with the very ancient phrase, "Once upon a time," and again live with her little ones in that time. Even without pointing any moral whatsoever, stories pure and simple, like "Cinderella," "Hansel and Gretel," "The Ugly Duckling," or the "Emperor's Nightingale," are sermons in themselves; and although the subconscious appeal that they make to the juvenile mind at the time of telling is not evident, the ethical response is sure to come in later life.

The romance and legend — well, so long as the world is young and dreams of youth and love, it will ever continue to love a lover, and romance will have its welcome place. Knowledge of tragedy and disappointment is the result of age and experience, but it is the right and custom of youth to be ever hopeful and buoyant.

As for the mystery story, since life itself is a mystery, it is a natural human weakness to seek to lift the veil of the future. That is why fortune-tellers and clairvoyants impose upon the innocent credulty of the public. The mystery story is both valuable and popular because it stimulates the mind to action. Most men prefer detective stories to novels, and children adore ghost stories, and hang breathless on their fate.

Some poetry is necessary in every life, but a true appreciation of poetry is an acquired development of the intellect and of culture. Story-telling in this instance can also draw attention to and point out the world's greatest poems.

The story hour has great possibilities and ad-

vantages in teaching nature and religion. This leads us to define the most difficult phase of storytelling; that is, the ethical or moral value. this point we may safely say that if a story answers either the recreational or the educational test, the moral will not have escaped entirely. "The ethical value of story-telling is even more impressive than the others. It is not through formal instruction in the shape of moralizing that a child receives his impulse towards virtue, honor, and courtesy; it is rather from such an appeal to the emotions as can be made most effectively through the telling of a story. The inculcation of a duty leaves him passionless and unmoved. The narration of an experience in which that same virtue finds concrete embodiment fires him with the desire to try the same conduct for himself. adventure to a child, is never an objective thing, but a personal experience as the action moves forward."

John Burroughs, in his book of "Literary Values," has a delightful essay which he calls "Thou Shalt Not Preach," and there is scarcely a better way in which to point a moral. "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh to live." The charm of any story is lost if the teller sacrifices his art in order to force a moral; for a moral of any value should make a subconscious appeal to the listener, and gradually frame itself upon reflection; otherwise it is about as tasteful as predigested food. Even with all our present-day irregular social conditions, the world is a far better place to live in to-day than it was centuries ago, for morals in general are cleaner and standards of living higher. In Boccaccio's time, for example, it was necessary to moralize, but now the method is about as flat as a pancake and tastes even worse; for polite society would not for a moment tolerate such tales. Miss Shedlock says: "I do not mean that stories should take the place of moral or direct teachings, but that upon many occasions (this form of entertainment) could supplement and strengthen moral teaching, because the dramatic appeal to the imagination is quicker than the moral appeal to the conscience."

The place and importance of the story in moral instruction is coming to be recognized more and more by the Churches and the Sunday Schools. Since the Bible is essentially a book of stories from which the finest in literature has been drawn, the story-telling form is the Sunday school teacher's best method of teaching. Christ himself was a master story-teller, for his entire teachings were accomplished by means of the spoken word, and the use of the skilful parable which he adopted from the Rabbis. All stories are a relation of the evolution of the life of man, and the cardinal vir-

these are not the clay but the breath of the Maker, and will therefore always respond to what is right. "There need be little thought of teaching systematic virtues, for natural moral training should be an unconscious influence," and the whole range of adult ideals and life is to be presented in the form of art. A teacher who could not keep her boys once asked them, "Why do you go to the Movies?" "For fun," was the reply, "but we learn an awful lot there just the same." Now the story-telling plan may be used in the Sunday School with at least similar results, for the story may then be presented in such a fashion as to be at the same time both instructive and enjoyable.

In summing up the total values of story-telling we may say that its results are as follows:

- 1. It entertains.
- 2. It stimulates the imagination.
- 3. It increases the vocabulary.
- 4. It imparts general information.
- 5. It widens the mental vision.
- 6. It gives inspiration.
- 7. It teaches lessons of moral value.
- 8. It creates ideals.

Sir Philip Sidney in writing of the Psalmist said, "With a tale he forsooth cometh unto you; with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corners," and the story-tellers of the Twentieth Century add, "With joy in the telling to make all hearts glad."

## The little operetta of Puss in Boots

Continued from the April " S. E. G. News"

(Enter an old Man): How far is it to the Village of Work for All?

DAVID: One mile.

OLD MAN: My bag is heavy. I think I'll rest for a few minutes.

DAVID: Yes, that is wise, and I will go with you a little later and help you carry your bag. My cat has gone to bring me some luncheon.

OLD MAN: Thank you, young man. Your

cat you say?

DAVID: Yes, I have a cat that talks and walks and is cleverer than many men.

(Puss enters.)

Puss: Here, master, are nuts and apples and some cheese the farmer's wife gave me for catching mice.

DAVID: Have you had your dinner, Pussy?

OLD MAN: You speak to him and you understand him when he says, "miau, miau" like that?

DAVID: But it doesn't sound like "miau." He said it as plainly as you speak. Here, master, are

nuts and apples and bread and cheese the farmer's wife gave me for catching mice.

OLD MAN: Lauk a mercy, lauk a mercy!
DAVID: Have you had your dinner, Pussy?

Pussy: Yes, and I can get more any time I want it.

DAVID: Here, sir, share with me.

OLD MAN: You are a generous fellow, I had hoped to get my luncheon in town but this is much nicer.

DAVID: And it will be such a pleasure for me to carry your bag. You will tell me all about your travels, won't you?

OLD MAN: With pleasure.

DAVID: Let us start at once. Pussy, will you let me have my boots and wait here for me until I come back?

OLD MAN: I have in this bag an extra pair of boots my daughter insisted on putting in. She was afraid her poor old daddy might get his feet wet. Here, Pussy, try them on. (The cat tries them.) They fit exactly; take them and welcome.

Pussy (rising and dancing a few steps): Thanks,

noble Sir.

OLD MAN (with hand curved at his ear): What does he say?

DAVID: He says, "Thanks, noble Sir."

OLD MAN: A very polite and well-bred animal.

Pussy: Shall I wait, master?

DAVID: Yes, Pussy, do. (Exeunt D. and O. M.)
Pussy (stamping on the ground): King of Catland,
King of Catland, your servant, White Tail, is
ready to report. You told me to find a man who
carried good fortune with him, did you not?

KING OF CATS: I did.

Pussy: I have discovered that this fellow, without a cent, is as rich as he needs to be, and without means of entertaining friends, he yet finds comrades who love him, everywhere.

KING OF C: My body servants, come sing the song of the Princess.

#### Tune of "Old Madrid"

The Princess' hair is shining gold
Her eyes are blue as cloudless skies in June
The roses stole their tints from her, we're told.
Her voice is like the sweetest, gayest tune.
And better far than fairest form or face
Her heart is warm, her mind is pure
She could not think thoughts mean or base.
Of that, my King, we're certain sure
In reading, writing, 'rithmetic
No one was ever half so quick.
She cooks, she washes, irons and sews
And every flower's name she knows.

#### CHORUS:

Princess, Princess wise and witty, Really, isn't it a pity, That I'm only just a Kitty? Still, perhaps, it's just as well. King of C: Is your master really worthy of this fair Princess?

Pussy: My King — he is worthy.

KING OF C: Behold, Reapers are approaching. They are the understanding kind, so, by the way, are the King of this country and his daughter, the Princess. I must be gone. (He thrusts a parchment into Pussy's hand.) Here, read! (Exit K. of C.)

Pussy (unrolls parchment, and reads rapidly as follows): First, take possession of the fields marked X on this map. Give them to your master and tell him to take as title Marquis of Carabas. Second, send a present in the name of the Marquis to the King. (Pussy looks at the fields.) Those are the fields — these, I suppose, are the Reapers. (Assuming a grand air): Reapers, approach!

IST REAPER: What is your will, Sir Cat?

Pussy: Who is your master?

IST REAPER: That dreadful ogre you see coming.

Pussy: He is rather a horrid looking person.

IST REAPER: He can be even more horrid, for he can change himself into anything he wishes, and he never changes himself into anything nice.

Pussy: He seems to be coming this way.

IST REAPER: We must get back to our work. If he found us here he would kill us. (They go.)

OGRE: Buroo! Buroo!

Nuts and oranges, ice-cream, mice, I smell a cat and he smells nice.

(To Pussy): Buroo! Buroo! Who are you?

Pussy: Only a poor kitty, trembling at your greatness.

OGRE: You may well tremble.

Now wish one wish before you die, And my wife makes of you Cat pie!

Pussy: Sir, I have heard that you can take the shape of anything inhuman under the Heavens.

OGRE: Yes, I can.

Pussy: Sir, you were so kind as to mention mice. Could you, perhaps, enter the body of anything so small and insignificant as a mouse?

OGRE: Buroo! Buroo! Wait a moment. (He goes out and a small object runs across the floor. Pussy

like a flash, puts his foot on it, then eats it.)

Pussy: There! You are done for, and nobody will be sorry. Here, Reapers. (The Reapers enter.) I am a greater magician than the ogre. I have destroyed him and am about to provide you with a master who will give you every happiness.

REAPERS: Hurrah, for the Pussy in Boots!

Three cheers now, Hip, hip, hurrah!

Pussy: You may well hurrah, for I am about to give you the best master you ever had, but until he comes you must obey me. You, Mr. Reaper, go at once to the third bush beyond the great elm.

There you will find a bag of nuts, and a bouquet of English violets. Take those splendid presents to the King and say they are from the Marquis of Carabas. You others, go back to your work, and remember that when the King asks who your master is, you answer, the Marquis of Carabas. Now, say it.

REAPER: Yes, yes, the Marquis of Carabas. Will he give us plenty of bread and cheese?

Pussy: Mountains, and gallons of molasses and water.

REAPERS (Saying in sing-song): Mountains of bread and cheese and gallons of molasses and water. Hip, hip hurrah for the Marquis of Carabas! (Dance and exit.)

DAVID: I am more busy than my brother the miller. On my way back I came upon a boy fishing. So big a fish had hold of his line that if I hadn't helped him he would have landed in the pond. As it was we drew out a twelve pound fish. The boy said it was as much mine as his and we sold it and divided the money. My share was thirty-five cents and with this I propose to go into business.

Pussy: What will you do?

DAVID: I shall buy a fish line, and you and I will always have a meal, and I shall sell what we don't eat and buy us a house where every passer will be welcome.

Pussy: Good, but before you make your purchases will you do me some favors.

DAVID: If I can. I'm not very clever you know.

Pussy: That makes no difference—only do what I say.

DAVID: I'm sure I can do that.

Pussy: There is a beautiful pond over beyond the trees—go in bathing there after your walk and your hard work.

DAVID: That is a favor to me.

Pussy: Of course, a favor to me would be a favor to you and a favor to you is a favor to me.

DAVID: I'll find you here when I come back?

Puss : Yes. (Exit David.) He takes out the parchment, begins to read, scratches his ear with his paw and listens.) Soon the robber cats come in and sing.)

#### THE ROBBER CATS

Tune of "Vive la compagnie"

O bold are the robbers who steal in the night Sleep from poor mortals' eyes. We sing while the moon is a'shining so bright. Time so employed, fair flies.

By night we steal slumber, by day we steal cream, Bold are the robbers cats. And if while we're singing you doze off and dream

Failed have the robber cats.

(Exit a cat who returns with David's hat and shoes while the other cats dance.)

Now sometimes we take what the owners don't need. (Exit another cat.)

"Thanks" to us then is said.

(Re-enter cat with David's coat and trousers.)
And sometimes we take what has quite gone to seed.

(Here a rumble is heard.)

Giving a prize instead.

Hasten, now hasten, King just and fair, Hasten, sweet Princess, with golden hair. Know that we bring Luck when we sing. Why at us old boots fling?

(The other cats go out, then return, each carrying an article of David's clothing, with which they steal softly away.)

Pussy (jumping up and down and waving his paws): O my master, my poor master. A rumbling and a tooting is heard and a King and Princess run in.)

KING: What is the matter, Pussy?

Pussy: My master has gone swimming and robbers have stolen his clothes, his hat and his shoes and his perfectly well mended underclothes, with the buttons all on. O! O!

KING: Who is your master?

Pussy: The Marquis of Carabas, Royal Majesty.

KING: Not the Marquis who has sent me such beautiful presents?

Pussy? The very same, Royal Majesty.

KING: Princess, run as fast as possible, don't wait for that lumbering state chariot to get there, and tell the Queen your mother, to give you with her own hands my third best court suit. (Exit Princess.) Does the Marquis own all the beautiful fields we passed where the reapers were so busy?

Pussy: Yes, and you can see his Castle from the hilltop yonder. There he has one hundred suits of clothes, but I dare not leave him even to call the reapers.

Princess (Running in and handing her father the bundle of clothes): Here, Papa.

KING: Good girl. Now, Pussy in Boots, take these to your master, the Marquis.

Pussy: You will wait that he may thank you? KING: Oh, yes, we will wait. (Exit cat.)

PRINCESS: What do you suppose he is like?

KING: We know that he is noble and very rich and of course he is beautiful.

PRINCESS: And he is not slow, for here he comes.

DAVID: My Royal Highness—(cat pokes him and hisses "Your.") Of course. Your Royal Highness, this is a most unexpected pleasure.

KING: Allow me to present the Princess.

MARQUIS: Princess, I kiss your hand.

KING: Marquis, you are really as beautiful as you are rich and noble.

MARQUIS: It must be your clothes which have made me beautiful. As for my fortune, I tell you truly that this morning I had only my two hands and this Pussy in Boots. Now if you call me Marquis, I suppose I am one.

KING (to Pussy): Pussy in Boots, how is this?

Pussy: Royal Majesty, according to the command of the King of all Cats I ate the Ogre Marquis who owned these lands because he had a bad heart and wanted the whole earth for himself and then, Royal Highness, of course the castles and lands belonged to me and I gave them to this lad because he had everything but money and a title to make him a fit husband for the Princess.

KING: Pussy, you have shown sense, courage and generosity. Kneel, for I shall confer the Iron Cross upon you instantly, which means the freedom of the King's pantry. (Cat kneels, King strikes him with flat of sword.) Rise, Sir Pussy in Boots.

PRINCESS: Papa, I could live in a little cottage and wash dishes for the man I love.

KING: Do you mean you like this Marquis? PRINCESS: I like him very much, indeed.

KING: Marquis, do you like the Princess? MARQUIS: More than tongue can tell.

KING: You may take a year to get acquainted. Then, if you still love each other, I will give you the Princess and a cottage, since that is what she likes, and her mother will give her a shiny new dishpan and twelve new dish towels. Now goodbye to you both, and you may come to dinner every Sunday.

MARQUIS: Good-bye, your majesty, and thank you, Princess. I shall see you on Sunday. (Exit King and Princess.)

Pussy: Come, Marquis, we cannot waste a moment. We must have all the Ogre's suits made over to fit you and that will take a year. (Exeunt.)

(Cats come creeping in.)

Ist Cat: It's a pity humans can't understand the words of our songs.

2nd Cat: Never mind, we'll practise the one we're going to sing to-night just the same as if they could.

SIR PUSSY OF WHITE TAIL

Tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Sir Cat so brave has now achieved
Success and noble name,
And through his deeds, so well conceived,
Has brought his master fame.
Sir White Tail now let memory fail
Of days you were so poor

You hadn't e'en a fish's tail
To keep want from your door.

Forget fore'er the alley vile,
Where once you had your lair.
Forget henceforth the rubbish pile
Whereon you took the air.
For through your intellect and pluck
You chose to cut and run;
You chose to purr down all bad luck,
And call disaster fun.

You may recall how from the brook
The miller blithe and bold,
Forth drew you with his pruning hook,
All dripping, wet and cold.
He gave you first aid good and hard,
He pinched you black and blue,
He stretched your tail a good half yard,
And so he brought you through.

Nor fate nor circumstances ill,
Can bring to evil plight
That cat or man who has the will
To strive with all his might.
To work and laugh and not forget
To play a little too,
To waste no time in vain regret,
And ne'er be sad nor blue.

## Library Clubhouse Report 1916-1917

REBECCA G. HEIMAN

I SUPPOSE one of the tests of a successful season of the Library Clubhouse groups is that the children don't want to stop coming. Indeed, in former years we have closed the middle of May, but there was such a protest from all the groups, not to have the story hours close so early, that we continued to the end of the month.

I often ask myself, "What is the reason for their regularity?" and my conclusion is that with the younger groups it is principally the stories that are told; "they just love them." With the older girls, it is the coming together in pleasant quarters where they can enjoy good talks, meet people who are interested in what they are doing, and in helping to maintain the spirit which the Library Clubhouse tries to create.

The attendance, as in former years, has been splendid. That means that the children have enjoyed coming. Whenever any of them had important errands to do, or had to go to church after school, they invariably ran to the Clubhouse first to make known their reason for their absence or tardiness.

Our volunteers have been invaluable. Miss Shea, who has been with the Thursday Evening Girls, is largely responsible for the fine spirit of that group. These girls did everything possible to make our performances of "Boy Blue" a success. They had to catch trains, or come to performances without lunches, but not one grumbled or complained. This group has had a number of interesting talks, including "Current Events," "Home Making," "Canning," and "Readings." For the first time the T. E. G. have given dues which go towards the house fund.

Miss Guerrier has had the Monday Evening Girls—third and fourth year High School—for the story hour. Miss Albena Mangini had charge of the folk dancing, as in former years, and I know the dancing which her girls did in the operetta

must have fully repaid her.

Miss Tremere was again leader of the Thursday Afternoon Girls - first and second year High. She told them stories of books which helped the girls in their school work, and also took current events with them. This group is very grateful to Miss Tremere for the interesting and useful information she gave them concerning the crisis of this country. I am sure it has improved their conception of real worth-while news. Miss Goodman taught the folk dancing until her duties at the Pottery became too numerous, and Miss Helene Grant took her place. Miss Frances Grant played for the chorus and dancing until her work at Radcliffe needed all her time, and Miss Hanlon took her place.

The Monday Afternoon Girls—eighth grade—had their stories with Miss Gertrude Goldstein. She told them the Iliad, Odyssey, Æneid, etc. Misses Sadie Brown and Theresa Squillocioti, both T. E. G., gave their house time as volunteers to this group. Both these girls were of great help, and the children never lost an opportunity to demonstrate how much they enjoyed and appreciated their coming.

Miss Paramino told the children of the Tuesday Afternoon Group — sixth and seventh grade stories from their favorite books. Miss Helen MacIllvain conducted the business meetings and

played for the singing and dancing.

Our Wednesday Group has not been a success; that is, it hasn't fulfilled the plans we laid out for it. I had a vision that by the end of the season we could point with pride to this new experiment—of having boys and girls together. Alas! I think the girls were quite willing, but the boys of that age, 7 to 10, are very shy. They are ready to listen to the same stories, if they don't have to sit next a girl; but as for taking her hand to dance with her, or choosing a girl for a game, that is breaking every manly rule! "It's a shame to dance with a girl;" that's all there is to it. Yes, they danced in the operetta with little girls, but I believe it was the desire to be in a "show" which overruled.

Miss Lillian Cherry and Miss Minnie Colitz have told the most delightful stories to these youngsters and they have enjoyed them thoroughly, but immediately after the story, most of the boys found that they had to "mind the baby," or had to "go buy the supper," etc. Of course a number of them stayed and were great fun. As a special reward they were permitted to remain and carry out chairs, "two at a time," and some put on aprons and swept and dusted. But, will they be willing to come back next year—a year older—and belong to a club with girls? I have my doubts.

"Boy Blue," the operetta which we gave five times, was a success in every way. Not only did we add several hundred dollars to our fund, and help the North End Garden Association to increase their's, but we all had a good time taking part. It gave the younger and older members an opportunity to know each other; the younger children try to imitate the older girls and our older girls are good examples. The mothers of the little ones could not have been more proud of their success than were our older girls. It has taught us to be content "under all circumstances." In some of the places where we gave the performances, over seventy of us were crowded into a small room. Clothes were pretty well mixed up, coats and hats got confused with hair-ribbons, but it.was sort of a game to find your own dress as quickly as possible and make the train back to Boston. The singing was much better than the year before, and we are already making plans to have next year's operetta better still.

The school visiting is getting to be an important branch of our work. We not only keep in touch with our own girls who fall behind in school, but with many other girls of the neighborhood. North End cases are divided between the North Bennet Street Industrial School and the Library Clubhouse.

The house time has gone excellently. This year the Thursday Evening girls have also given their time by working on luncheon sets which sell very well. Misses Tillie Block and Eva Sharaf have charge of this department. The T. E. G. newspaper, which is carried on as house time by the girls has improved very much since Miss Shea has supervised it.

Miss Bolles, who has taught at the L. C. H. for seven years, has been with us again. She took not only her own class, but the Normal class formerly taught by Miss Frances Rocchi.

About sixty members of the L. C. H. are to be in the English interlude in "Caliban," and are now rehearsing with Miss Lillian Roberts. The girls who have taken folk dancing are well prepared

to do their part, and Miss Roberts looks to us for most of her dancing in that interlude.

For the past two years we have not felt that the "mothers" meetings were particularly successful. This may have been due to the scarcity of married ladies and to the fact that they had to meet in our clubrooms. It was suggested by one of the "marrieds" that they meet at each other's homes. This has worked like a charm. The attendance has been very good. It must be easier to discuss husband's dinners, household economics, and babies and their apparel in a home. said our girls weren't domestic! Besides being busy talking over domestic problems, these "marrieds" are most helpful as members of the S. E. G. group, since they have worked on luncheon sets, which sell for \$20.00 or more. Hail to you, marrieds. As the children look up to the S. E. G., so may the S. E. G. look up to you, and in time may your numbers exceed those of the S. E. G.

Visitors often remark on the cleanliness and attractiveness of our Clubrooms, and are interested to learn that the children of the groups keep them in order; they do all the sweeping and dusting, in fact, all the cleaning is done by them, except scrubbing and washing windows.

The F. E. G. having become of age, were invited to join the S. E. G. group. We have a few new members this year, but we shall be glad to get more who are interested in our work, and believe in what we are trying to do.

What have the S. E. G. done anyway? As S. E. G. they never get into the newspaper, they never give benefit concerts for charities, they aren't interested, as a group, in many outside organizations; but as individuals nearly all our members are helping in clubs, classes, and associations in different sections of the city. We are interested in the local improvement associations, and the school centres. We are ready to sing or dance when we are called upon. For instance not long ago a North End organization called on us on a Friday and wanted to know if we could furnish some entertainment for some school children the following day. We were ready — the Monday and Tuesday groups sang for them. The S. E. G. are making it possible for many children to become acquainted with good literature, to learn to sing and dance, and to belong to clubs which endeavor to spread the spirit of good comradeship, "Love, Courtesy, and Happiness." Even in our present serious crisis, when we are all learning to practice economy, and efficiency, and feel it our duty to buy a Liberty loan, the other things are essential.

## A Review of the Community Masque "Caliban"

For the purpose of encouraging those taking part to read the text.

The title page reads as follows: "Caliban of the yellow sands. A community masque of the art of the theatre," and the plot reveals how that art transforms the bestial Caliban into a man. The prologue shows the cave of Setebos "Whose stark-colored idol-half tiger and half toad-colossal and primitive — rises at centre above a stone . High in the tiger jaws of the idol, Ariel, a slim, winged figure, half nude-is held fettered."

Ariel of the unconquerable spirit who apparently typifies the art of expression, proclaims that one comes who shall free him from the dominion of lust and war and death.

CALABAN: Free: What
ARIEL: What thou canst never be Free? What's that-free?

ARIEL: What thou canst never be Who never shalt dance with us by yellow sands.

After ceremonial rites of primeval pageantry performed by the priests of Setebos, Lust and Death and War, Ariel, who has suffered in silence with closed eyes, hails the approach of Miranda.

ARIEL: Spirits, 'tis she! O, we have dreamed her true

At last - Miranda.

Where? Where is he? (Prospero)

MIRANDA: Here:
His cloak is round us now: he holds us now In his great art revealing each to each

Though he be all invisible.

Caliban then approaches Miranda, who pities the uncouth thing till as a result of his wild action pity is changed to fear, and she calls on Prospero who straightway appears.

PROSPERO: Darkness be light! Tempest be calm!-

Miranda!

Father! MIRANDA:

Come to me child. Sit here beside me. PROSPERO:

My cloak and staff protect thee.

But the wild thing MIRANDA: Must be transformed. PROSPERO:

Rise now and be tamed, Howler at Heaven.

Tamed saith? What shall it be-CALIBAN:

That "tamed "?

Ariel and his spirits released from bondage dance across the yellow sands and drive Caliban into his

ARIEL: The beast is routed Master. Was't well done? PROSPERO: The routed beast returns. I charge thee Spirit,

Not to torment, but teach him.

Caliban is then shown by Prospero's magic art, revealed through the acting of Ariel and his spirits, pageants and plays from the Egyptian ritual of the God Osiris through Greek, Roman, Germanic, Spanish, Italian and English episodes as well as scenes from Anthony and Cleopatra, Troilus and Cressida, Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Winter's Tale, Merchant of Venice, As you Like it, Falstaff and King Henry the V.

After the first of these interludes and scenes Caliban cries. "Nay show me this art? Is't hidden in thine hand? Here let me hold the staff."

ARIEL: Stay! Touch it not

Lest it shall scorch thy fingers and set fire
To the building world. The staff of Prospero
Is for his servants, not for slaves, to wield.

After a short space Prospero retires, leaving in the care of Ariel his magic staff, of which Caliban soon possesses himself.

MIRANDA: (Appalled) The staff! His staff!
Touch not its power, lest thou lay waste the world.

Caliban (grasping the staff, staggers and sways wildly with it as though being shocked by an invisible force.)

CALIBAN: Rome! Now do I hold the roof-beam of the world.

Now am I lord of lightnings: Lo, mine art Shaketh the throne of Prospero

While he cries aloud the powers of Setebos came forth and swam in sordid saturnalia. Suddenly appears in the darkness a colossal cross burning with white fire — the powers of Setebos are vanquished, Prospero returns and Caliban grovelling on the ground flings the staff from him, Prospero staring at it says:

PROSPERO:

A thousand years
To build, and build for beauty, yet in one flare

Of riot lust. a lubber idiot,

Confounds time and my toil.—Ah, daughter,

daughter How shall mine art reclaim this lapsing ape From his own bondage?

By interlude after interlude, scene upon scene, the education of Caliban is continued till Death himself comes forth to keep him from eluding the grasp of Setebos. Death's attendants sing

> Gray - gray - gray. Joy be unholy and hidden;

Wan be the rainbow of wonder, frozen the tide!

Blind-blind-blind: Passion be pale and forbidden:

Dumb be the lips of the soul to beauty denied!

PROSPERO: (to Ariel) Blithe bird of mine, my heart is

boding ill.

Not savage souls, 'tis dead souls that

defeat us.

Not red, but gray—gray.

DEATH: (To Caliban)
Wear now my color.

CALIBAN: No, no; thy hand-touch freezeth.

Prospero I will serve thee.

DEATH: Thou shalt fail CALIBAN: (bowing before Prospero) Master raise up

thy servant.

PROSPERO: Raise thyself.

'Tis mine art not me,

Reigns as thy master. Master it and go

Once again Caliban robs Prospero, this time of his hood and creates a pageant of war, but again Prospero calms the riot and says "Thy will may break, but cannot build the world." At the last Caliban after witnessing the Pageant of time says,

CALIBAN: Lady of the Yellow Sands! O Life!

O Time!

Thy tempest blindeth me: Thy beauty

baffleth.

A little have I crawled, a little only

Out of mine ancient cave. All that I build I botch; all that I do destroyeth my dream. Yet—yet I yearn to build, to be thine Artist And stablish this thing Earth among the

stars-Beautiful.

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## Interesting Articles in the June Magazines

Atlantic Monthly: " Food Preparedness for the United States."

Boys' Life: "Joffre - Boy and Man."

Catholic World: "Lodge and his Rosalynde." Delineator: "Saloniki. A City of Histories."

Good Housekeeping: "The Great World Movie."

Harper's Monthly: "Patriotism"

Ladies' Home Journal: "How can I do my

Popular Mechanics: "America's Fighting Spirit.'

Review of Reviews: "Russia's Transition to State Government."

The Rosary: "Where Uncle Sam's Sailors are

#### Announcement

THE Editors beg to announce that the present June issue is the last for this year and completes Vol. V. Complete files of Vols. III, IV and V of the S. E. G. News may be had upon request.

Vacation greetings to all our friends and subscribers.

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